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WESTMINSTER ABBEY.*

THE FOUNDERS EIGHT HUNDRED YEARS AGO—EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.—EDWARD'S CHURCH—EDWARD'S CORPSE—CORONATION OF THE CONQUEROR.

"A CATHEDRAL," said Coleridge, "is petrified religion." Westminster Abbey is petrified history. The whole life of England gathers round this building;

1. *Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey.* By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D., Dean of Westminster. London: Murray. 1868.

2. *The History and Antiquities of the Abbey Church of St. Peter, Westminster.* Including Notices and Biographical Memoirs of the Abbots and Deans of the Foundation. Illustrated by JOHN PRESTON NEALE; the whole of the literary department by EDWARD WEDLAKE BRAYLEY. Two Vols. London. 1823.

3. *Dugdale's Monasticon Anglicanum*, Translated into English with considerable additions, 1718.

4. *The History of Normandy and of England.* By Sir FRANCIS PALGRAVE. London: Macmillan. 1864.

5. *The History of England.* By DAVID HUME, Esq. London: Jones. 1824.

[* This is a far more elaborate, instructive, and extended historic article than the brief one in the previous vol.: almost a condensed history of England. (Editor of the Eclectic.)]

NEW SERIES.—VOL. VII., No. 7.

the nation's annals are there written in stone. From the first introduction of Christianity into Britain in sub-apostolic times to the burial of the last deceased Premier—from the baptism of King Lucius in 180 to the funeral of Lord Palmerston in 1865, English history has been built up on those few acres of ground; in Saxon times a waste howling wilderness, now the heart and centre of the Empire. One king has been born there, another has died there, most have been buried there, all save one have been crowned there. Thither the newly-anointed sovereign has gone forth to reign. There the Commons have framed laws to protect them against the Sovereign. There, too, Convocation has vainly attempted to frustrate the acts of the Commons. The Abbey has escaped the perils of the two periods which proved disastrous to so many other less fortunate structures—the Reformation and the Revolution. It owes its safety to its double character; to the fact that it is not only a temple of religion, but also a royal palace. Protestant zeal, which had no mercy upon the shrine of St.

Thomas at Canterbury, spared even while it robbed the shrine of St. Edward at Westminster. Puritan fervour, which in many another minster "broke down all the carved work thereof with axes and hammers," left this almost unscathed. It has escaped likewise the destructive hand of the nineteenth century restorer, which has all but ruined Salisbury—the only rival of Westminster as a model of the pointed style. It was a narrow escape on each occasion. The Lord Protector Somerset would have pulled down the Abbey and converted it into a quarry of stones for his new palace on the banks of the Thames, but was bought off by a gift of seventeen manors. The Abbey was actually attacked during the Civil War, and was saved only by the dismay which fell upon the assailants, when their leader, Sir Richard Wiseman, ancestor probably of the first "Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster," under the revived Papal hierarchy, was killed by a tile which was thrown upon his head from the battlements of the church by an unseen hand. The Abbey was once more threatened in 1854, when Parliament sanctioned a grant of £4,700 to repair "the tombs," which were delivered from this danger by the interposition of eminent antiquaries. It has not escaped altogether. Christopher Wren and Inigo Jones "improved" the building whose beauties they were as little able to understand as Lord Palmerston, who held that Gothic architecture must necessarily be gloomy, and compelled the greatest modern Gothic architect to build an Italian palace under the shadow of the purest specimen of Pointed architecture save one that we possess. Long may this venerable minster, this royal palace, this visible and tangible history of England, remain safe from fire and storm. May the engineer spare its foundations and the restorer keep far from its doors. Gazing upon its darkened walls, we might well forget the age in which we live, did not the contractor's shed and engine under the very windows of the minster remind us that this is the age of brick, the period of underground railways.

It was to be expected that a building so venerable as the Abbey would have an origin more or less legendary. The earliest tradition ascribes the foundation

to King Lucius, who, after receiving Christian baptism in 180, erected a church on the site of a temple to Apollo, which had been overthrown by an earthquake. During the persecution of the Christians under Diocletian, the transformation was reversed; the Christian church had to make way for the heathen temple. Wren derides this story as an invention of the monks, who, always jealous of St. Paul's, thought it necessary to manufacture a pedigree that might compare with that by which the Cathedral was traced back to a temple of Diana. The story of King Lucius must be placed in the same category as that of King Bladud and his swine, the joint discoverers of the hot springs of Bath. Nevertheless, he who has faith enough may yet see the tomb of Lucius in the Cathedral of Coire, to which town the king retired and became a bishop when weary of royalty. The next founder of whom we hear is Sebert, who is said to have accomplished his pious work about the year 616. Dart, who published his *History and Antiquities of the Abbey Church of Westminster* in 1723, believed in Sebert. He was undoubtedly an historical personage, but Dean Stanley has no faith in him as a founder. Bede mentions him in connection with St. Paul's, but says nothing about his reputed work at Westminster. It is to be presumed, therefore, that in the narrative which makes him the founder of the Abbey we have another manifestation of that jealousy which the Westmonastrian always had of the Londoner. We seem to touch solid ground about two hundred years later. At the close of the eighth century the Mercians being intolerably oppressed by Beorred, rose against him, expelled him, and elected Offa, of royal lineage. "Offa the Terrible," he was called, for he defeated the Britons again and again, taking possession of their provinces. He subdued all the Anglo-Saxons south of the Humber, "rectified" his frontier by annexing London to the kingdom of Mercia, and became so powerful that Charles the Great craved his alliance. Like many another prince of that, and indeed far later times, he sought to atone for deeds of blood by pious gifts. He paid the tenth of his goods to the Church; he made an annual present to the Pope, on the strength of which subsequent

Pontiffs demanded "Peter's Pence" as their right; he endowed the Abbey at St. Alban's, and—this is his claim to our notice now—he granted a charter to the West Monastery—Westminster. The house was maintained by Dunstan, who established twelve Benedictine monks there. These were troublous times, both for layman and for churchman. In the very year that Offa conquered Wessex, 787, three strange vessels made the coast of Dorset, and landed their crews near one of "the king's towns." Badohard, the reeve, rode forth to meet them, deeming them traders and suspecting no harm. "They made him pay with the battle-axe," says Palgrave. Badohard and his attendants were murdered. From that date the Danes—for such these intruders were—became the incessant and inveterate foes of Britain. They laid the country waste with fire and sword. Now they landed in Northumbria, then far away to the west in Cornwall, then in the Island of Sheppey in the east, then on the Dorsetshire coast in the south. They feared not God nor regarded man. They spared the house of prayer as little as the dwelling-house. They sailed up the Humber, the Medway, the Thames, the Avon, and the Tamar, spreading ruin as they advanced. Even London itself was invaded. Westminster was overrun. The monastery was all but extinct, when there succeeded to the throne the king who in spite of his weakness accomplished that which his valiant ancestors had not achieved, raising for himself an enduring shrine, and for his country a building that is at once palace, Walhalla, and church.

Before we describe the foundation, let us learn something of the site. Thorn Ey, the Island of Thorns, the Westminster of to-day, was in the primæval age of English history a jungle, wherein the wild ox and the red deer took refuge. The island gave its name to the stream by which it was partly surrounded, and which came rushing down to the Thames from the Hampstead hills, past Aye hill, now Hay hill; past Aye-bourn, now Tyburnia; through the Manor of Eye-bury, now Ebury; through the marshy waste that then spread where now stand Buckingham Palace and Marlborough House, and which has not disappeared

even yet, but is still to be seen, transformed and beautified indeed, in the Lake of St. James's Park. Thorn Ey was a marsh within a marsh—a forest within a forest. In the charter of Offa it is called "that terrible place." Yet it had attractions for those who, weary of the tumult and turmoil of life in adjacent London, sighed for

"A lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade."

It was close to the Thames, the noblest and securest highway in England, at a time when robbers infested every road. Tried, too, by Dr. Johnson's test—"the best waters are those which contain the most fish"—the Thames deserved the name of "Father," and its offspring fed the monks who settled on its shore. The soil was a fine gravel, a patch, like two or three more adjacent, in the vast bed of clay. Through this gravel percolated the rain water from Hyde Park and Palace Gardens, to supply the monks when the river was too turbid to be drunk. But for that spring Westminster Abbey had scarcely existed. The climate of England at that time was like the climate of Canada now. Vineyards brought forth grapes on the island—so like to Thorn Ey—where stood the Abbey of Glastonbury, although Craig Eyriri was clad with perpetual snow. One third of England was covered with wood—another third with uncultivated heath and moor. The marsh lands extended over hundreds of thousands of acres. And while Nature reigned thus savagely on earth, there were frequent and startling tokens of her presence in the heavens. Mock suns perplexed the scanty inhabitants by day, the aurora alarmed them by night. Frequent astral showers suggested to them the near approach of the time when "the stars shall fall from heaven, and the powers of the heavens shall be shaken." The whole of Christendom believed that the end of the world would come with the end of the first Christian millennium. A little later, when the expectation had subsided, there was a renewal of the fearful looking for the things coming upon the earth. The year 1066, so memorable in English annals, was the year of the great comet. Night after night, says Palgrave, the people gazed upon

the "long-haired star" darting its awful splendor from horizon to zenith. Crowds, young and old, watched the token far beyond the midnight hour, and, when they retired to their broken rest, its bright image floating before the eyes disturbed their slumbers. Its dread presence confirmed the terror excited by the tidings of William the Norman's intended invasion brought by pilgrim and merchant.

Such were the natural phenomena of that age. In one respect the moral phenomena were strangely at variance with them. For five-and-twenty years there reigned a king who loved peace and tranquillity, who did not deem the sword the chief insignia of royalty. Edward was more fitted for the cloister than the throne: was by nature a monk rather than a monarch. Though married, he lived the life of a celibate, and had no child. "He was," says the historian, "the first who touched for the king's evil;" he was also, we might almost say because of that, "the last of the Saxon kings." It was not a time, nor was England the country, in which the devotee could hope to govern. Though Edward reigned, he scarcely governed. When he heard that Hardicanute had killed himself at a debauch, he was filled with dismay. He sent for the great earl, and, throwing himself at Godwin's feet, prayed that he might be allowed to return to Normandy and spend his days in obscurity. It was only when Godwin showed him that he was not merely the rightful heir to the crown, but that it was his duty to wear it, that he consented to bear the for him unwelcome burden of sovereignty. The sceptre was placed in his hand, but Godwin and his sons ruled the country, and mocked at their puppet, "with his pink face and white hair, looking as royal as a bell-wether new washed," as the author of "Hereward" describes him. Nevertheless it remains true, "the meek shall inherit the earth." Harold the wealthy, the handsome, the brave, perished at Hastings within ten months of mounting the throne, or, as some say, died long years afterwards in obscurity as a hermit at Chester. Edward the pious, the somewhat weak devotee, died in his bed at a good old age, and his sepulchre is with us until this day.

This sepulchre has been the cornerstone of the Abbey. To quote Dean Stanley:—

"The sepulchral character of Westminster Abbey became the frame on which its very structure depended. In its successive adornments and enlargements the minds of its successive founders sought their permanent expression because they regarded it as enshrining the supreme act of their lives. The arrangements of an ancient temple were, as has been well remarked, from its sacrificial purpose, those of a vast slaughter-house; the arrangements of a Dominican church or modern Nonconformist chapel are those of a vast preaching-house; the arrangements of Westminster Abbey gradually became those of a vast tomb-house."—*Memorials of Westminster Abbey*, p. 116.

This was not, however, the purpose for which Edward destined his structure. If he was weak he was also meek and humble. He was no Pharaoh; the Abbey is no Pyramid. Though it is a burial-place, it is not a solitary tomb, the manifestation of inordinate egotism, of selfish vanity that would baulk death. Around the shrine of the Confessor lie "the kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains, and the mighty men." There is not another cemetery like it in the world. "Death is robbed of its oblivion when the corpse is laid in the Abbey. Victory with its living honors is scarcely more alluring to noble ambition than funeral rites in Westminster."

Peter was the favorite saint of Edward. In time of trouble and exile the Confessor vowed that if he came again to his father's house in peace he would make a pilgrimage to Rome. When he ascended the throne he announced to the great council his intention of fulfilling his vow. The proposal was received with horror by nobles and people. They raised constitutional objections; they urged the dangers of the road. But the vow had been made, and must be fulfilled, unless, indeed, a dispensation could be obtained. A deputation of nobles was sent to the Pope, and brought back a release for the king, on the condition that he should found or restore a monastery of St. Peter, whereof the king should be the special patron. The choice of a site was, according to tradition, decided by a dream:—

"There was in the neighbourhood of Worcester, far from men in the wilderness on the slope of a wood, in a cave deep down in the grey rocks, a holy hermit of great age, living on fruits and roots. One night, when after reading in the Scriptures 'how hard are the pains of hell, and how the enduring life of heaven is sweet and to be desired,' he could neither sleep nor repose. St. Peter appeared to him, 'light and beautiful like to a clerk,' and warned him to tell the king that he was released from his vow; that on that very day his messengers would return from Rome; that 'at Thorney, two leagues from the city,' was the spot marked out where in an ancient church 'situated low,' he was to establish a Benedictine monastery, which should be 'the gate of heaven, the ladder of prayer, where those who serve St. Peter there, shall by him be admitted into Paradise.' The hermit writes the account of the vision on parchment, seals it with wax, and brings it to the king, who compares it with the answer of the messengers just arrived from Rome, and determines on carrying out the design as the apostle had ordered."—*Memorials, &c.*, p. 19.

No mortal hands consecrated the original monastery. St. Peter himself performed the sacred rite in the days of Sebert, as Edric the fisherman tells. Edric did not forget that St. Peter had been a fisherman, and by the apostle's direction he had a miraculous haul, "whereof," said St. Peter, who would seem to love generalities, "the larger part shall be salmon." He imposed conditions. Edric was never to fish again on Sunday, and he was to present to the Abbey of Westminster a tenth of all that he caught. Centuries after Sebert, the monastic historian Flete saw in the decreasing supply of salmon a judgment upon the Rector of Rotherhithe for refusing to obey the apostolic injunction of paying tithe to the Abbey. Edward had special and personal reasons for selecting this site. A crippled Irishman named Michael had made six pilgrimages to Rome, in the hope of being healed, but in vain. St. Peter told him that if a King of England would, on his own royal neck, carry him to the monastery at Thorney he should be cured. Edward, hearing of the promise, fulfilled his part of the condition, and the Saint fulfilled his. Amid the scoffs of the court, especially, as we may believe, of the sons of Godwin, he bore upon his back the long-tried sufferer, and on

reaching the altar-steps the man's ankle-bones received strength, and he went away like another cripple a thousand years before in another temple, walking, and leaping, and praising God. Before this same high altar a child, "pure and bright like a spirit," appeared to the king in the sacred elements. Leofric and Godiva saw it also. Perhaps it was for the high and pure-minded woman, who, to relieve the people of Coventry,

"Rode forth, clothed on with chastity,"

that the vision was meant, a reward for a most heroine-like deed. However that may be, this vision, and the other incidents we have mentioned, convinced the king that here he would build a house as much more worthy of God than the half-ruined monastery, as the temple of Solomon was than the tabernacle of David. To superintend the raising of the structure he came to reside at Westminster, and the palace that he erected for himself, grew up with and became part of the Abbey.

"The Abbey and the Palace grew up together, and into each other, in the closest union, just as in Scotland a few years later Dunfermline Palace sprang up by Dunfermline Abbey, and yet later again, Holyrood Abbey—first within the castle of Edinburgh, and then on its present site—by Holyrood Palace. The 'Chamber of St. Edward,' as it was called from him, or the 'Painted Chamber,' from its subsequent decorations, was the kernel of the palace at Westminster. This was the 'Old Palace,' as distinguished from the 'New Palace' of William Rufus, of which the only vestige is the Hall looking out on what from its novelty at that time was called the 'New Palace Yard,' as the open space before what were the Confessor's buildings is still known as 'Old Palace Yard.'"—*Memorials*, p. 24.

Fifteen years did the king pass in building his new church. Upon it he expended one-tenth of the property of the kingdom. It was marvellous in every way: marvellous in its origin; marvellous in having for founder a king, at a time when kings were warriors and tyrants instead of devotees; marvellous in its architecture, the like of which had not been seen in England before. We have said that Edward was the last of the Saxon kings. He may also be called the first of the Norman kings. His mother was a Norman; he was educated in Normandy. When he heard

the tidings of Hardicanute's death, he would have retired to the monastery of Bec or Fécamp, and have lived and died on Norman soil. When Godwin appealed to him as the rightful heir of the Saxon kings, and persuaded him to undertake the unwelcome duties of sovereignty, he could not make Edward forget the land of his love. The new king introduced the Norman language, and used the Norman handwriting and seal in state documents. These innovations gave him the opportunity of retaining the "clerks" whom he had brought from Normandy. They were necessary on account of their knowledge of reading and writing; they were also Edward's chaplains and spiritual advisers, and likewise his secretaries of state. No doubt they had something to do with the introduction of the new style of architecture which astonished the English. The Abbey was the first cruciform structure erected in the country. As such, it marked the near approach of that great revolution which swept over the land a few years later. A nation which adopts the language and arts of another, is already half vanquished. Thus it was that William was able to subdue England within a very brief period of the battle of Hastings. Edward had prepared the way for him. The Saxon had been the forerunner of the Norman. What sort of building it was which now rose upon the site of the old monastery of Thorney, Dean Stanley tells us:—

"Its massive roof and pillars formed a contrast with the rude wooden rafters and beams of the common Saxon churches. Its very size, occupying, as it did, almost the whole area of the present building, was in itself portentous. The deep foundations, of large square blocks of grey stone, were duly laid. The east end was rounded into an apse. A tower rose in the centre, and two at the western point with five large bells. The hard, strong stones were richly sculptured. The windows were filled with stained glass. The roof was covered with lead; the cloisters, chapter-house, refectory, infirmary, with its spacious chapel, if not completed by Edward, were all begun and finished in the same generation, on the same plan. This structure, venerable as it would be if it had lasted to our own time, has almost entirely vanished. Possibly one vast dark arch in the southern transept, certainly the substructures of the dormitory, with their huge

pillars—'grand and regal at the bases of the capitals'—the massive, low-browed passage leading from the great cloister to Little Dean's Yard, and some portions of the refectory and infirmary chapel, remain as specimens of the work which astonished the last age of the Anglo-Saxon, and the first age of the Norman monarchy. The institution was made as new as the building. Abbot Edwin remained, but a large body of monks was imported from Crediton, coincidentally with the removal of the see at that place to Exeter, in the person of the king's friend, Leofwin. A small chapel, dedicated to St. Margaret, which stood on the north side of the present Abbey, is said to have been pulled down, and a new church bearing the same name was built on the site of the present church of St. Margaret."—*Memorials*, p. 26.

It was not destined that the founder of the church should be present at its consecration. The work of fifteen years was now completed, and the arrangements were made to worthily crown the edifice, when visions warned Edward to prepare for his end. On one occasion when he was sitting among his courtiers, who were voraciously devouring their food after the long abstinence of Lent, he sank into a deep abstraction, and then suddenly came one of his curious laughs. He had seen the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus suddenly turn from their right sides to their left; no very laughable matter, one would think, considering that the change was an omen of seventy years' famine and pestilence. Another legend tells how St. John the Evangelist appeared to two English pilgrims in Syria, and gave them a ring to take back to Edward with the warning that in six months the king should be with him in Paradise. The pilgrims fulfilled the Saint's command, and the king prepared for his end. At Christmas-tide, 1065, Edward came to Westminster, and on Christmas-day he appeared, wearing his royal crown. That same night his strength gave way. Mortal illness set in. On St. John's day, December 27th, he was so much worse that he ordered the ceremonial to proceed on the morrow of that day. "Childermas" was considered the most unlucky day of the whole year. On that day the king signed the charter, and arranged the relics and presents. Queen Editha took his place at the consecration, while he, the founder, was sunk

in a deep stupor. On the closing day of the year he seemed to revive. It was the last flickering light of the lamp of life. He described to those who stood around him a vision which he saw, and they said that he doted. Palgrave tells us that Harold "worried" the king into appointing him his heir, although Edward had already left his crown to his "good cousin," William of Normandy. "Harold," said the dying king to his brother-in-law, "take the crown, if such be thy wish, but the gift will be thy ruin. Against the Duke and his baronage no power of thine can avail thee." "I fear not the Duke, nor anyone else," was Harold's reply, and so the matter rested. It was on the vigil of the Epiphany, January 5th, 1066, that the king, after having disposed of this question, said that he was "passing from the land of the dead to the land of the living." A few hours later he died, and with him the last of the race of Cedric the Saxon, which, with the exception of the two dozen years of Danish rule, had reigned 500 years. Though the event had been foreseen, it caused the greatest consternation throughout the land. On the very next day, so urgent were the dangers which seemed to threaten, the dead king was buried, and the living king was crowned. The body of Edward was laid out in the Palace, and regained the natural expression by which death so often mocks the mourners with the cheating semblance of life. "The unearthly smile played once more over the rosy cheeks, and the white beard seemed whiter, and the thin, stretched-out fingers paler and more transparent than ever." Edward had not many mourners among his own family. The Godwins had often stung into a temporary fury of anger the meek king by their taunts and gibes. His queen, Editha, had little love for a husband who lived as a monk. But the people, his children, crowded to Westminster to see the monarch who, amid all his caprices and superstitions, had for a quarter of a century ruled them so well that, centuries afterwards, the sovereigns of England had to swear that they would govern in accordance with "the merciful laws of the good King Edward." He was buried in the church which he built

and should have consecrated, and his shrine is now the most venerable, as it was once the most venerated, relic which the Abbey contains. Three times his coffin has been disturbed by men in whom curiosity overcame reverence. The last occasion was nearly 200 years ago, and an account of the investigation was published in 1688, under the name of Charles Taylor, gentleman, but it was really by Henry Keepe, author of *Monumenta Westmonasteriensia*. He stated that while the scaffolding was being removed after the coronation of James II. in 1685, King Edward's coffin was broken by a beam. Putting his hand in, and "turning the bones which I felt there, I drew from underneath the shoulder-bones, a crucifix richly adorned and enamelled, and a gold chain twenty-four inches long." The first consisted of oblong links curiously wrought and connected by a gold locket (ornamented by two large stones, supposed to be rubies) from which a crucifix was dependent. The latter was richly enamelled, "having, on one side, the picture of our Saviour, Jesus Christ, in His passion, wrought thereon, and an eye from above, casting a kind of beams upon Him; whilst on the reverse is a Benedictine monk, on each side of him capital Roman letters." The cross was hollow, for the purpose of containing some relic, and could be opened by two little screws on the top. As to the body, the head was "firm and whole," and the jaws full of teeth. "A list of gold, about an inch broad, surrounded the temples. There were also in the coffin white linen and gold-flowered coloured silk, that looked indifferent well, but the least stress put thereto showed that it was well-nigh perished."

Concerning Harold's coronation we have little information. We know from the Bayeux tapestry that Stigand, the last Saxon primate, was present, but whether it took place at Westminster or St. Paul's is uncertain. Harold put the crown upon his own head, and he wore it for a shorter time than any king that came after him. He could scarcely have expected that a man like William the Norman would quietly submit to be excluded from the throne which belonged to him doubly, which he claimed by right of Harold's surrender, and Ed-

ward's bequest. And yet Harold seems to have been taken by surprise at the last. He was at York when William landed at Pevensy. A thane who witnessed the debarcation took horse instantly, and travelled night and day until he had delivered his evil tidings. The king returned to the south, and fought the most famous battle ever waged on English soil. We need not repeat the well-known tale of the two camps on the eve of the engagement, the camp of the devout Normans, and the camp of the riotous Saxons; nor how bravely both sides fought; nor how nearly William lost the battle; nor the morrow of his victory, the search for the vanquished king among the slain, and the foundation of Battle Abbey by the victorious duke. Though victor at Hastings, William was by no means yet conqueror of England. Before him lay a country of which he was wholly ignorant, but which he knew to be hostile to him. He had a task that demanded all his energies in conquering Kent. So brave a resistance did the men of that county offer, that William was glad to make peace on terms very favourable to them. The stratagem of Birnam Wood was repeated, and when William saw the moving trees, he entered into a parley with the enemy, and they, with Stigand at their head, obtained from him a promise to respect all their old liberties, amongst them that of gavel-kind, whereby all the children inherited equally the estates of the father, a right maintained to his day. We may commend it to the attention of those politicians who resist any infringement of the law of primogeniture as a democratic innovation. Having arranged with Kent, William compelled Winchester to pay fealty, and then marched upon London. He conducted the siege from two points; Barking on the east, and Westminster on the west. But in vain did his balistas hurl their missiles against the solid Roman walls; it was not to force that the metropolis yielded. Nor can the surrender be ascribed to treachery. It was rather due to the conviction which had been growing rapidly during those months, that the land wanted a man for king. The people had declared their allegiance to the child Edgar Atheling, for child he must have been, seeing that he was alive

ninety years after the conquest. But Stigand, who negotiated with William in Kent, probably only represented popular feeling when he suggested negotiations in London. They speedily led to terms: young Edgar was given up to William, a dangerous experiment at such a time, and with such a man. Nevertheless it was a successful one, for the king treated with tenderness the last representative of the Saxon line. He hesitated when he was asked to put the crown upon his own head. The hesitation is, of course, considered to be hypocritical, though there is no good reason for so stigmatising it. He had to consult his own followers first, to ascertain if they would feel aggrieved at the Duke of Normandy claiming the title of King. The coronation followed their assent, the first coronation of the thirty-four (excluding Harold's) which the Abbey has witnessed.

Most tragical was the first of this illustrious series. The day selected for it was indeed suitable enough, for it was the day that tells of peace and goodwill to men—peace and goodwill how dear after the months of strife and bloodshed that had passed since that last Christmas when Edward appeared, wearing the crown on his head. The coronation of the duke-king—the Norman ruler of Saxon England, with the consent alike of Norman and Saxon—seemed a deed worthy of Christmas-day. But by a most lamentable mischance the very heartiness of the approval led to a grievous disaster. As William stood before the high altar on the very gravestone of Edward—the “fierce huge unwieldy living king,” the exact opposite of the dead king—the meek “bell-wether newly washed”—Alfred, Archbishop of York, and the Norman Bishop of Coutances, asked, each in his own language, the two races if they would have William for their king. A confused shout of acclamation arose from the mixed multitude. Thereupon the Norman soldiers outside, believing that their duke was in danger, set fire to the buildings adjoining the Abbey. They were built of straw and wood, and the conflagration spread so fast and burnt so fiercely, that the glare of it was seen by the crowd in the Abbey, who rushed out in terror. The clergy were left alone with

William, "and in the solitude of that wintry day, amidst the cries of his new subjects, trampled down by the horses' hoofs of their conquerors, he himself, for the first time in his life, trembling from head to foot, the remainder of the ceremony was hurried on." The victor of Hastings was agued with terror while receiving the prize. It was in fear and weakness that he assumed the crown of the island empire. From the first moment this incident was accepted by the English as a portent of calamity. It worked its own fulfilment. The havoc wrought by the Norman soldiery in Westminster on William's coronation day was symbolical and precursory of the rapine which afterwards devastated the whole land. Nearly six centuries later popular superstition saw in a less tragical incident an omen of misfortune. At his coronation Charles I. changed the purple velvet robe for one of white satin, probably because the latter was the proper ecclesiastical color for the day—the Feast of the Purification. Whereupon the people saw in him the destined victim of those misfortunes predicted for the "White King."

(To be Continued.)

London Eclectic.

POPULAR EXPOSITIONS OF SCIENCE.*

THE two volumes we have placed at the head of this brief paper are among the most attractive expositions of scientific topics we remember to have seen. The illustrations are copious, and as admirable as copious, often presenting, in a most vivid and yet pictorial and scenic manner, some scientific fact to the eye. The anecdotes flow with affluence over the pages, and the style of composition is lucid, and cannot fail to interest those for whom the works are especially compiled and prepared—those whose acquaintance with science in any department is perhaps slight, and who

need to be fascinated by the curious and entertaining, the anecdotal or luminous, character of its facts and doctrines. We hope Messrs. Sampson Low have many other similar volumes in store for their readers; such a series exactly hits a very popular want. The volumes before us are entirely free from that great vice of almost all, even popular treatises, on scientific subjects—labored technicality. Few writers have succeeded in liberating science from this burden; and probably most readers have felt, on first making the acquaintance with some department of science, that however easy it might be to seize the meaning of a fact, and to understand its relations, to understand the language in which it was set forth was altogether another matter. Hence also it has frequently been the case that some readers have stored their memories with technical descriptions, while in entire ignorance of the things described. The error on the other side has been sometimes still more ludicrous. If circumlocution and learned phraseology has often embarrassed a youthful student or reader with something of the perplexity Swift describes, when he says, he told Newton that when he was asked a question, he would revolve it in a circle, round and round and round, before he could produce an answer. The scientific works of Count Rumford, highly valuable as they are, are full of most ludicrous illustrations arising from the desire to be sufficiently explicit. Thus in one of his economic treatises, he gives a receipt for a pudding, and then a page of description how to eat it. Concluding, he says, "The pudding is to be eaten with a knife and fork, beginning at the circumference of the slice, and approaching regularly towards the centre, each piece of pudding being taken up by the fork, and dipped into the butter, or dipped into it in part only, as is commonly the case before it is carried to the mouth." This is deliciously explicit; but such a nice and dainty detail in style, carried into some departments, becomes as ambiguous as the most learned technicality. Our age has often been justly described as the age of science; yet there seems to be but little scientific reading. The knowledge of the great and interesting facts and conclusions of science is very shallow, and

* 1. *The Wonders of Optics*. By F. Marion. Translated from the French, and Edited by Charles W. Quin, F.C.S. Illustrated with Seventy Engravings on Wood, and a Colored Frontispiece. Sampson Low, Son, and Marston.

2. *Thunder and Lightning*. By W. de Fonvielle. Translated from the French, and Edited by T. L. Phipson, Ph.D., F.C.S., &c. Illustrated with Thirty-nine Engravings on Wood. Sampson Low, Son, and Marston.

enters but very slightly into the thought or education of the young. We have often been struck, in looking over the list of a course of lectures for hundreds of various institutes, literary societies, young men's Christian associations, &c., to notice that probably, and most likely, not a single evening throughout a whole session is given to the exposition of any doctrine or department of science. It may be said that scientific lectures are very few, and that even most of those have not the ability to make the doctrines lucid and the illustrations attractive; but, we suppose, here too a demand would create a supply, and we cannot but attribute this really melancholy absence to the fact that the great arrangements, the marvellous combinations and transformations of nature, are supposed to have little interest for ordinary hearers. How remarkable it is that readings of poetry, passages of fiction, humorous scenes and complications, should have such power to entertain, while the great mysteries, the truly astounding circumstances of nature, shall excite no curiosity, and seem unable to stir the sense of wonder! It may be, indeed, that such knowledge is too wonderful, so high that the ordinary mind cannot attain to it, while the humors of everyday life are easily understood, and the clink of rhymes readily affects the ear. There is, however, no doubt the impression that science is not interesting, and that only to the initiated and well-informed can it be made thoroughly entertaining. Such works as these before us quite contradict this impression; each volume might be effectively used as an entertaining lecture, and all the engravings have the interest and effect of a succession of well-executed dissolving views. There is, it is also true, in many minds, an utter prejudice against such popular expositions of science. Thoroughly furnished scientific minds have often contributed to this prejudice, regarding it as a mere playing with magnificent tools, and idling in the illustrious walks of science, regarding the reading even thoroughly of many such works as those before us, as, in the well-known language of Dr. Johnson, "the getting a mouthful of all subjects, and a bellyful of none." But a mouthful in this sense of anything, is all that

most can command. All have the ordinary pursuit, occupation, and knowledge of life with which they are familiar, and which goes to make up the daily bread; beyond this, poetry or fiction, science or philosophy, is the appendix, the dessert, the occasional wine of life; and the occasional entrance upon the borderlands, the outskirts of some great continent, or department of science, can only have the effect, if the mind be at all prepared, of enlarging the boundaries of thought and observation, elevating the mind to the perception of the immense regions of knowledge beyond the ordinary highways of life. And, indeed, magnificent achievements, stupendous performance, has become so much the order of circumstance with us, that, singular as it seems to say it, the ordinary mind needs to step aside into some such volumes as these we have mentioned, to keep still its sense of wonder healthfully awake. The wonderful has almost ceased to be impressive with us—what with Menai and Saltash tubular bridges, Atlantic cables, photography and stereoscopes, and a thousand other marvellous things we handle daily without being impressed by their marvellousness. Some lesser, more exceptional, flash arrests the attention, and excites the wonder more, leads to more recondite observations, and the anecdotes of the volume before us are of the nature to stimulate gently the mind.

It has been truly said that the workshop of science is everywhere around us; its materials are universally present, alike in the objects of art and the yet more abounding objects of nature; it is only because wonder ceases as novelty expires, that things in themselves awaken no interest. How universally materials in themselves wonderful as fairy stories lie around us. A pair of spectacles, which grandpapa takes up and puts upon his venerable nose, without which he could not see to read—they are a very common thing, but are surely a satisfaction and a suggestion to much youthful inquisitiveness. But it is more important to remark, that science leads, by a succession of easy steps and platforms, to a true *sacro monte*; and did men and women know what visions of things, not seen by those who are not pilgrims, may be

beheld from its slopes, many more pilgrim feet would tread along its not inaccessible, although sometimes steep, acclivities; for it is in science that we possess one of the most assured and certain means of overcoming the sceptic, who tells us that he must either handle a thing or see it before he can believe it. In fact, it is science which shows to us what a little thought prepares us to expect—a whole universe of invisible things and powers. It is science which suggests to us how things not seen may yet be known. Man is ordinarily compelled to believe in what he cannot see; he only sees effects, not causes or things. It has been very truly said, that the world of sight, in which we live, is a sort of central point or table-land, halfway between the telescope and the microscope. A very large portion of what we call the material world is invisible, composed of things not seen; heat and steam are invisible. We can feel a ray, and we can see vapor, that is, an invisible thing rendered visible by condensation from contact with cold air, but who ever saw the mighty giant at home in the boiler, the great moving power of the world, the thing which drives a vessel of three thousand tons, against wind and tide, across the Atlantic, or hammers a twenty-ton of iron into shape as easily as you would mould a pellet of bread between your fingers—that five hundred or a thousand-horse power nobody has ever beheld. The colors of the solar ray are, until made to play upon the prism, invisible; and even then, there is reason to believe that color, never detected, is yet lying among the visible and colored rays in that space which appears to be empty, that ray without color; and the forces of the magnet and the electric current are invisible, so that we are conducted to the goodness of “an unseen hand, whence flows all this invisible harmony.” This visible harmony, too, the screen of the natural world, lighting up its most beautiful and created marvels in the human soul—such are some of the assurances which science has given to us. Surely views like these cannot minister to scepticism. Trees rise in huge and immense forests sometimes; but whether in a slim branch, or whether in an Ar-

den or a Fontainebleau, the great timber-builder—for every one such magnificent temple, spire, or turret—is that carbonic acid, the invisible tenant of the air to whom they all owe their structure, and every coal-bed its existence. Or even as those long miles of tubes stretching through our cities and towns, filled apparently with nothing—nothing apparently perceptible to the eye, and nothing to burst into luminousness—a wondrous candle, a light to burn without a wick. Observations like these, we say, become a true *sacro monte*, a sacred hill. From a most lively and delightful writer we extract a paragraph illustrating this life of the invisible, in invisible things.*

Before I leave this subject of color, I may, in connection with those gases which I spoke of, mention that, though invisible themselves, they each of them seem to give token of the presence of certain favorite hues, which by no great stretch of metaphor may be called their *liveries*. We know how pale and delicate a tint of green it is that first appears upon the trees in early spring. Why does the leaf acquire a darker and deeper green as summer advances? And why does the autumn with its decay incarnadine the plant,

Making the green one red?

The cause is very simple. The natural color of the fibrous tissue of plants is a pale straw yellow. This you see in all plants that have been earthed up by the gardener, or grown in a dark place where the sunshine could not reach them. On exposure to the action of the sun's rays they immediately absorb carbonic acid from the air, and invisible as this gas is, *blue-black* is its livery color, and it makes its presence and action known by uniting with the straw-colored tissue of the plant into *green*—at first light and yellowish, but of a deeper tinge as, summer proceeding, the days lengthen and increase in duration and intensity of light, to which the absorptive power is due; but when the days begin to shorten, and light to diminish, and the cold-nights chill and contract the foot-stalk of the leaf, so that it can no longer pass the descending sap from the leaf into the tree, the absorption of carbonic acid can go on no longer; and oxygen, the parent of decomposition, ever ready to pounce upon its prey, becomes absorbed instead, and though itself invisible, instantly *hoists its colors*, red and

* It is with much pleasure we quote from, and refer to, Mr. Hoskyns's little volume of *Occasional Essays*. He writes so well and so suggestively! Why does he write so little?

brownish yellow, staining and blotching the green leaf with its rich but melancholy hues. But if its red uniform comes like an enemy here, we owe to the same artist the crimson hue of the life-stream that flows in healthy veins; and even the ruby lips and rosy cheeks that I must not allude to, as present company, are indebted (I trust!) to no other cosmetic than the invisible gas, oxygen.

A whole world of marvels starts upon the memory at the mention of optics. Already we have several entertaining volumes fit for parlor reading. This translation from M. Marion is inferior to none; it appears to touch and present, in a popular manner, the latest results of optical science, both in the magnificent interpretations of the solar spectrum, and those strange freaks of science which have made optics to be one of the most singular modern playthings, in the phantasmagoria of Robertson, the speaking head trick, and the ghost illusion—indeed, from the engravings in the volume before us, the simplest mind may obtain a very clear and distinct insight of the methods pursued for giving effect to such illusions.

The "Speaking Head" trick is performed on this principle. When the curtain is drawn up, the audience perceive an apparently living head placed on a small three-legged table, the curtain at the back of the stage being quite visible through the legs. By-and-by the bodiless head, which is generally painted in a very fantastic manner, begins to speak, answers questions, and ends by singing a song. The trick is performed in the following way. The spaces between the legs are filled with a looking-glass; consequently, the spectators see the reflection of the curtains at the sides of the stage, which are made exactly like those at the back, thus giving the table the appearance of standing on three slim legs, with nothing between. Behind the looking-glass there is of course plenty of space for the body of the man belonging to the magical head. The exhibitor naturally takes especial care never to pass in front of the table, otherwise the lower part of his body would be reflected in mirrors.

Through all ages, no doubt, such illusions have been employed in the service of priestcraft and imposture, and still we are far from the solution of all those manifold ways in which the human eye becomes the victim of freaks of the imagination.

Towards the end of 1833, a poor washerwoman who was grievously tormented with

rheumatic pains gave up her business, and took to sewing for her livelihood. Being but little accustomed to this kind of work, she was compelled to sit over her needle late at night in order to save herself from starving. The unwonted strain upon the eyes soon brought on ophthalmia, which speedily became chronic. Nevertheless, she continued her work, and fell a prey to *diplopia*, or double sight in each eye. Instead of a single needle and thread, she saw four continually at work, everything else about her being similarly multiplied. At first she took no notice of the singular illusion, but at last both imagination and sight joined arms against the judgment, and the poor creature imagined that Providence had taken pity on her forlorn condition, and had worked a miracle in her favor by bestowing on her four pair of hands in order that she might do four times her usual amount of work.

Some persons have been throughout their lives the victims of strange spectral hallucination. Dr. Dewar, of Stirling, mentioned to Dr. Abercrombie the remarkable instance of a patient he had, who was quite blind, but who never walked in the street without seeing a little old woman hobbling on before him, and leaning on a stick; the apparition always disappeared when he entered his house. We have the story of an old man of eighty, who was purblind, but who never sat down to a table, during the last years of his life, without seeing around him a number of his friends who had long been dead, dressed in the costume of fifty years before. This old man had but one eye, and this extremely weak, and he wore a pair of green preservers, in the glass of which he continually saw his own face reflected. We have no means of elucidating as yet these wonders. We may inquire what is the eye? and what is light? but the inquiry lies deeper—what is the imagination? In the ghost-trick the spectator beholds the phantom gliding before the eye on the stage, a veritable spectre seems to move, but beneath, could he but see the apparatus and the machinery, he would behold not merely the actor below, but the light, the arrangement of the magical and luminous glasses reflecting out of the darkness the form before the eyes of the audience; it is not in the phantom alone, nor the actor alone, the solution is to be found, but in the electric light. And

so in those illusions which have sometimes haunted the spirit with their shapes of strangeness or of terror, it is in the electric light of the imagination, that inexplicable and unsolvable power working in the deep and secret camera, that the real cause is to be found. As, however far we may push our investigations, we are assuredly met at last by some dead wall, beyond which it seems impossible to advance; so, especially in the science of optics, and in this department upon which we are touching now, the mind leaves the momentary impression of the marvellous for a deeper wonder and more outlying mystery. Perhaps, to the region of optics after all, belong the most perplexing marvels of science, the relation of the whole *non ego*, the round of external things to the *ego* ourselves; that sensation, the medium of truth and thought, that means of knowing things out of ourselves, the science of optics carries us no way towards this; it furnishes us with a set of very wonderful, curious, and entertaining pictures, and here it must terminate its work. Science plays with electricity as well as with light, but it is a more fearful plaything. What a circumstance is this we meet with in M. de Fonvielle's volume:—

Sometimes lightning produces complete and instantaneous paralysis. The suppression of movement in the victim in these circumstances is so rapid that those who have witnessed it might have thought they suffered from some illusion. Who would not think he was dreaming if he saw an unfortunate creature, full of life and activity, petrified and motionless as a rock, in less time than is required to witness the phenomenon?

Jerome Cardan relates that eight reapers, who were eating their dinner under an oak tree, were all struck by the same flash of lightning, the explosion of which was heard far away. When some people passing by approached to see what had happened, they found the reapers, to all appearance, continuing their repast.

One still held his glass in his hand, another was in the act of putting a piece of bread into his mouth, a third had his hand in the dish. Death had come upon them suddenly whilst in these positions when the thunderbolt fell.

Azrael had seized upon them with so much violence that he had impressed upon the entire surface of their bodies the mournful tint of his black wings. One might have taken

them for statues sculptured out of black marble!

The catastrophe was so rapid that the faces of the victims had not had time to take any expression of pain. Life was suppressed so instantaneously that the muscles remained unmoved. The eyes and the mouths were open, as in life, and had not the color of the skin been so much changed the illusion would have been complete.

It has been remarked also that the features of persons struck by lightning, instead of being contracted, usually assume a calm, happy expression; and the conclusion has been drawn that they enter without shock or pain into the presence of the Infinite Being. It has even been assumed that death by lightning is the prelude to eternal glory and happiness.

Many persons have doubted the reality of the terrible catastrophe related by Cardan; but a similar fact has since occurred in precisely the same circumstances. Ten reapers who had taken shelter under a hedge, were likewise killed altogether during a violent storm.

Lightning, like light, furnishes another wonderful succession of marvels. How delicate, how subtle! It performs its work sometimes with scarcely a touch. Enumerating a number of instances, the author calls upon us to modify our vulgar notions of thunder and lightning. He says it is a most extravagant idea to compare the causes of thunder and the effects of lightning to the noise and effects of cannon and cannon-ball; we are face to face with an essentially superior force. It might be said that it constitutes a transition between this world and a better one; in fact it is really subject to transcendental laws which our weak intelligence cannot grasp. This little volume is a repertory of facts, some of them of the most amusing, some of them of an abundantly terrible character. Illustrating this, he strikingly entitles one of his chapters, "How did the bird get out of the cage?" He derives the expression from Plutarch. When we see animals or men cease moving, thinking, living, suddenly, without any appreciable change in their appearance or the mechanism of their organization, it suggests the image of a cage, the door still closed, no damage done to a single wire, and yet the inhabitant gone. How did it get out? The instances are numerous. Bodies have been killed repeatedly by lightning, and they have not given the

slightest trace of any wound or scar, no slight touch of a burn or a contusion, no hint of the way by which the bird sprang from its confinement. Delicate and most subtle, we have said, has often been its work. Think of its melting a bracelet from a lady's wrist, yet leaving the wrist untouched; think of its melting instantly a pair of crystal goblets, suddenly, without breaking them. Nay, as we said above, some of its achievements are most humorous. Arago tells us how the lightning one day visited the shop of a Suabian cobbler, did not touch the artisan, but magnetized all his tools. One can well imagine the immense dismay of the poor fellow; his hammer, pincers, and awl, attracted all the needles, pins, and tacks and nails, and caused them to adhere firmly to the tools. The amazed shoemaker thought that everything in the shop was suddenly bedeviled, or else that he was dreaming. And there are several well-authenticated cases like this, showing that iron can be rendered magnetic by the electric current. We read of a merchant of Wakefield, who had placed in a corner of his room a box of knives, and forks, and iron tools, destined to be sent to the colonies; in came the lightning, struck open the box, spread all the articles on the floor, and it was found, when they were picked up, that every one had acquired new properties—they had all been affected by the subtle touch of the current. Some remained intact, others were melted, but they had all been rendered more or less magnetic, so that there was not a single nail in the box but might have served the purpose of a mariner's compass. Such anecdotes excite the sense of the marvellous; and in popular science they become windows through which the young inquirer is able to look abroad into the astonishing fields of nature. A great deal of scientific material has of course been reduced to such a matter of routine, that although there is not much scientific education, in any high sense of the word, some of the outer facts are known, and people may be prevented from making very grave mistakes. Captain Basil Hall, in his *Fragments of Voyages and Travels*, mentions the anecdote of a seaman who was flogged because the captain of the vessel forgot that the earth was round. It happened thus: Two men-of-war, one

larger than the other, were sailing in company, when the man on the look-out from the larger descried a ship on the horizon, which was not reported by the watch of the smaller vessel—the cat-o'-nine-tails was the penalty of his negligence. But the same occurrence happening shortly afterwards to a second person, the captain, or some other officer, remembered that the taller mast could overlook a portion of the curvature of the earth which must interpose to hide distant objects from the man on the lower, and that the supposed culprit was therefore only faulty in his inability to see through the ocean. Many circumstances may arise in which something far less than the philosopher's attainments are of use in either preventing mistakes, or in indicating a more ready and expeditious path to the attainment of an object. Sir John Herschel, in his invaluable little treatise on *Natural Philosophy*, has, too, copiously illustrated this, and it must be sufficiently perceptible to the most ordinary mind to need any illustration; and such assurances are an answer to all imagined danger from the alleged idea that "a little learning is a dangerous thing." A child may know nothing of the elementary and constituent properties of flame, but it will not be a dangerous piece of knowledge if he is made aware that fire burns. A number of matters as essential to know have never been properly taught, and many minds lie, therefore, immersed in ignorance, and at the mercy of a thousand detrimental circumstances, which might be ameliorated or removed were they only aware of certain natural relations and conditions. There is still in the country a large amount of conceited ignorance, which prides itself upon its superior wisdom. In no department, perhaps, has stolid stupidity exhibited a more finished and perfect ideal than in the kingdom of agriculture; and in no department, on the other hand, has science achieved such remarkable triumphs. We suppose no book sets these two phases of agricultural life in a more striking light than the wise and entertaining, the most witty and practical, little essay of Mr. Hoskyns.* In this

* *Talpa: or the Chronicles of Clay Farm. An Agricultural Fragment. By Chandos Wren Hoskyns, Esq.*

small volume the ingenious and witty author reduces science to practice, and does with it, what he teaches is the chief end of farming in the machinery of the Clays. Cultivation consisting in pulverization, the greater the comminution of the soil or the exposure of its internal superficies, the greater its power to absorb ammonia, the essence of manure, from that storehouse of fertility the atmosphere. This is the testimony of chemistry. Clay, sand, and lime make soil; the more they are intercombined the more fertile they become. Few more entertaining illustrations of science made thoroughly practical and popular are to be found than in this same *Talpa*. The chapter, "Truth at the Bottom of a Marl Pit," is an illustration not only of the way in which a wise mind sets to work upon the soil, but how a witty mind may excite its conquests; while the author does abundant homage to that scholarship which does not come through books, that kneading of the mind which inwardly informs and builds up. No doubt the farmer is the last person usually likely to see the blessings resulting from any scientific improvements. Probably there are not wanting those now who would give their opinion much in the language of Tennyson's Northern Farmer:—

But summun 'ull come ater meä mayhap, wi' 'is
kittle o' steäm
Huzzin' an' maäzin' the blessed feälds wi' the
devil's oan teäm.
Gin I mun doy, I mun doy, an' loife they says is
sweet,
But gin I mun doy, I mun doy, for I couldn abear
to see it.

But it is in farming that, while science performs some of its most extraordinary feats, it also defies and distances the farmer's impression of value, whose ordinary idea has been that the bulk of his manure—the bulk and weight—constituted its excellence; recent attainments give quite another color to this impression.

Mr. Hoskyns's remarks are so simple, and so illustrate the interdependency of popular scientific discoveries and truths, that without making our paper assume too much the appearance of an agricultural essay, they may yet very well be quoted here.

Of all the practical illustrations that ever appeared contemporaneously with the an-

nouncement of a great doctrine, the introduction and use of Guano during the lifetime of Liebig is one of the happiest and most remarkable. If some great physical event had testified to men's bodily senses the motion of the Earth round the Sun, and the steady centricity of that luminary, during the exact lifetime of Copernicus or Galileo; or if some conceivable reflection of the earth's surface in the deep azure of heaven, had exhibited to men's wondering eyes the outline of the great American continent looming along its obverse hemisphere, just as Columbus had departed in quest of it,—they would not each have furnished a more triumphant vindication of the achievements of those master-minds, during their own existence, than that which the more fortunate Professor of Gies-sen has been destined to witness. No sooner had the persecuting infidelity of man (the same in every age) begun to crucify his great theory of THE NUTRITION OF PLANTS FROM THE ATMOSPHERE, than the use of Guano and of inorganic manures began to give it proof. "Burn a plant, whether it be an Oak-tree or a stalk of Clover" (for so the assertion of the great Analyst may be briefly epitomized), "and the trifling ash it leaves will show you all it ever got from the soil." But the bulk, the weight, the great mass of its vegetable structure—where is that gone?

Into the Air:
And what seemed corporeal hath melted
Like breath into the wind!

The weight, the bulk, the vegetable mass, of a crop, is simply its *Carbon*. COMBUSTION just undoes what GROWTH did: and nothing more. It recombines the Carbon of the plant with the Oxygen of the air, and their union is *Carbonic-acid gas*, the very substance which the leaves of a plant feed upon in the air where it is presented to them in its gaseous form, in which alone they can absorb it; they do absorb it; and in their clever little laboratory they pick out the carbon, and return the oxygen; just as our own lungs take up the oxygen and return the nitrogen. Multiply the two sides of an oak leaf by the number of leaves on the tree, and you will be able to form some idea of the extent of surface which the plant annually presents to the atmosphere to carry on this work of absorption.

But the Roots—what is their use then?

Examine them through a microscope, and you will see that, as the Leaves are adapted to intercourse with AIR, so the Roots are adapted to WATER: not stagnant water; for the sponge roots which is always saturated, and their myriad fibres are each furnished at the end with a sponge capable of rapid expansion and contraction,—suited therefore to a medium in which moisture should be ever on the move, downwards by gravitation, or up-

wards by capillary attraction. This is the true condition of the soil demanded of the mechanical department of husbandry. "Pulverize your soil deeply," said Jethro Tull, who thought that plants lived upon fine particles of mould: and he said rightly, but in so far as he said only half, and thought that was ALL, he thought wrongly.

But not more wrongly than every Farmer thinks who fancies that the bulk of his manure is its valuable part. He rather hugs his enemy in this, as he has done in other matters. The bulk and weight of Farm-yard manure is simply the carbon which it obtained last year from the Atmosphere; all of which must go through a long process of decay before it will have set free the Mineral and Ammoniacal parts, which together constitute, when dissolved by water, the suction-food of roots.

Liebig asserts, that if the roots are duly supplied with these mineral and ammoniacal substances, the rapid development of the leaves will soon obtain sufficient carbon from the air. The labors of the Dung-cart, as at present carried on, even in the most improved districts, awkward and uneconomical, exhibit, under more backward management, a system of elaborate extravagance and loss, which the least chemical acquaintance with what we are about would render utterly intolerable. By frequent turnings in the yard, and long exposure in the field, every opportunity for the escape of the Ammonia and every toil in lifting, hauling, forking, and ploughing-in of the Carbon is lavishly expended. And all to little purpose. What portion the roots do take up has to be oxygenated in the leaf and decomposed again before plants will re-assimilate it: a subsidiary faculty which bountiful nature has given them, with different degrees of necessity for making use of it.

But in autumn and winter manuring it is otherwise. Decay is only slow combustion; and when you are burying great cart-loads of carbonaceous manure in the soil before winter, you are making a hotbed underground, which will raise the temperature of the soil throughout the long reign of Jack Frost, and preserve many a tender seed that would otherwise perish: and herein lies the chief and wise application of all carbonaceous or bulky manure.

We have recently had several of these lively illustrations of the literature of the farmyard, and the application of science to agriculture. *My Farm of Edge Wood*, by the author of *Reveries of a Bachelor*, is one of these. Different to the work of Mr. Hoskyns, and rather like the essay of a practical, but yet gentleman farmer, it is yet full of many illustrations of the happy union

of science and practice, and takes views suggestive enough, as showing that there are many contingencies in farming which chemistry cannot cover. Carbonic acid, as we have seen, is the grand ingredient; but give a man all the carbonic acid in the world, and he cannot make a diamond, or even a lump of charcoal, which science teaches us a diamond is in fact. Starch in potatoes, or wheat, is the same thing with the woody fibre of a tree; but as an agricultural fact it differs as widely as a stiffened shirt-collar does from the mainmast of a ship; and hence throughout life in general, it is not merely necessary to be acquainted with facts; their use, place, proportion, and assimilation very materially affect their whole character, and they have to be absorbed into use, and cease to be mere things of rote or affairs of speculation, before they add very materially to real wealth. Until then they are rather amusing and surprising than informing or edifying. In the department of popular science, however, and with reference to the affairs of farming and vegetation, we have recently had some interesting contributions to popular science.

Here, in two volumes, Dr. Daubeny has collected the memoirs and essays of a scientific lifetime,* and lays down his pen, and enters his coffin, and finishes all his work here, just as he publishes these two volumes of collections. Here are discussions of questions of the profoundest interest, not only to the world of science, but to the nation at large. For instance, "On the Supposed Deterioration of the Soil of Great Britain," a very unpleasant thought, while some writers are telling us that our coal is exhausting, and we are before long to be shivering for fuel, and with nothing to burn—all our coal measures exhausted. Another class of *doctrinaires* is unfolding the pleasant thought that our soil is wearing out, so that about the same time we shall have nothing to eat. Dr. Daubeny, in his elaborate and thoughtful essay, gives us reason to hope that things may turn out

* *Miscellanies*. Being a Collection of Memoirs and Essays on Scientific and Literary Subjects, published at various times. By Charles Daubeny, M.D., F.R.S. 2 vols. James Parker and Co.

better than this. Yet minds far less entitled to form a judgment than the eminent Oxford professor will find their fears by no means dissipated; for not less wisely does man torment himself by fear for the future than refresh himself by anticipation and hope. Two volumes like Dr. Daubeny's are not for an editor to have done with in an epigrammatic or flippant notice or summary; they are books to be read by a thoughtful mind, in some lonely place, where the reader is free to let thought wander in paths of philosophy, in which every speculation gleams and trembles with the palpitations of an unadorned and unrhythmed poetry. On the "Power of Roots to Reject Poisonous Substances;" on "Ozone and its Disengagement by the Leaves of Plants;" on the "Action of Light upon Plants, and Plants upon the Atmosphere;" on the "Final Causes of the Sexuality of Plants," and on "The Influence of the Lower Vegetable Organism;" on "The Production of Epidemic Diseases:" with such topics as these the pages of these volumes are filled. A reader who travels with the author, cannot keep himself within the limits prescribed by formal logic and merely scientific observation; he traverses kingdoms beyond the reach of experimental research; he feels that there are realms wider and more unknown than were the Western Indies, and Peru, and Mexico, before the times of Columbus, Balboa, and Pizarro. What a hint is that he gives when he says, "It has been well remarked that the accidental structure of one plant generally presents the normal structure of some other, and hence, by studying the monstrosities of which a plant is susceptible, we may perhaps be enabled to infer the possibility of its being converted into something else which has hitherto been regarded as distinct and unrelated!" This observer kept his mind constantly fixed in the attitude of reverent *outlooking*, while his eyes were engaged on experimenting and *inlooking*. We are met, he would say, at every step with phenomena which seem to imply something beyond, if indeed not at variance with, the forces which operate upon inert matter; and the principle, that physical and chemical laws are never suspended, could not interfere with this assurance.

Discountenancing vague analogies, such as the assimilation of normal substances by a plant, and the gradual growth of a crystal by the clustering of similar molecules round an existing nucleus, we attempt to explain everything on purely materialistic principles, and so to ignore the mysteries which surround the innermost shrine of life. It is cheering to see a close observer living amidst the forms of nature, and studying them for the purpose of elucidating the laws of existence, and their ways and modes of operation, rising above the snares which scepticism and rationalism usually weave round the path of such a mind. We cannot dismiss the volumes without a brief word of homage for a life spent in either attempting to expound the principles or to add to the spoils of science, although this word can no longer be to its author congratulation. But it may be thought that in the mention of such topics as those in the volumes of Dr. Daubeny we are passing away from the proper limits of popular science—that anecdotal and suggestive and toy-like instrumentality with which we prefaced these remarks; it is only with the skin of science, its suggestiveness, we have attempted to deal. A mind fairly influenced and impressed by so slight a measure of interest as this, will yet not be likely to pause here. It is very interesting to look through the telescope at the magnificent planet Jupiter, suspended, with his satellites around him, in the heavens; but how the mind of a young observer is startled when the astronomer by his side tells him that the eclipse of those satellites, and observations made upon other shining spangles of the sky, becomes a means for calculating and determining the longitude of the sea, or for the vessel to discover its place or its way anywhere on the wide waste of the almost infinite waters; so that, as David Hume said, "a nation could not be great in cotton-spinning which had not taken nice observations of the eclipses of the satellites of the planet Jupiter!" So the charming observation becomes related to curiosity, and curiosity again is related to the highest use. So also it is interesting, in the story of popular science, to notice the generation of great ideas, how slight a step it seems

from that point where some great mind of a past age stopped short, unable further to realize itself, to that other point where the same idea realizes itself, and realizing, utilizes immense dynamical forces—from the Marquis of Worcester, for instance, through a succession of steps, to James Watt. But here is, perhaps, all the difference between what, in technical language, is called the analytic and synthetic, the power shrewdly to take to pieces or to observe parts, and the power to group together and see how all the parts are related in one great whole; and this is perhaps all the difference between a sceptic and a believer.

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Dublin University Magazine.

THE SCIENCE OF WAR.

"In pace, ut sapiens, aptarit idonea bello."—*Hor. Sat.*
II. lib. II. 169.

IN time of profound peace, a provident ruler or government will take care to be prepared for war. So said the practical Roman poet and man of the world, as quoted above, when writing some twenty years before the Christian era. Our own Shakespeare, rather beyond sixteen centuries later, amplifies the thought more elaborately thus, in Henry V., act 2, scene 4:—

"Peace itself should not so dull a kingdom
(Tho' war, nor no known quarrel were in question),

But that defences, musters, preparations,
Should be maintained, assembled, and collected,
As were a war in expectation."

These opinions, so old in date, have long passed into political axioms. Statists of all ages and countries admit their truth, feel their importance, but frequently neglect their practice. Hence, when a cause of quarrel, real or imaginary, serious or trifling, springs up suddenly, between nations, both or all parties concerned find themselves unprepared for the *ultima ratio*, the deadly appeal to arms into which they plunge headlong, without forethought or calculation of consequences. Then follow reverses, disbursements, accumulation of public debt, bankruptcy, and exhaustion, until the belligerents feel the absolute necessity of a pause to recover breath, and to recruit their energies for another struggle, when time, place, and circumstances again cohere: and thus the

wheel of events circles round, and the antagonistic propensities of our nature have obtruded themselves, from the earliest dawn of historic records, down to this present year of grace eighteen hundred and sixty-eight, inclusive. A melancholy, but true portrait of man, the pugnacious, whose constitutional organ of combativeness appears to have been little affected by the softening influence of Christianity, the march of civilization, and the perpetual and ruinous drains upon his temporal exchequer. The past teaches us that war, rather than peace, has ever been the normal condition of fallen humanity; and the gathering or gathered clouds of the future, present no promising indications of a change for the better.

The Temple of Janus, at Rome, was shut—as a symbol that the world was in harmony—only three times during a long period of above seven hundred years; throughout the life of Numa Pompilius, the second king, who died B.C. 672; at the conclusion of the first Punic war, B.C. 235; and in the reign of Augustus, on the eve of the Christian era. These epochs combined scarcely reach three quarters of a century.

When the great Industrial Exhibition of 1851 took place, it was hailed by peace-loving enthusiasts as an offering of the olive-branch which would be eagerly grasped and retained by all nations capable of reflection, and endowed with the faculty of understanding their own interests. This was followed by many imitations in foreign lands, by our second English Exhibition of 1862, and closed by the great Parisian show of 1867. And how did the enlightened world conduct itself through the rapidly passing sixteen years? Did it cultivate mutual confidence, peace, and goodwill? Did the lion extend the paw of amity to the lamb? Did the lamb reciprocate the overture? and did they lie down together in fraternal security? Not exactly. The short interval was relieved from the luxurious monotony of inaction, and enlivened by the stirring, sanguinary, and expensive episodes of the Crimean war, the Indian mutinies, the successful filibustering of Garibaldi in Sicily and Naples, the Austrian and Franco-Italian struggle in Northern Italy, the American civil contest, replete

with battles producing no result but slaughter; the Schleswig-Holstein dispute, and the seven weeks' campaign of Prussia against the dynasty of Hapsburg, in which that proud house went down under the needle-gun, and the star of Hohenzollern, guided by the ambitious policy of Bismarck, rose brilliantly in the ascendent.

War, then, although denounced by every physician of mind and body as an unmitigated poison, eating into the vitals of men and states, is not yet eradicated from the human constitution, or checked in its destructive progress. It has found its advocates, too, in temperaments of the most opposite construction.

The martial historian Napier says, "War is the condition of this world. From man to the smallest insect, all are at strife, and the glory of arms, which cannot be obtained without the exercise of honor, fortitude, courage, obedience, modesty, and temperance, excites the brave man's patriotism, and is a chastening corrective for the rich man's pride."

Coriolanus, when told that the Volscians are in arms, and menacing the Roman territory, exclaims triumphantly, "I am glad on't; then we shall have means to vent our musty superfluity!" This is the ebullition of a haughty soldier and noble, writhing under the discontents of the lazy, unemployed rabble.

A very different class of patrician, the profound and philosophic Bacon, writes thus, when treating of the true greatness of kingdoms and estates: "No body can be healthful without exercise, neither natural body nor politic; and certainly, to a kingdom or estate, a just and honorable war is the true exercise. A civil war, indeed, is like the heat of a fever; but a foreign war is like the heat of exercise, and serveth to keep the body in health; for in a slothful peace, courages will effeminate and manners corrupt. But howsoever it be for happiness, without all question for greatness, it maketh to be still for the most part in arms; and the strength of a veteran army,—though it be a chargeable business,—always on foot, is that which commonly giveth the law, or at least the reputation amongst all neighbor states, as may well be seen in Spain, which hath had in one part or

other a veteran army almost continually, now for the space of fourscore years."

But the illustrious ex-chancellor forgot, or it did not suit his argument to remember, that the vitals of Spain were in a great measure consumed by its enormous armaments. *Mutato nomine*, this may be applied to nearly all the leading powers of Continental Europe in the present day. They are armed to the teeth, *mobilizing*, to use the favorite technicality, huge masses of men, as if expecting or contemplating to invade or be invaded to-morrow. But which of them is thoroughly solvent in cash or credit, or capable of finding the sinews of a sharp conflict without the aid of Rothschild and Co.? And would that cautious and all powerful firm be content with such security as the most flourishing of the contracting parties are in a condition to offer? If war be, in some respects, as some philosophers maintain, a great safety-valve, want of money is a counterpoise which steps in, in the very crisis of the fever, to temper the mischievous ingredients of the remedy.

A wide distinction is to be drawn between defensive and aggressive war. The first is an incumbent obligation; the last an unmitigated crime. But what human referee or judge can fix the line of demarcation? All belligerents peremptorily assume that they are in the right; that theirs is the just cause, and that they are driven to take up arms in the interests of peace. All invoke a blessing on their efforts. When either side gains an advantage, each returns thanks, sings a *Te Deum*, and erects a monument to perpetuate the victory, which, as they decide, the just decision of Providence has assigned to them.

England desires no war. She has surfeited on glory, and has had a heavy bill of costs to pay for the luxurious indulgence. She truly, anxiously, and sincerely would prefer to devote her energies and resources to the arts of peace, to have no reminiscence of the income tax beyond an inscription to its memory, and to credit the annual thirty millions and odd, voted for naval and military supplies, to the reduction of that gigantic myth—the national debt. But other nations either do not or affect not to be-

lieve this, and their overgrown preparations, in mutual suspicion of each other, drive us into heavy counter-disbursements we should be too happy to spare. In a time of what is supposed to be profound peace, our expenditure for the *matériel* of war exceeds what it was when we were struggling for existence against the combined power of Europe, wielded by the genius of the first Napoleon. This is one of the pleasures and conveniences of having next-door neighbors who seem to enjoy sitting on a barrel of gunpowder, with a lighted fuse in hand, the ignition of which, either by accident or design, might, at any moment, hurl into atoms friends and enemies "at one fell swoop." Such being the actual state of inflammability in the political world without, we are in duty bound to be prepared for possible contingencies. A hard and unwelcome, but, at the same time, an imperative and inevitable duty.

Some writer of note, we forget who at this moment, says, "The use of war is to keep the peace"—a startling antithesis. Washington Irving, a man of philosophic and philanthropic bias, decides "that the natural principle of war is to do the most harm to an enemy with the least harm to ourselves, and this, of course, is to be effected by stratagem." He probably thought of the common saying that all tricks in war are lawful. Here we have the question treated as an ordinary matter of business, in the common run of events likely to be perpetual, and as rotatory as the course of the seasons. Professor Creasy, writing in 1851, in the preface to his "Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World"—he originally confined them to six, and might as well have augmented them to sixty—remarks that "for a writer of the present epoch to choose battles for his favorite topic, merely because they were battles, merely because so many hundreds or thousands of human beings stabbed, hewed, or shot each other to death during them, would argue strange weakness or depravity of mind. Yet it cannot be denied that a fearful and wonderful interest is attached to those scenes of carnage." Montesquieu has the following sentence, delivered with the pretension of an oracle, "If Europe should ever be ruined, it will be by its warriors."

"Truly," as honest *Touchstone* has it, "there is much virtue in an *if*;" yet Europe has once or twice been apparently on the verge of the predicted consummation. Had the author of "*La Grandeur et Décadence de l'Empire Romain*," been alive to witness the career and successes of the great Napoleon, and had he exhaled before his fall, he might have added, "Behold the corollary to my proposition!"

Since, therefore, wars and rumors of wars appear to be inseparable from the condition of humanity, it is both salutary and desirable that the operations thereunto belonging should be transacted on regular, admitted, and defined principles. While science is so skilfully employed to smooth man's entrance into the world, it is not less resorted to with a view to help him out of it, and to mitigate the plethora of population. In this consolatory view, we hail with much satisfaction, the announcement, as gathered from published lists (see "Journal of the United Service Institution from 1858 to 1868"), that within the last ten years there have issued from the press, in England and France alone, more than five hundred specific works on subjects exclusively warlike—on the actual science of mutual destruction in all its various phases. Thirty or forty years ago military writers were "few and far between." Now they multiply "as thick as leaves in Vallombrosa."

Sir Walter Scott, in a letter to Miss Joanna Baillie, authoress of the "*Plays on the Passions*," preserved by Lockhart in his memoirs of his illustrious father-in-law, and writing in 1810, says—"I don't know why it is I never found a soldier who could give me an idea of a battle. I believe their minds are too much upon the *tactique* to regard the picturesque, just as the lawyers care very little for an eloquent speech at the bar, if it does not show good doctrine. The technical phrases of the military art, too, are unfavorable to convey a description of the concomitant terror and desolation that attend an engagement." The great novelist was also a great poet, with a prodigious organ of imagination. If he means that military men, by profession, are not the best and most eligible commentators on their own art, we demur to his opinion. If he means simply that

soldiers do not usually describe or feel like poets, we have no objection to offer. But if not figurative, soldiers are, by habit, faithful, and relate the facts they witness, participate in, and understand, with clearness and intelligibility, although unadorned, and, perhaps, unobscured by the imagery they may deem superfluous. For ourselves, we much prefer a military chronicler of a military event, as we should select for choice a lawyer's report of a remarkable trial, a doctor's analysis of a medical case, or the homily of a divine on a difficult point of religious doctrine.

In ancient days, the ablest and most satisfactory writers on war, Thucydides, Xenophon, Polybius, Julius Cæsar, *cum aliis*, were all soldiers, and related the events in which they took part. So did, in more recent times, Montecuculi, Marshal Saxe, Folard, Frederic of Prussia, Napier, Marmont, Foy, the Archduke Charles, and Napoleon. But civilians, and even clergymen, have written with *éclat* on warlike transactions. Archdeacon Coxe's life of John, Duke of Marlborough, was considered as the text-book of that renowned general's deeds, abilities, and character, until, in the opinion of many, superseded by the narrative of Alison. Few believe that Lord Macaulay, in spite of his seductive periods, has given an unprejudiced and trustworthy estimate. He is too much blinded by political partisanship. The chaplain general, Gleig, is a military writer of established reputation, but in early life he was a soldier, and fought in "famous battles."

Amongst the ancients, Herodotus, the father of history, as he is styled, who chronicled the wars of the Persians against the Greeks, from the age of Cyrus the Great to the battle of Mycale, was not a soldier; Arrian and Quintus Curtius, the most celebrated historians of the exploits of Alexander the Great, were both civilians, "who never set a squadron in the field." Arrian began life as a disciple of Epictetus, the stoic; graduated into a priest in the temples of Ceres and Proserpine, and finally matured into a registrar of battles. Polyænus, the Macedonian, wrote seven books of stratagems in war, which have reached our day, without personal experience. And so did the Roman Vege-

tius, whose well-known treatise, "*De re Militari*," is often cited by moderns as a standard authority. Sallust, the historian of the Jugurthine campaigns, although not a soldier by profession, had held office in Africa, which gave him the opportunity of visiting the localities of the actions he describes. Tacitus and Plutarch stand in the front rank of distinguished civilians who have written fully and freely on the events of war.

Southey's history of the Peninsular contest was composed with an ambitious aim. His much-lauded life of Nelson had given him a sort of prescriptive right to record the deeds of Wellington. The book, in three goodly quartos, excited curiosity, and enjoyed a reasonable share of public favor until snuffed out by the superior vigor and accuracy of Sir William Napier's, who, in one of his controversial pamphlets, complimented the work of his brother of the quill as "a most copious source of error." Napier had the advantage of authorities Southey could not obtain: field states and returns from the French marshals and the English commander. When the Duke was asked if he had really given certain papers to the historian, he replied "yes." "But is your Grace aware that the fellow is a bitter Radical?" "Yes, and I am sorry for it; but he'll tell the truth." On a subsequent occasion the Duke wrote in a published letter, "I have the greatest respect for Colonel Napier and his work, but I have never read a line of the latter; for if I did I foresaw that it might involve me in a controversy more intricate and difficult than the operations the Colonel has undertaken to describe." Napier was brought up in the school of Sir John Moore, considered himself his pupil, and was justly proud of his personal notice. For a considerable time he scarcely did justice to the genius of Wellington, which he subsequently admired and eulogized to enthusiasm.

Sir Walter Scott's life of Napoleon—almost exclusively a detail of military achievements—had a great sale on the outset, and much was expected from the announcement of such a book by the author of "*Waverley*." But it soon fell in the market, and is now seldom asked for or read. General Gourgaud dealt it a heavy blow when he called it the last

romance of the ingenious writer. It was also said, but perhaps not truly, that when Marshal Soult, laying all national jealousies aside, with the frankness of a soldier, proposed to place at Sir Walter's disposal, many official documents and archives, he politely declined the offer, saying that he preferred, or was satisfied with the popular accounts.

When did any given history or biography win universal approval, or comprise fact alone, without a mixture of falsehood or exaggeration? Sir Walter Raleigh, who ardently desired to be truthful, more than once meditated throwing his "History of the World" into the fire, when he found half a dozen witnesses to the same passing event give as many totally opposite recitals of what they believed they saw. "History," wrote Lord Bolingbroke, "is philosophy teaching by examples." When the flashy, unprincipled state-secretary of Queen Anne composed that well condensed sentence, wherein much is expressed in six words, and which has been often quoted, he had present to his mind and distinctly engraved on his memory, the stern, uncompromising integrity, the accurate, penetrating research, the well-balanced estimate of evidence and authority which mark the pages of the Greek and Roman annalists. Great teachers, who have bequeathed to posterity lessons drawn from events as they occurred, with the causes from whence they emanated, and the effects they produced on the social and political world. This was the history commended by Bolingbroke. He had no thought of the spurious imitations or travesties so commonly palmed upon the gullible public of his own days, gathered together by hired scribblers, or avowed partisans, from government manifestoes, authorized bulletins, official instructions, and *selected* correspondence. Bolingbroke could understand and perhaps feel the advantage of moral truth, although he affected to ignore the beauty and benefit of Christian Revelation.

When, on the other hand, an equally experienced and more honest statesman, Sir Robert Walpole, said, "Trust everything but history, for that is always false," it is equally clear that he based his opinion, not on the admitted purity of the ancient chroniclers, but on a very

opposite estimate of the political and moral corruption of the time-serving and bigotry of their modern successors. From these conflicting opinions, delivered by the high authorities named, we may venture to lay down two very safe conclusions;—that it is extremely difficult to get a true history of any event, person, or period; and that such a history is a document of inestimable value, when it can be obtained. As Shakespeare says of tried friendship—

"Grapple it to your heart with hooks of steel."

The laws of war, considered scientifically, may be and ought to be reduced to a regular system, although they can scarcely be regarded as equally complete and undeviating with those which govern astronomy, mechanics, and mathematics. So much does the issue of the most sagaciously calculated operations depend on chance, that war has been often pronounced a multiplication of errors. "There goes a general," said a bystander to Turenne, "who boasts that he has never made a mistake in war." "Then," replied the great marshal, "he has made very little war." But it is most unsafe for a practitioner to slight or neglect acknowledged rules, although examples may be adduced of fortunate results in exceptional cases. Napier says, "Mediocrity sins against rules and fails; high genius soars above them and triumphs." A seductive and well poised antithesis. The sentence is as dazzling and *ad captandum* as any of Macaulay's best; but the logic is scarcely sound, and the practice too hazardous for general adoption. Napier's dictum may pass as a commentary after the event, but is scarcely to be recommended as a principle by which to regulate it. The original idea belongs to Sir Joshua Reynolds, who, treating of a very different art, says of painting, "genius begins where rules end."

The Crimean contest, the volunteer movement, the large European armaments in our close proximity, and the uncertain state of Continental politics have given a martial turn and tinge to English literature, and to the habits and tastes of Englishmen in general, which as yet exhibit no indication of an ebbing tide. We are not likely to become a nation of soldiers, as our nearest neigh-

bors have long been called; neither does our national prosperity or onward progress require that we should undergo such a complete transformation; but it is well to have amongst us monitors and teachers who from experience can supply manuals of instruction in the art military; and still more is it to be recommended that we should avail ourselves of the information when placed within our reach. When the Duke of Wellington wrote his celebrated letter to Sir John Burgoyne in 1847, and Sir Francis Head threatened the House of Commons in 1850 with a morning call from the French general in possession of London, we were certainly unprepared, and had fallen into apathetic security. There was cause for alarm, and it was good to blow the trumpet in time. John Bull responded after shaking himself, and soon forgot the contingent expense. He is a taxable animal, made for the purpose, accustomed to the operation, and tolerably patient under its process when convinced of the necessity, and permitted to indulge in one or two preliminary and constitutional growls.

In 1858, a small work was published by Mr. Bentley, from the pen of Lieutenant-Colonel J. J. Graham, on the "Elementary History of the Progress of the Art of War." It was both entertaining and instructive. The author's view was comprised in a short sentence in his preface: "The science of war is one which is derived from experience, and history is the basis on which its principles are founded." On this plan, Col. Graham goes back to the earliest periods, does ample justice to the inventive faculty of Epaminondas, who originated the *oblique* system—by which a superior force is brought to bear on a weaker point of the enemy's line;—so splendidly verified at Leuctra and Mantinea, where with inferior numbers and the worst troops in Greece, he beat the hardy Spartans, long held as beyond all measure the best. It is true, he had a coadjutor of first-rate talent in Pelopidas, for whom much of the merit justly due to his superior has been claimed, although upon no tenable ground; just as a division of the laurels of Marlborough has been demanded for Prince Eugene, who co-operated with him in some of his most celebrated victories. The genius of the

Theban commander, although exercised on a comparatively small scale, and in a restricted field, exceeded that of Alexander, Hannibal, or Cæsar; and the adoption of his grand principle led to the surprising victories of Gustavus Adolphus, Frederic the Second, and Napoleon. The latter was ever sparing of praise to his predecessors and opponents. He said Charles the Twelfth was a fighting gladiator, who knew nothing of war as an art; undervalued the achievements of Frederic; called Blücher a debauched old dragoon; and sneered at his destined conqueror, Wellington, as a mere general of Sepoys. Napoleon was great as a soldier and statesman, but not magnanimous as a man.

Colonel Graham's book is illustrated by plans of the battles of Leuctra, Mantinea, Zama, Arques, Nordlingen, Fleurus, 1690, and Leuthen or Lissa, 1757. This little treatise, valuable in itself, contains an extract from Vegetius, which we subjoin. It will be found as applicable to modern warfare, despite the change of habits and weapons, as if written A.D. 1868 instead of *circa* A.D. 386. Every student of the military art, every general about to take the field in command, should enter these aphorisms in his common-place book: they cannot be too strongly inculcated.

"Never expose your troops in line of battle until you have tried their courage in skirmishes. Endeavor to reduce your enemy by want, by the terror of your arms, and by surprises, rather than by regular battles, for they are frequently decided by chance.

"The best projects are those which are concealed from the enemy.

"To know how to take advantage of opportunities is more useful in war than courage.

"He who judges correctly of his own strength and of that of the enemy, is rarely beaten.

"By new and unexpected manœuvres a general makes himself formidable; by following uniformly the same system he runs the risk of becoming despised.

"He who lets his troops disperse in pursuit, hazards the victory he has gained.

"Consider whether your strength consists in cavalry or infantry, and choose

your battle-field accordingly; and let that arm in which you have the greatest confidence receive the shock of the battle.

"Consult with several as to what seems best to be done. Decide with a very small number, or even alone, what you will do.

"Great generals never give battle unless they think a favorable occasion is offered, or that they are compelled by necessity. There is more science in reducing an enemy by hunger than by the sword."

To the above, let us add the following: Never undervalue your enemy from a conviction of the superiority of your own troops. While we pen this sentence, the disaster of New Orleans on the morning of January the 8th, 1815, with its two thousand victims, sacrificed, too, a fortnight after the ratification of peace, rises to the mind's eye in sad and spectral illustration of the soundness of the above maxim.

Colonel Graham adds a few precepts on war from the Eastern Emperor Leo, who wrote a series of "Military Institutions" long after Vegetius. Amongst other rules, Leo says, "Distrust your enemy when retreating; it is often a stratagem to draw you into a snare." He seems to have had a fore-shadowing of the great manœuvre of Duke William, twice repeated at Hastings, when by a pretended flight he drew the still unbroken English army from their intrenchments, and won the victory by flank charges of cavalry, and the attack of heavier masses of infantry in front.

In 1866, the Messrs. Blackwood published a military work, by Colonel Edward Bruce Hamley of the Royal Artillery, entitled "The Operations of War explained and illustrated." This is beyond all question the most complete and satisfactory treatise on the subject which has been written in the present day; not superficially dashed off in a hurry, but the result of study and reflection, evincing patient research, sound practical knowledge, and much power of analysis. We have no doubt of its becoming a standard authority. The author combines in his person and experience unusual requisites for the task he undertakes. He holds important rank in a scientific corps; he

served throughout the Crimean war with much distinction, and also became known to the public as an author as well as an able officer, by a series of highly interesting and graphic letters in his capacity as correspondent to "Blackwood's Magazine."* He was for six years professor of military history, strategy, and tactics, at the Staff College, and is now a member of the Council of Military Education. These are his credentials. It would be difficult to produce better. From such a source, the public could not fail to expect a valuable contribution to an important branch of literature, and the expectation has been amply realized. The style is clear and unaffected; the author's object, above all others, is to be understood equally by readers of every class. For this reason he rejects almost entirely the use of technical phraseology, an exuberance of which, although incidental to and characteristic of the subject, has a tendency to run into obscurity and affectation. His design, he says, "has been to impart such information, and to support it by such examples as shall enable the student to read military history, and to investigate military problems, with the confidence of one who does not grope and guess, but surveys and judges." In these pages we find nothing of the "Sir Oracle" tone. Colonel Hamley lays down his propositions and supports them by references to the most celebrated examples. There is no dogmatic assumption of infallibility, no pretence that he is always right in his deductions. On the contrary, he asks for free and frankly expressed dissent to his opinions should such arise on the part of professional readers, and courts discussion, seeing, as he says, "that the matters he treats of cannot but become clearer by consideration and argument." The Colonel's chief object being to elucidate the principles of modern war, he passes over the great campaigns and battles of remote antiquity, and confines his illustrative instances to comparatively recent

* Since published by Messrs. Blackwood in an enlarged and collected form, under the title of "The Story of the Campaign of Sebastopol." Colonel Hamley has also written a brochure called "Wellington's Career: a Military and Political Summary."

periods. He also introduces more reference to the operations of the late civil war in America, and applies them more frequently, than we thought the nature of the contest and the composition of the contending armies would have permitted. The ablest generals on either side could draw little or no knowledge from previous experience. The soldiers and their commanders were improvised with the emergency. We should add that Colonel Hamley's treatise is illustrated by seventeen plans, which greatly assist the reader by the distinctness with which they are designed and executed. The work is dedicated, by permission, to his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, "under whose administration as Commander-in-Chief, the staff officers of her Majesty's army have first been regularly instructed in the highest branches of military science."

There are no two terms in the soldier's vocabulary so constantly confounded and misapplied as *strategy* and *tactics*. Colonel Hamley in an early section of his book carefully defines and separates each. "The theatre of war," he says, "is the province of strategy—the field of battle is the province of tactics. All operations must ultimately rely for success upon power of fighting, for it is of no avail to conduct an army into situations which it cannot maintain in battle." A general may be gifted with great power of combination in the plan and preliminary arrangements of a campaign, yet lack the faculty of skilfully handling troops under fire. It has been often said with truth, that in every action there is a critical moment, when victory will rest with the commander who has his reserves best in hand. A successful campaign depends much on calculation and forethought. Accident often determines the fate of a battle. Bonaparte's passage of the Alps, and descent on Italy in 1800, were masterpieces of strategy. But he was on the point of losing Marengo, and preparing to retreat, when the opportune arrival of Dessaix's division, and the tactical skill with which he threw it instantly into action, with the charge of Kellerman's cavalry, wrested the victory from Melas, and closed the campaign in a blaze of triumph.

At Austerlitz, the French Emperor opposed a superior force to his opponent at the critical moment, and on every point, although his army, in the aggregate, was not essentially more numerous. But he masked a portion of his strength, and induced the Russian commander to believe that he had scarcely 40,000 men in hand, when he had in reality above 80,000. When the enemy extended their left, thinking to turn his right flank, and thus weakened their own centre, Napoleon ordered Soult to charge at once with his division. "Not yet," replied Soult, "the moment has not arrived." Napoleon began to fulminate against his refractory lieutenant, but presently Soult, hitting the exact crisis, launched his column in a heavy mass, on the heights of Pratzen, and decided the victory. Napoleon rode up and exclaimed, "Marshal Soult, I consider you the ablest *tactician* in my empire." Here we have one of the most signal illustrations of Colonel Hamley's definition of *tactics* as distinct from *strategy*.

In this great battle Napoleon threw dust in the eyes of Kutouzoff, by not displaying his whole force in an extended line, and led him to risk one of the most dangerous experiments in war—a flank march in column, in presence of a concentrated enemy. Massena, in 1810, when advancing on Lisbon, escaped what might have proved a crushing disaster, under somewhat similar circumstances. He attacked Lord Wellington at Busaco, in an impregnable position, and was driven back, as the English general confidently predicted he would be, with heavy loss. Finding it impossible to force his way in front, he determined to turn the allies on the left flank. Time pressed, and he had no other resource, except retreat on his own part, which was then out of the question. His orders to drive the "Hideous Leopard" into the sea were too imperative. Accordingly he threw his whole force in one extended column, clogged with the artillery and baggage, and by a single narrow road, into the pass of Boyalva, where he exposed himself to be taken *in flagrante delicto*. Lord Wellington might have sent one or two divisions to head the French in the defile, while the rest, advancing by Martagao, closed in their rear.

What a *coup* it would have been to have bagged a large army, two marshals of France, and a whole platoon of divisional generals! The English chieftain did not judge it prudent to risk such a daring chance, and the success of the enemy's march compelled him to leave Busaco and continue his retreat, although within four hours of either end of the pass through which the French were struggling. He paid too much respect to his enemy, as he did some months later, when Massena retired from Santarem. But let this not be considered an impeachment of his genius. He was restrained by political motives; his army was composed of heterogeneous materials, and he had not then acquired that perfect confidence in his own personal resources which many subsequent victories authorized him to entertain. Had Lord Wellington at the moment thought of the Caudine Forks, or the surrender of Dupont, when circumvented at Baylen, he might have furnished history with more than a parallel. Marlborough forwarded to Queen Anne *one* living marshal as a trophy of Blenheim, and Wellington himself, in 1813, sent the baton of another to the Prince Regent, in token of the rout of Vittoria; receiving in return, the corresponding symbol and more substantial appointments of the same rank in his own service. They were gloriously won.

When more than one line of operation is open to the progress of an attacking army, the advantage of moving by several roads is one that a good general will rapidly see and act upon. Colonel Hamley illustrates this by well-selected references to the advance of Napoleon towards Waterloo in 1815, the movement of General McClellan from Washington, by five parallel routes, when the Confederates invaded Maryland, and the reciprocal approaches of the French and Austrians to the battle-field of Solferino.

A chapter in Colonel Hamley's book is devoted to the subject of fortresses, and the necessity of defending the capital of an invaded country by defensive works. The question has been warmly discussed within the last ten years by writers, military and civil, by soldiers and politicians, and much has been said and written on all sides of the question. Napoleon at one time disregarded fortresses, and either masked them with de-

tachments or passed them by altogether. At another he treated them with too much importance. When driven to recross the Rhine, after the overthrow of Leipsig, he left above 100,000 of his best veteran troops in the strongholds of Germany. They were forced to capitulate in succession, and were thus lost to him and France, when their presence in the field during the marvellous campaign of 1814, in Champagne, might have turned the tide entirely in his favor. The terms of peace offered to him at Chatillon, prove how deeply his unexpected successes had checked the aspiring hopes of the allies. But for his own obstinacy he might even then have held the throne of the Bourbons; curtailed, it is true, and stripped of the unwholesome excrescences with which, in his hour of unmingled triumph, he had loaded it; but still a compact and formidable empire.

Colonel Hamley considers, as a general principle, the defence of the capital of any given country, by fortifications, as a measure of incalculable advantage. He says Napoleon in 1814 would have gained vast additional power of manœuvring had Paris been secure from assault; and quotes the following passage from Marshal Marmont, written long after: "The fortifications of Paris assure more powerfully the independence of France against the attacks of all Europe than the acquisition of many provinces, which would only so much the more extend the frontier."

Let us consider these opinions with immediate reference to ourselves. Paris, we admit, is France; but London is not so assuredly England. During the great struggle, the fall of Paris ended the war. So did the evacuation of Richmond by General Lee terminate the American quarrel. When the fiery French colonels proposed the invasion of England and the sacking of London *en revanche* for the non-conviction of Dr. Bernard, the old alarm of our unprepared condition was revived, and much money voted for fortifications—the protection of the metropolis not being included in the programme. But the capture of London is a contingency not to be thought of for a moment. Lord Overstone spoke with oracular weight when he said in his place in the House of Lords, "It must not be;" and every true-hearted Briton repeated

the interdict. Such a catastrophe would not subjugate England, but it would shake our national prestige to its foundation. But with all due deference to the opinions of experienced engineers, we confess to no great confidence in detached fortifications in the immediate vicinity of the capital, as the most available means of defence against a foreign enemy. We should prefer an open field of battle, as remote from the Bank or Exchange as can be selected; near the point of disembarkation; on the beach, if possible. For this we want *men*, and the men, we contend, are to be found in the volunteers, acting in conjunction with the regular army and militia.

Citadels and forts are unquestionably necessary to secure our dock-yards and arsenals from surprise; or to compel an invading army to pass them by, or to consume invaluable time in regular sieges. But for the grand purposes of national defence, we look upon fortifications, whether of solid masonry, temporary earth, or imperishable iron,—the latest suggestion,—as objectionable on three grounds.

In the first place, their very existence implies a consciousness of inferiority. If we are competent to meet our foe in the field, why wait for him behind a wall?

Secondly, fortresses are sure to be taken if invested in due form.

And thirdly, they are seldom finished. In this they resemble the Cathedral of Milan—always in progress, never complete. Any estimated calculation of expense or extent is a mere blind to the credulous. Ever since we can remember—and the period includes a large segment of the ordinary circle of life—we have read of fabulous sums expended on the works at Gibraltar, Malta, Dover, Portsmouth, Plymouth, Chatham, &c.—not to mention Corfu, which we generously made a present of to a paltry power that will assuredly lose it with the first opportunity, if not impelled by insolvency to sell in the meantime to the highest bidder. Yet these costly works are still in progress, and undergoing perpetual transmutation; as our ships of war, when launched, rigged, manned, and ready for sea, are often remanded back into dock to be cut in two, lengthened, or changed into something else, being condemned as utterly unfit for their original purpose.

Not long ago the writer of this notice happened to visit one of our most important military outposts, and obtained permission for an intelligent bombardier to show him round the works. At a particular point he observed to his conductor, "I recollect when I was last here, a few years back, there were two forts on this ground where we are now standing, with connecting lines." "Quite true, sir," replied the cicerone, "but after they were finished they were found to be of no use; so they were pulled down again to make room for others." We are sorry to say this is a *da capo* too often practised in our rehearsals of fortification.

When King Louis Philippe, in 1841, determined to surround Paris with fortifications, Marshal Soult, then President of the Council and Minister of War, was one of the few members of the Cabinet who resolutely opposed the scheme, although, at last, reluctantly brought to consent to it. "You will spend," he said, "millions upon millions of money, and will lock up 250,000 men. Spare the money, and give me the men on the frontier, where I promise to make a much better fight. It is there, not here, that Paris must be defended." The advocates for fortifying London appeal to the impregnability of the lines of Torres Vedras, and the resistance of Sebastopol, which lasted for nearly a year. In our humble opinion, neither is a case in point. The suggested defence of London by detached forts embraces a circumference of some seventy or eighty miles. The lines of Torres Vedras in advance of Lisbon extended along a front of twenty-five miles, and were inaccessible on both flanks. The Tagus, commanded by our flotilla, protected the right, and impassable mountains closed in the left. These lines, which were, in fact, a series of entrenched positions, composed of detached forts and redoubts communicating with each other, could not be turned, and were occupied by a large army perfectly free in the rear, and continually receiving reinforcements. To force them in front was simply impossible. Even if the first line had been carried by a miracle, the second was much stronger, and there was yet a third in reserve. We cannot conceive any position covering London, with even a modicum of the same features or advantages. Sebastopol is still

more out of the argument. It was never regularly *invested*, but left open to endless supplies from the north side and eastern end of the harbor. According to engineering rules, it ought not to have been taken at all. Had the place been regularly encircled by the attacking force, or had the originally contemplated *coup-de-main* been attempted in the first instance, the siege would have been shorter, less memorable, less expensive, and less sanguinary, than it ultimately proved. The allies would have saved time, men, and money; but the lesson administered to Russia would have been sooner forgotten.

We confess to a strong impression of the invincibility of British troops in a fair field, with anything like equal numbers and reasonably good generalship. We failed at the Redan, because, under the circumstances, we attempted what was impracticable. Our soldiers forced their way in, however, and would have held their ground, had they been supported as they should have been. Having decided on the assault, it would have been wiser to have followed it up with the whole army than to retire under failure. The French had fifteen thousand men ready in hand to second the stormers of the Malakoff. Why were the assailants of the Redan left to themselves, without immediate support? The reason assigned in the public despatches was, that "the trenches were so crowded with troops that it was impossible to organize, at the moment, a second assault" which was therefore postponed until the next day. But with that succeeding dawn came silence and evacuation. The defenders of Sebastopol had vanished during the night, and the opportunity of redeeming our mischance was lost for ever. Did the words of the despatch, fairly interpreted, mean that men were ready in abundance at the critical place and moment, but that the generals had not the *tactique* to handle them? The question has been often asked, and never satisfactorily answered. Shades of Frederic, Napoleon, and Wellington! what think you of the argument as it stands?

Something similar occurred at Bergen-op-Zoom in March, 1814. A British column attempted to carry by escalade one of the strongest fortresses in

the Netherlands—the acknowledged master work of Coëhorn—defended by a garrison more numerous than the attacking party—and they very nearly succeeded. The leading columns passed the ditches, scaled the walls, and won possession of thirteen bastions. Had the second division, held in reserve as a support, been on the glacis instead of two or three miles off—they might as well have been at Amsterdam—the gates could have been opened to them by their victorious comrades, and the place secured. As it was, two thousand brave men were uselessly killed, wounded, or taken prisoners. Sir Thomas Graham, afterwards Lord Lynedoch, was one of the best and bravest soldiers in the British army. His dashing victory at Barossa was truly, as Napier calls it, an inspiration; but his genius slumbered at Bergen-op-Zoom, which must be classed with the contemporary sortie from Bayonne, and two or three other "untoward events" by which our long series of victories was now and then chequered. It was grievous to think that so much blood should be shed to no purpose, just as the dying embers of the war were flickering to extinction.

Some time afterwards, when the Duke of Wellington went over Bergen-op-Zoom, he observed that it was a prodigiously strong place, and must have been extremely difficult to get into. "But," he added, "when once in, I wonder how the d—l they suffered themselves to be beaten out again."

In case of a descent on England by an aggressive belligerent, supposing the enemy to escape our fleet, which is quite within the chapter of accidents, we think he should be met at once, in the confusion and hurry of disembarkation, before he has had time to land cavalry and artillery, and to select his ground. His superiority in numbers would then be comparatively neutralized. Give him leisure to place his army in position, and it might become very difficult to dislodge him. But with the sea at his back, and no permanent superiority on the unsteady element, he fights without a base or certain line of retreat, in case of a check. No general of common experience or prudence would like to be so assailed, even by a force numerically inferior. If he repulses the attack, and holds his own,

such an advantage will not subjugate the country invaded, while defeat to him will be utter ruin. The odds are too much against him. Datis and Artaphernes found this to their cost, when routed by Miltiades at Marathon; and the Norman adventurer would, in all probability, have supplied another example at Hastings, but for the untimely arrow which deprived the English army of the generalship of Harold.

At the Helder, in 1799, and in Egypt, in 1801, British troops landed successfully, in the face of determined opposition, and drove back brave opponents. Would the result have been the same had the position of the engaging parties been reversed?—Alarmists write and constantly proclaim that 150,000 men might be placed on any selected point of British territory at the choice and option of the foe. They will scarcely even admit the probability of our having any previous knowledge or forewarning of the assemblage of such an overwhelming force. All this is more easily said and written than realized. The two largest armies, in modern times, landed on a hostile coast, were those of Napoleon in Egypt, in 1798, amounting to 40,000 men, and the combined forces of France, England, and Turkey, at Eupatoria, in 1854, approximating in round numbers to about 60,000. In both the last-named instances they were unopposed. If an army destined to attack another country, from the sea, evades the protecting fleet, a landing can be effected. Repeated experience establishes this fact. But an insular position, such as ours, while it facilitates concentration on the defensive side, increases the necessity of an overpowering superiority on the part of the assailants. Armies of 150,000 men, with their accompanying *impedimenta*, are more easily put in motion on paper than in reality. And when they are organized, disembarked, and formed in battle array, where is the master-spirit to direct their movements? A Napoleon or Wellington is not of every-day growth. Many a respectable general may figure with average credit in command of a brigade or division, but place him at the head of the host of Xerxes, or of the half million led by the French autocrat against Russia, and the chances are in favor of his becoming bewildered

with his own strength and of floundering with it in inextricable confusion. It was not very flattering to the tactical proficiency of his old associates in arms, when the great Duke said, if twenty thousand men were marched into Hyde Park, there were not half a dozen generals in service who could get them out again.

It is a favorite theory with bellicose Gauls and Americans, that in case of war, and the consequent invasion of England or Canada, numbers must ultimately prevail, despite of discipline, acknowledged prowess, and the resources of a well replenished treasury. Again, history tells us that inferior populations have often triumphed over greater ones, that some of the most decisive battles have been fought by comparatively small armies; and that victory has often rested with the weaker side. We do not adduce this as a plea in favor of risking the independence or safety of a nation, or of unduly taxing the valor of its protectors with heavy numerical odds in the opposite balance, when the hour of conflict arrives; we simply use it as a counter-argument, based on recorded facts.

(To be Continued.)

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THE HOLY LAND.

NEARLY the entire history of the world might be written in that of two mighty Cities, whose destinies are yet unfinished, and whose vicissitudes have exerted an influence upon the interests of the Universe. The history of the Church as a great political power centres in Rome, but the history of the salvation of humanity centres in Jerusalem. The City of the Seven Hills yields in importance to her Jewish sister, for although Rome had a long career of ancient splendor, and is the cradle of modern civilization, yet the Holy City had an existence in the world seven hundred years before Romulus had ploughed out the trench line of the future Rome, three hundred before Æneas had landed at the Lavinian shores, or Troy had fallen to the Greeks, an historic existence five centuries before the hanging gardens of Babylon were built, when Grecian civilization had not yet dawned,

and immigrations were still settling on her shores from Egypt, Phenicia, and Mysia. She takes precedence of Rome also in importance, for although Rome after being for ages the scene of a splendid life drama, the centre of universal power, and the abode of a refined paganism, became the high place of modern Christianity, yet it was at Jerusalem the kings of the chosen people dwelt into whose hands were intrusted the oracles of that religion; it was at Jerusalem the Temple of the Most High was erected, whose presence invested the Holy of Holies with an awe from which even devastating Heathens often fled in terror; finally it was at Jerusalem that the foreshadowed one of all past history worked his father's will, and gave himself as a sacrifice for man. Outside the walls of that city, in whose streets he had often wandered, teaching the people, healing the sick, and in whose temple courts he had denounced the vices of those who profaned its holiness, did Jesus consummate his career. Rome, too, suffered many vicissitudes, but the vicissitudes of Jerusalem exceed those of any city recorded in history, and therefore she seems to stand out before us as the most prominent city in the world, interesting to all humanity, not only for the sacred scenes of her past magnificence and the unspeakable woe of her Fall, but for the Future, which is promised to her when her children, now scattered over the face of the earth, aliens, exiles, homeless, shall be once more gathered into her bosom.

We propose therefore to commence our investigation into this sacred land by a recapitulation of the marvellous vicissitudes of its capital, Jerusalem.

There can be no doubt that the Mount Moriah, where Abraham would have sacrificed his son, is the same spot as the Moriah upon which Solomon built the Temple. "Then Solomon began to build the house of the Lord at Jerusalem in Mount Moriah," 2 Chron. iii. 1.* It is also probable that it is the same place as the Salem mentioned in Genesis xiv. 18, of which Melchizedek was king; for in Psalm lxxvi. 2, we read, "In Salem also is his Tabernacle, and his dwelling place in Sion." Josephus calls Melchizedek

King of Solyma, a name afterwards altered to Hierosolyma. But the first mention of the name Jerusalem occurs in Joshua x. 1, where Adoni-zedec is spoken of as "King of Jerusalem." There are to be gathered from sacred and secular annals, the records of twenty-one invasions of this ancient city by hostile armies. The first attack was made upon her by the children of Judah, shortly after the death of Joshua. They fought against Jerusalem, took it, put it to the fire and sword (Judges i. 1-8); but they were unable to expel the Jebusites; nor were the children of Benjamin any more successful, but they both dwelt with the Jebusites in the city; the Jebusites being probably driven from the lower part to Mount Sion, where they remained until the time of David, who marched against Jerusalem, drove them from Mount Sion, and called it the City of David.

The Ark of the Covenant was conveyed there, an altar built, and Jerusalem became the imperial residence, the centre of the political and religious history of the Israelites. Its glory was enhanced by the labors of Solomon, but under his son Rehoboam, ten tribes revolted, so that Jerusalem became only the capital of Judah with whom the tribe of Benjamin alone remained faithful. During the reign of this king, Shishak, the Egyptian monarch, invaded the Holy City, and ransacked the Temple. Then about a hundred years rolled by when Amaziah was King of Judah, and Joash of Israel; the latter marched against Jerusalem, threw down the wall, and the Temple was once more rifled of its treasures. In the next century Manasseth the king was taken captive by the Assyrians to Babylon, but ultimately restored. In consequence of the strange intermeddling of Josiah, a few years later, when Pharaoh-necho, king of Egypt, was on his march, he was killed in battle, and the latter directed his army towards Jerusalem, and placed Eliakim on the throne by the name of Jehoiakim. The advance of this Egyptian king is confirmed by Herodotus.* Against Jehoiakim

* Also confirmed by Josephus Antiq. I. 13-2.

* Herodotus, Euterpe 159. He also mentions a victory gained by him at Magdola, then says that he took the city of Cadytis. This city Cadytis is generally accepted as Jerusalem, which was called "holy," "Hakkodesh."

however came Nebuchadnezzar, who ravaged the city more than once, and after a siege of two years, in the reign of Zedekiah burned it down, took all the sacred vessels to Babylon with the two remaining tribes (the other ten were already in captivity); and now that the Temple was destroyed, the city in ruins, and the people all in bondage, it appeared as if the prediction of her prophets had already been accomplished. But a time of rejoicing was yet to come, and though the chosen people did writhe under Babylonish tyranny, and did hang their harps on the willows, there was still a prophet of hope amongst them in the person of Daniel. This was the time alluded to in that beautiful Psalm composed after their return, in allusion to an occasion when their persecutors had asked them tauntingly to sing one of their national songs for their amusement, the Hebrew words of which, if we may be allowed the expression, glitter with tears:—

"By the rivers of Babylon there we sat down,
Yea, we wept when we remembered Zion.
We hanged our harps upon the willows in the
midst thereof.
For there, they that carried us away captive re-
quired of us a song;
And they that wasted us required of us mirth,
Saying, sing us one of the songs of Zion.
How shall we sing the Lord's song
In a strange land?
If I forget thee, O Jerusalem,
Let my right hand forget her cunning.
If I do not remember thee,
Let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth:
If I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."

In the time of Cyrus their deliverance came; they were released from captivity, and there was a mighty "going up" to Jerusalem when the Temple was rebuilt and the sacred vessels which Nebuchadnezzar had taken away were restored; money, too, was given them, and the works after being interrupted for a time by difficulties were resumed under Darius Hystaspes and completed. Some time afterwards another large body of Jews came up to the Holy City with Ezra, and the capital was once more active with busy life and once more became glorious.

Alexander the Great marched against the Jews, but was prevented from entering the city by the intercession of the High Priest—a scene which found its parallel in after times, when the aged

Leo went to the camp of Attila, and by his entreaties diverted that semi-Christian barbarian from Rome. After the death of Alexander, Ptolemy, King of Egypt, surprised the Jews on their Sabbath day, when he knew they would not fight; he made an easy conquest and carried off thousands of Jews into Egypt.

For a hundred years of comparative peace this fated city remained under the Ptolemies, when it fell into the hands of the Syrians. Antiochus Epiphanes, their king, after his Egyptian campaigns, finding his treasure-chest nearly empty, bethought him of sacking the Temple at Jerusalem, marched his army upon the city, pillaged it, slew about forty thousand people, and sold as many more into slavery; he then endeavored to exterminate the ceremonial; a pagan altar was set up and sacrifice made to Jupiter. The Maccabæan revolution broke out, and the city was ultimately recovered by the hero, Judas Maccabeus, when a new phase of priesthood was established, which we shall notice elsewhere. Things went on thus until about the year 60 B.C., when Pompey seized the city and massacred twelve thousand Jews in the Temple courts. Thus it fell into the hands of the Romans, against whom it rebelled, and by whom ultimately, after the most terrible siege recorded in history, it was taken and subjected to violations over which the mind even now shudders; its Temple was ransacked, violated, and burned, its priests butchered, pagan rites were celebrated in its Holy Place, its maidens were ravished, its palaces burned down, an unrestrained carnage was carried on, Jews were crucified on crosses as long as trees could be found to make them, and when the woods were exhausted they were slain in cold blood; nearly a million of Jews are said to have fallen in this terrible conflict. For fifty years after there is no mention of Jerusalem in history. They kept themselves quiet, watching eagerly and stealthily for an opportunity of throwing off the hated Roman yoke. About the year 131, A.D., Adrian, to prevent any outbreak, ordered the city to be fortified. The Jews rebelled at once, but were so completely crushed by the year 135, that this date has always been accepted as

that of their final dispersion. The Holy City was then made a Roman colony, the Jews were forbidden to enter into its walls under pain of immediate death, the very name was altered to the pagan one of *Ælia Capitolina*, a temple was erected on Mount Moriah to Jupiter Capitolinus, and Jerusalem was henceforth spoken of by this pagan name until the days of Constantine, when pilgrimages were rife, and the Christians began to turn their steps towards the city whose streets had been hallowed by the footsteps of Christ. Helena, the Emperor's mother, wandered there in penitence, built a church on the site of the Nativity, and agitated Christendom to its foundations by the announcement of the discovery of the True Cross. Constantine then built a church on the site of the Holy Sepulchre, and at last the Jews were admitted once a year into the city of their glory to sing penitential Psalms over their degradation. The sorrows of the place were not yet ended, for in the year 614 the Persians fell upon Jerusalem, and this time the Christians suffered, ninety thousand of whom were killed. Then it was retaken by the Romans, when the Emperor Heraclius marched in triumph through its streets with the real cross on his shoulders. In 637, however, it fell into the hands of Arabic Saracens, from whom the Turks took it in 1079. Then came that marvellous agitation of Europe, when she poured out her millions of devotees to drive the Saracen from the Holy Land; and in 1099 Godfrey de Bouillon was proclaimed King of Jerusalem by the victorious Crusaders. The Christians held it for eighty-eight years, when Saladin, the Sultan of Egypt, wrested it from them in 1187, and they held it until the year 1517, when the Ottoman Turks seizing upon Jerusalem made the twenty-first and last invasion which this devoted city has undergone, and in their hands it still remains.

In the very earliest ages of Christianity people began to bend their steps towards Jerusalem and to write their travels. Some of these narrations are extant, and the earliest is called "*Itinerarium a Burdigala Hierusalem usque*:" it was written by a Christian of Bordeaux, who went to the Holy Land in the year 333, about two years before

the Church of the Holy Sepulchre was consecrated by Constantine and his mother Helena. It is to be gleaned also from the works of the Greek Fathers that pilgrimages to Jerusalem were becoming so frequent as to lead to many abuses. St. Porphyry, after living as a recluse in Egypt, went to the Holy Land, visited Jerusalem, and finally settled in the country as Bishop of Gaza. Towards the end of the fourth century (385), St. Eusebius of Cremona and St. Jerome went there and founded a monastery at Bethlehem. St. Paula also visited it about the same time. In the seventh century we have St. Antoninus going there and telling us he admired the beauty of the Jewish women who lived at Nazareth. In the year 637, the taking of Jerusalem by the Saracens interrupted the flow of visitors, but Arculf, a French bishop, went there towards the end of the century. In the early part of the eighth century the Anglo-Saxons began to go there. Wilibald, a relative of Boniface, paid a visit to Jerusalem in 724. Then the war with the Greeks interposed, and we do not hear much about the Holy Land until the end of the eighth century, when, through the friendship of Charlemagne with Haroun al Raschid, the Christians were once more allowed to go to the Holy Sepulchre. A monk, called Bernard Sapiens, went in 870, and wrote an account of it, then the celebrated Gerbert, who was afterwards Pope, under the title of Sylvester II., went to Jerusalem in 986, came back and wrote a work, in which he made the Holy City mourn her misfortunes and woes, her wasted temples and violated sacred places; then he appealed to the whole Christian world to go and help her. France and Italy began to move. The Saracens heard of this agitation, and interdicted the Christians in their dominions from worshipping, turned their temples into stables, and threw down the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and others in the year 1008. At the tidings of this devastation, Europe was aroused, and in fact we may fairly say that Gerbert's book of travel was the first spark that fired the conflagration of the Crusades. The first narrative we have of any pilgrim who followed the Crusades is by Sæwulf, a Saxon, and a very interesting

narration he has left; he went in the year 1102, was a monk of Malmesbury Monastery, and is mentioned by the renowned William of that abbey in his *Gesta Pontificum*. There are accounts also in the twelfth century by Benjamin of Tudela; in the fourteenth by Sir John Mandeville; in the fifteenth by Bertrandon de la Brocquière; and in the sixteenth by Henry Maundrell.*

Modern times have multiplied books on the Holy Land, but those mentioned above are nearly all that are extant of early periods. In our own day there is a tendency to revive the subject; we have had many books lately, good, bad, and indifferent, upon the Holy Land—"Wanderings in Bible Lands, and Scenes," "Horeb and Jerusalem," "Sinai and Palestine," "Giant Cities of Bashan," "Jerusalem as It Is," and many others, of which we cannot stop to say more than that they are generally interesting and readable. It would take a wretched writer, indeed, to make a dull book upon the Holy Land; the subject itself and the scenes enlist the attention at once. But the last pilgrim who has returned from that sacred city and emptied his wallet for our inspection, has produced a book not only valuable as an interesting account of travel, but useful as an excellent commentary upon the incidents of the Bible, and the life and work of Our Lord. There have been many reviews of this book as a book of travel, but it is in this higher light more particularly that we wish to examine Mr. Hepworth Dixon's two volumes on the Holy Land. From the very earliest times down to the present, Jaffa or Joppa seems to be the portal of Palestine to western travellers, who are, it appears, compelled to make their *début* in Palestine in no very dignified manner. The Water Gate of Jaffa, Mr. Dixon tells us, faces the sea, and is "no more than a slit or window in the wall about six feet square." Through this narrow opening all importations from the west must be hoisted from the canoes; "such articles as pashas, bitter beer, cotton cloth, negroes, antiquaries, dervishes, spurious coins and stones, monks, Muscovite bells, French clocks, English

damsels and their hoops, Circassian slaves, converted Jews and Bashi Bazouks." Once safe through this slit in the wall, the stranger is ushered into a town whose scenes recall to his imagination the Arabian Nights of his childhood; so little has the Holy Land changed, the dress of the people and their customs being so little altered that Haroun, if he were allowed to take another midnight trip with his vizier, would be quite at home. Marvellous it is too that civilization has left another peculiarity untouched in Palestine. Mr. Dixon tells us, that after "three months of Syrian travel you will learn to treat a skeleton in the road with as much indifference as a gentleman in a turban and a lady in a veil." Whatever dies in the plain lies there—asses, camels, or men. The travelling baggage of an Arab includes a winding sheet, in which he may be rolled by his companion, if he has one, and covered with sand; bodies are found, too, who, in the last gasp, had striven to cover their faces with the loose sand. There is no exaggeration in this statement, the Saxon *Sæwulf*, who went there in the year 1102, nearly eight centuries ago, draws the same picture; he says—

"Went from Joppa to Jerusalem, two days' journey, by a mountainous road, very rough and dangerous on account of the Saracens, who lie in wait for the Christians to rob and spoil them. Numbers of human bodies lie by the wayside, torn to pieces by wild beasts, many of whom have been cut off by Saracens, some too have perished from heat, and thirst for want of water, and others from too much drinking."

Travelling in the Holy Land is not mere sport; there are a myriad of dangers to be avoided and watched for, armed Bedaween are prowling about, bands of horsemen scour across the plain like clouds over the sky.

"Horsemen," cries Yakoub, reining in. "Hushing the still night, and with hands on our revolvers, bending forward towards the dim fields on our left hand, we can hear the footfall of horses crushing their way through stubble and stones. In a moment, while they sounded afar off, they are amongst us; fine dark figures, on brisk little mares, and poising above them their bamboo spears. A word or two of parley, in which Ishmael has his share, and we are asking each other for the news. . . . Perhaps they consider us too strong to

* See "Early Travels in Palestine," an interesting collection of itineraries and ancient visits to the Holy Land, by Mr. Thomas Wright.

be robbed, for a Bedaween rarely thinks it right to attack under an advantage of five to one."

At dawn of day they arrive at the spot where once stood Modin, the birth-place of the Maccabees, now a den of robbers, called Latrun. This spot is a most interesting one, and Mr. Dixon rapidly sketches the results of the events which were transacted here, showing how from the Maccabæan revolt sprung the Great Separation, a new kind of priesthood, and also, for which the influence of the captivity had already prepared them, the ignoring of the written law of Moses, and the introduction and veneration of the oral law or tradition of the elders. The peculiar aspects of the Jews at the time of the Roman domination and the advent of Christ, their hopes and opinions may be traced back to the drama which was played out on this spot. We propose then to pause for a moment to sketch the history of that period, as it is the keystone to the whole fabric of Jewish degeneracy.

About half a century before the birth of Christ the Jews had fallen into the hands of the Romans, and in the writings of Tacitus we have a description of them, an attempt at investigation into their history, and a version of Roman opinion upon them, which is the more interesting as it affords an admirable corroboration of what is recorded in the Scriptures. Tacitus endeavors very ingeniously to make them come originally from Crete, on account of their name, *Idæos* or *Judæos*, from Mount Ida, in Crete. We must bear in mind that it is scarcely probable that Tacitus could have read Genesis. Then he mentions other theories which were in vogue as to the origin of this strange people, who were beginning to be very troublesome to the Romans. In the first theory we get a slight trace of the sacred tradition; certain people he says declare that a great multitude in the reign of Isis overflowed Egypt and discharged themselves into the lands of Judea, and the surrounding neighborhood, some call them a race of *Æthiops*, others *Assyrians*; and we are told there were some even who claimed for them a far more renowned descent from the *Σολύμοι* mentioned by Homer, whence they called their great city *Hiero-Solyma*. These theories are

very ingenious, but they only serve to prove that the eye of the philosophical historian of the Romans had never rested on the Jewish records. Still the character he gives of them is the one they have universally borne in the world; he speaks also of "*Moyses*," who gave them a distinct legislation; he mentions "*circumcision*" and their abstinence from certain kinds of meat; he records their national exclusiveness, their immovable obstinacy, their notion of one God, so strange to a pagan mind, and the Temple, *without images*, equally absurd.

Though the Romans treated the Jews, as indeed they did all the people they conquered, with great forbearance, still they had a sort of secret dislike to them, and in the end they served them as they served no other race of people subject to their power. And this feeling was reciprocated by the Jews, who now more than ever longed for the advent of the great Deliverer, whom they also more than ever felt must come in the shape of a warrior, with power and majesty to sweep these Romans out of the country, and restore Jerusalem to her former position of splendor and renown. There can be no question that the political circumstances in which the Jews were placed at the time of the coming of Christ, helped to unfit them for his reception, by fostering that idea of a great temporal sovereign which had been implanted in their bosoms. But this idea was of much older origin than their troubles with the Romans. It is an interesting fact that the Maccabæan revolution, which restored the priesthood, may be looked upon as the event which first taught the Jews that fatal error. Before that time they had a more spiritual conception of the Messiah, but the events which followed in the wake of the heroism of Judas Maccabæus changed the whole character of their hopes. Let us review those circumstances, for it is only by doing so we can properly understand how the Jews came to be so persistent in their expectations of a great omnipotent temporal sovereign. Antiochus Epiphanes, upon the death of his brother, Seleucus Philopator, King of Syria, seized upon the vacant throne, although Demetrius, the son of Seleucus, was alive at Rome, where he had been

sent as a hostage. In Daniel xi. 21, we glean that he obtained the kingdom by flattery, which receives some support from what Livy says about his extravagant rewards (Livy xli. c. 20). He had undertaken several campaigns against Egypt, and was on his return from one of these, with wasted army and exhausted treasury, when it occurred to him that if he could only plunder the Temple of the Jews, it would go far to recruit his finances. He turned his army at once towards Jerusalem, marched upon it, and sacked it. An altar was raised and sacrifice made to Jupiter in the Holy place. Then he endeavored to abolish the ceremonial, and to introduce pagan worship, when the Jews, exasperated beyond endurance, were ripe all over the country for revolt, but dared not rise. At this time, however, there dwelt in a little village called Modin, not far from Emmaus, a family who were called the Maccabees, for what reason it is now impossible to ascertain, but this family, who had lived there in the peaceable obscurity of village life, were destined to become heroic. It consisted of an aged father, Mattathias, and five sons. Antiochus Epiphanes had sent his officers to this village to erect an altar in the Jewish place of worship for sacrifice to the gods, when Mattathias boldly declared that he would resist it. The altar was set up, and one miserable renegade Jew was advancing towards it to make the pagan offering, when he was slain on the spot by Mattathias. The family then fled to the wilderness, and concealed themselves; they were soon joined by others; a band was formed, which gradually increased, until it became numerous enough to attack towns. Then Mattathias died, and his son, ever more memorable in the history of patriotism, came forward, and took the command of the gathering confederation, now a disciplined army. Apollonius was sent against him, whom Judas met boldly on the field of battle, and slew. The same success attended him in his encounter with the Syrian general, Seron. Antiochus now saw the necessity of vigorous measures to prevent the Jews from recovering their independence; he went to Persia to recruit his treasures, whilst Lysias, the regent,

sent an army to Judea of 40,000 foot and 7,000 cavalry, which was reinforced by auxiliaries from the provinces, and even by Jews who were already becoming jealous of the fame of Judas. The Jewish hero pointed out to his followers the desperate odds against which they would have to contend, and resolved upon employing a stratagem. By a forced march he reached a portion of the enemy encamped at Emmaus, and surprised them, with complete success: several portions of the army were put to flight, and a great booty secured. Another and more numerous army was sent against him, but with no success. At the head of 10,000 followers, fired by fanaticism, Judas put to flight the army of Lysias, 60,000 strong, and marched on Jerusalem to purify the Temple and restore it to its glory. The Festival of Purification was then inaugurated. Day by day the successes of Judas increased, when Antiochus Eupator, who had succeeded Antiochus Epiphanes, invaded Judea, and only made peace with Judas in consequence of dissensions at home. He was murdered by his uncle Demetrius, who seized the kingdom and confirmed the peace with Judas, but took possession of the citadel of Jerusalem, placing his general, Nicanor, there with troops. Suspicions were then entertained that treachery was being plotted between Judas and this general; the matter was pressed, when Nicanor cleared himself, and Judas was obliged to flee. A battle took place, which he won, and another victory followed at Beth-horon, in which Nicanor fell. Reinforcements strengthened the enemy, and Judas was compelled to retire to Laish with 3,000 followers, where he was attacked at a disadvantage. Only 800 of his men remained faithful to him, but with these he boldly encountered the avenging hosts of Demetrius, and found a hero's death on the field. Though Judas was dead, yet the Maccabæan spirit was not extinct. Simon and Jonathan, his brothers, rallied their companions, and took the lead, fortifying themselves in a strong position in the neighborhood of Tekoa. Jonathan bid fair to equal Judas; he avoided an open engagement with the Syrians, but kept his position, and harassed the enemy for the space of two years, when events brought

about what perhaps the slender force of his army would have never accomplished. A pretender to the throne of Syria sprung up in the person of Alexander Balas, the reputed natural son of Antiochus Epiphanes, and a party was soon found to promote his claim against Demetrius. By this time Jonathan's little body of troops had been augmented by continued reinforcements, and his position was such that to the contending parties in Syria it became clear that if either could win over this obstinate Jew to his cause it would decide the matter. Demetrius took the first step, by making him at once general of the forces in Judea and governor of Jerusalem, but Jonathan was in no hurry; he suspected the wily Demetrius, and having received overtures from Alexander Balas, that if he would espouse his cause, he would make him high priest when he was on the throne of Syria, he yielded. These overtures were accompanied by the present of a purple robe, and Jonathan, who, doubtless, saw in the dissensions of his enemies the opportunity for Jerusalem, accepted the proposition, joined Alexander, who slew Demetrius in battle, and ascended the throne of Syria. True to his engagement, he made Jonathan high priest, with the rank of prince, and did all he could to ensure his fidelity. Jonathan afterwards attended the marriage of Alexander with a daughter of the King of Egypt, at Ptolemais, where he received many marks of consideration from the Syrian and Egyptian monarchs. He ultimately fell, however, a victim to treachery, and was succeeded by his brother Simon, who confirmed the Jews in their independence, in return for which, in 131, B.C., they passed a decree, by which the dignity of high priest and prince of the Jews was made hereditary in the family of Simon. Thus was founded the long line of Asmonean priests, which remained unbroken down to about thirty-four years before Christ. The Mosaic principle was set aside, and from this time the changes came over the Jews and their institutions which are admirably sketched by Mr. Dixon in the two chapters on the Great Separation and the Oral Law, which we recommend to the careful perusal of any one who wishes to form a clear idea of the origin

of the state of Judaism at the time of our Lord. He thus sums up in a sentence the results of the Maccabean insurrection:—

"The main issues then as regards the faith and policy in Israel of that glorious revolt of Modin, was the elevation of a fighting sect to power; the general adoption of separatist principles; the substitution of an explanatory law for the Covenant; a change in the Divine succession of High Priests, and a lawless union of the spiritual and secular forces."

The Idyls of Bethlehem form a most interesting chapter—the death of Rachel, the idyl of Ruth, the episode of Saul, the house of Chimham, the idyl of Jeremiah, and the birth of Our Saviour, are all sketched in a manner which tends to impress these well-known scenes upon the mind indelibly. A chapter on "Syrian Khans," which throws much light upon the incident of the birth of Christ, we would like to extract did not the exigencies of space forbid. The reader will find in the chapters, "The Inn of Bethlehem," "The Province of Galilee," "Herod the Great," "John the Baptist," and "Jewish Parties," an admirable introduction to those scenes of the life and wanderings of Our Blessed Lord, which are contained in the second part of the book, and to which we wish to devote the remainder of this paper.

When speaking of the early life of Jesus, Mr. Dixon takes up the question of the obscurity of his origin, that favorite point with the sceptics of all ages, from the "Is not this the carpenter's son" of the Jews, down to the puerile objections of the German Strauss. He has shown that it was the custom to teach the youth of all classes some useful art; and the best born and greatest men in Jewish history had been instructed in such trades as weaving, tent-making, &c. Besides, certain trades were held in honor. We cannot understand this if we think of carpentering by the contemptuous estimate of modern life. That contempt for hand-labor was unknown in the early ages of Scripture history. Adam dressed the garden, Abel was a keeper of sheep, Cain a tiller of the ground, Tubal Cain a smith; and so, amongst the Jews, it was a reproach to any man if he had not been taught one of the useful mechanical arts. It

was dignified by the Almighty himself, who, we are told—

"Called by name Bezaleel, . . . and he hath filled him with the spirit of God in wisdom, in understanding, and in knowledge, and in all manner of workmanship, and to devise curious works, to work in gold and in silver and in brass and in the cutting of stones to set them, and in carving of wood, to make any manner of cunning work. And he hath put it in his heart that he may teach." Exod. xxxv. 30-34.

This reverence was cherished by the Jews; carpentering was always looked upon as a noble occupation; the fact that the carpenter might have to go into the Temple to labor would have rescued that occupation from contempt. This is a striking peculiarity of eastern life; and elsewhere the objection of the sceptic to the humble origin of Jesus has been well answered:—

"The princes of Turkey in Egypt are still instructed in the mechanical arts, one being made a brazier, another a carpenter, a third a good weaver, and so on. Said Pasha was a good mechanic, Ishmael Pasha is not inferior to his brother. Much of the domestic life of Israel has been lost to us, but still we know something of the crafts in which many of the most famous Rabbis and doctors had been taught to excel. We know that Hillel practised a trade. St. Paul was a tent-maker, Rabbi Ishmael was a needle-maker, Rabbi Jonathan a cobbler, Rabbi Jose was a tanner, Rabbi Simon was a weaver. Among the talmudists there was a celebrated Rabbi Joseph who was a carpenter. What then becomes of Strauss' inference that Joseph must have been a man of low birth—not of the stock of David—because he followed a mechanical trade?"*

We may conclude this point by adding that amongst the Jews the only trades which could prevent a man from attaining to the dignity of High Priest, were weavers, barbers, fullers, perfumers, cuppers, and tanners.

But to return to the life and work of Jesus. His fame was gradually spreading, and he went about the small towns and hamlets.

"Capernaum, Chorazin, Magdala, Bethsaida, Dalmanutha, Gerasa, preaching in the synagogues, visiting the fishing boats, and threshing floors, healing the sick, and comforting the poor; gentle in his aspect and in his life; wise as a sage and simple as

a child; winning people to his views by the charm of his manner and the beauty of his sayings."

His first aim was to win the Jews from the Oral Law, to convince them of its emptiness; it is the key to the following scenes graphically depicted by Mr. Dixon. Christ had gone to Jerusalem for the Feast of Purim, and was walking by the Pool of Bethesda in the sheep market, a spot he had to pass daily. On the banks of this pool were crowds of sick, the halt, aged, and blind, a spectacle sure to attract the eye of Jesus:—

"It was the Sabbath day.

"In the Temple hard by, these wretches could hear the groaning of bulls under the mace, the bleating of lambs under the sacrificial knife, the shouting of dealers as they sold doves and shekels. Bakers were hurrying through with bread. The captain of the Temple was on duty with his guards. Priests were marching in procession; and crowds of worshippers standing about the holy place. Tongues of flame leaped faintly from the altars on which the priests were sprinkling blood . . . but the wretches who lay around (the Pool) on their quilts and rugs, the blind, the leprous, and the aged poor, drew no compassion from the busy priests. One man, the weakest of the weak, had been helpless no less than thirty-eight years. Over this man Jesus paused and said:—

"Wilt thou be made whole?"

"Rabbi, I have no man, when the water is troubled, to put me into the pool; but while I am coming, another steppeth down before me."

The Compassionate answered him:

"Rise, take up thy bed and walk."

"At once the life leaped quickly into the poor man's limbs. Rising from the ground, he folded up his quilt, taking it on his arm to go away; but some of the Pharisees seeing him get up and roll his bed into a coil, run towards him, crying:—'It is the Sabbath day; it is not lawful for thee to carry thy bed.' It was certainly an offence against the Oral Law."

The Jews had turned the blessing of the Sabbath into a curse.

"From the moment of hearing the ram's horn, a sacred trumpet, called the shofa, blown from the temple wall, announcing that the Sabbath had commenced, he was not allowed to light a fire or make a bed, to boil a pot; he could not pull his ass from a ditch, nor raise an arm in defence of his life. . . .

* Athenæum, 27th Jan., 1866.

A Jew could not quit his camp, his village, or his city on the day of rest. He might not begin a journey; if going along a road, he must rest from sun-down till the same event of the coming day. He might not carry a pencil, a kerchief, a shekel in his belt; if he required a handkerchief for use, he had to tie it round his leg. If he offended against one of these rules, he was held to deserve the doom awarded to the vilest of sinners. Some rabbins held that a man ought not to change his position, but that whether he was standing or sitting when the shofa sounded he should stand or sit immovable as a stone until the Sabbath had passed away."

Jesus broke the Oral Law that he might bring his followers to a sense of its degrading spirit, and announced the new truth that "*The Sabbath is made for man; not man for the Sabbath.*" After two very interesting chapters upon Antipas Herod and Herodias, we have one upon the Synagogue. Some writers have striven to claim the remotest antiquity for this institution, but in all probability it might be dated from the captivity. There would be a natural desire to meet together away from the pagans, by whom they were surrounded, to pray to their God, to sing their psalms, and to read the law. This gave rise to the synagogue, which means no more than a "meeting together;" but after the Maccabean insurrection it became a popular institution, and every little village had its synagogue. Now, as much of the work of Christ was done in the synagogue, as he loved to go into them, and to take part in their services, it is desirable that we should have a clear notion of what a synagogue was:—

"A house of unhewn stones taken up from the hill-side; squat and square of the ancient Hebrew style, having a level roof, but neither spire nor tower, neither dome nor minaret to enchant the eye; such was the simple synagogue of the Jews in which Jesus taught. . . . Inside a Syrian synagogue is like one of our parish schools, with seats for the men, rough sofas of wood half covered with rushes and straw; a higher seat stands in the centre, like that of a mosque, for the elders of the town, a desk for the reader of the day; at the south end a closet, concealed by a hanging veil, in which the Torah, a written copy of the Pentateuch, is kept in the sacred ark. A silver lamp is always kept burning, a candlestick with eight arms, a pulpit, a reading-desk, are the chief articles

of furniture in the room. . . . In olden times women were allowed to enter with the men, though they were even then parted from father and son by a wooden screen. . . . Before entering a synagogue a man is expected to dip his hands into water. . . . Ten persons are necessary to form a meeting; every town or city having a synagogue appointed ten men called Batlanim (men of leisure), who were bound to appear at the hour of prayer. . . . Higher in office was the Chazzan, who took charge of the house and scroll. . . . The Meturgeman was an interpreter of the law, whose duty it was to stand near the Reader for the day, and translate the sacred verses, one by one, from the Hebrew into the vulgar tongue. Above him were the elders. . . . When the people came in they first bowed to the ark; the elders took their places on the raised platform; the rich went up to high seats near the ark; the poor sat on wooden sofas, matted with straw. . . . A prayer was said, one of the Psalms of David sung. The Chazzan walked up to the veil, which he drew aside with reverence, lifted the ark from its niche, took out the torah, carried the roll round the benches, every one striving either to kiss or touch it with his palm; the Sheliach read the lesson for the day; at its close the elder expounded the text in a sort of sermon, when the torah was carried back, and prayers began. . . . Every hearer had in those times a right to express his opinion of the sacred text, and of what it meant."

Our Lord availed himself of this right, which every Jew possessed, of speaking in the synagogue upon the text which had been read; and Mr. Dixon has worked up two scenes well known in the career of Our Lord, with all the surrounding incidents and scenery, so graphically and so accurately that no one could read these descriptions without rising from them with a clearer and more complete understanding the simple statement of the Gospel. The Gospels were not written as historical sketches, but as vehicles of the vital truth they contain; consequently anything that resuscitates the scene, and reproduces the incidents as they took place, with all their peculiar surroundings, must be of great value in assisting us to comprehend more readily, and to retain in our minds more vividly, the events of Our Lord's career. We think this is more pre-eminently the characteristic aim and achievement of this work than of the many others we have read upon the subject,

and we shall instance one, the scene in the synagogue of Capernaum. The first alluded to was the declaration of Jesus in the synagogue at Nazareth; but as many of the incidents are included in this of Capernaum, we content ourselves with giving it somewhat in detail as an illustration of the peculiarity we have already mentioned. Let the reader first peruse the simple statement in the Gospel of St. John, vi. ch., 25 v., to the end, and then the following, or better still, the whole of chapter xvii. in the second volume of Mr. Dixon's work, called "The Bread of Life," and he will rise from it with a much more vivid conception of one of the most trying scenes in Our Lord's history. On the steps of the synagogue a motley crowd had collected, eager, excited, and curious, for it was just after the miraculous feeding of the 5,000, and they were full of it; they had heard of it in all its stupendous power; it was the miracle of all miracles most likely to overpower the Jewish mind; it recalled to them the words of Jehovah:

"At even ye shall eat flesh, and in the morning ye shall be filled with bread, and ye shall know that I am the Lord your God."

And this man, this son of Joseph the carpenter, had fed 5,000 people on five barley loaves and two small fishes. They saw the little boat on the beach in which Jesus had come; they had heard of his walking on the water that very night; and now the crowd was increasing, for the country was aroused, and people came flocking from all parts to see this man who did such marvelous things.

"Jesus sat in the synagogue in his usual place. The Jews poured in, each man and woman making lowly reverence towards the ark. . . . The service began with the prayer of sweet incense, after which the congregation, the batlanim leading, sang Psalms of David; when these were sung, the chazzan, going up to the ark, drew aside the veil and took out the sacred roll, which he carried round the aisles to the reader of the day, who raised it in his hands, so that all who were present could see the sacred text. Then the whole congregation rose. . . . Opening the scroll, the reader read out the section or chapter for the day. . . . When the lesson was finished, the chazzan took the scroll from the reader, and carried

it back to its place behind the veil. Then when the roll was restored to the ark, they sang other psalms, after which the elder delivered the midrash, an exposition of the text which had been read. The time now being come to question and be questioned, all eyes turned on the Teacher who had fed the 5,000 men. . . . Their questionings were sharp and loud—

"Rabbi, when camest thou hither?"

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, ye ask me not because ye saw the miracles, but because ye ate of the loaves and were filled. Labor not for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life, which the Son of Man shall give unto you, for him hath God the Father sealed."

"Then they asked him—

"What must we do that we may work the works of God?"

"To which he answered, with a second public declaration, that he was Christ the Son of God—

"This is the word of God, that ye believe on him whom He hath sent."

"What sign showest thou that we may see and believe thee? What dost thou work?"

"Full of the great act which many witnesses declared that they had seen in the desert beyond the lake, they wished to have it repeated before their eyes; so they said to him—

"Our fathers did eat manna in the wilderness, as it is written, he gave them bread from heaven to eat."

"Jesus took up their thought.

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, Moses gave you not the bread from heaven, but my Father giveth you the true bread from heaven. For the bread of God is that which cometh down from heaven and giveth life unto the world."

"Rabbi, evermore give us this bread."

"Jesus answered them—

"I am the bread of life. He that cometh to me shall not hunger, and he that believeth in me shall never thirst. . . . For I am come down from heaven not to do mine own will, but the will of him that sent me, that of all which he hath given me I should lose nothing, but should raise it up at the last day."

"The elders, the batlanim, the chazzan gazed into each other's faces, and began to murmur against him, just as the men of Nazareth had murmured against him.

"Is not this Jesus the son of Joseph whose father and mother we know? How is it, then, that he saith, I am come down from heaven?"

"Jesus spoke to them again—

"Murmur not among yourselves. No man can come to me except the Father

which sent me draw him; and I will raise him up the last day. . . . I am the bread of life. . . . I am the living bread which came down from heaven; if any man eat of this bread he shall live for ever; yea, and the bread that I will give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world."

"Strange doctrines for Jews to weigh. Then leapt hot words among them, and some of those who had meant to believe in him drew back. If he were the Christ, the Son of David, the King of Israel, why was he not marching on Jerusalem, why not driving out the Romans, why not assuming a kingly crown? 'How can this man give us his flesh to eat?'"

"The Lord spoke again, still more to their discontent and chagrin, seeing that they wanted an earthly Christ."

"'Except ye eat of the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you.'"

"This was too much for many, even for some who had been brought to the door of belief. . . . The service of the synagogue ended, the elders came down from the platform, the chazzan put away the sacred vessels, the congregation came out into the sun, angry in word and mocking in spirit. They wanted facts; he had given them truth. They hungered for miraculous bread, for a new shower of manna; he had offered them symbolically his flesh and blood. They had set their hearts on finding a captain who would march against the Romans, who would cause Judas of Gamala to be forgotten, who would put the glories of Herod the Great to shame. They had asked him for earth, and he had answered them with heaven."

But the scene was drawing to a close; Jesus went on with his work after this tumult in the synagogue, opposing himself to the senseless rites of the Pharisees, defying the Oral Law, healing the sick, and preaching to the people. Passing through the country from Galilee a Syro-Phenecian woman who had heard of him, and perhaps seen him, ran after him in the road, and besought him to heal her daughter who was a lunatic. The disciples urged him to send her away, for his life would not have been safe if he had another conflict with the Jews in that quarter, and to heal this Gentile woman's child would be sure to bring them on his track. Turning to the woman, Jesus told her he was sent only to the lost sheep of Israel; but she persisted, crying, "Lord, help me;" an evidence of faith which was quite sufficient, and Jesus turned to her and said, "Great is thy

faith, O woman, be it unto thee as thou wilt." This was a fatal blow to the Jewish exclusiveness, a Gentile had been called into the Church, and the pride of the Jew humbled forever. On the last Sabbath day which Jesus spent on earth, he struck another blow at the ceremonial law, by taking his disciples to dine at the house of one Simon a leper. He had reached Bethany, and taken up his abode in the house of Martha and Mary, among the outcast and the poor, for that last seven days now called in the Church the Holy Week. The scene was an impressive one. The city, as far as the eye could reach, was one vast encampment, caravans were arriving from every direction, bringing thousands of Jews to the feast, who, selecting their ground, drove four stakes into the earth, drew long reeds round them, and covered them with leaves, making a sort of bower; others brought small tents with them; the whole city, Mount Gibeon, the Plain of Rephaim, the valley of Gihon, the hill of Olivet, were all studded with tents and crowded with busy people hastening to finish their preparations before the shofa should sound at sunset, and the Sabbath begin, when no man could work. In the Temple, the priests, the doctors, the money changers, the bakers of shew bread, were all at work, and the last panorama in the life of Christ commenced.

On the first day in Holy Week, now known as *Palm Sunday*, Jesus entered Jerusalem on an ass's colt, a prominent figure in the festivities, for the crowds rushed to see him, with their palms, and marched with him singing psalms; they had come out from Jerusalem to meet him, and they escorted him into the city. At night he returned to Bethany.

On the *Monday* and *Tuesday* he went early to the Temple, mixing among the people, restoring sight to the blind, and preaching to the poor. As his life began with a series of Temptations, so it was the will of his Father that he should be persecuted with them at its close—a lesson we may all do well to dwell upon—up to the last days of his life, Jesus was subjected to temptations. On the *Tuesday* some emissaries of the Sanhedrim came to the court where he was preaching to question him, and

gather evidence against him. They found him amongst a crowd of Baptists, and demanded his authority for teaching. Christ retorted by putting them to the dilemma of stating whether John's baptism was of heaven or not; they were too much afraid of the people to say it was of men, and if they said of heaven, Jesus would have reproached them for their want of faith; they confessed their ignorance. Then each party tried to entrap him.

The *Pharisees* brought him a woman taken in adultery. By the Mosaic law this offence would have been punished with death. But the Roman government would have executed any Jew who would venture to carry out such a law, and therefore the question seemed to compel Jesus to speak either against Moses or the Romans. He quietly turned to the witnesses, and told the man who was innocent amongst them to cast the first stone at her.

The *Herodians* tempted him on a point of tribute. They had two taxes, one to God and one to Cæsar, both were disputed, and they consulted him in order to involve him with God or Cæsar; but he foiled them by confirming both.

"Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's."

They began to be astonished.

The *Sadducees* tempted him with their dogma of the Non-Resurrection. They told him sneeringly of a woman who had married seven husbands, and they wanted to know whose she would be in the life to come. Jesus replied calmly—

"In the Resurrection they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels in Heaven."

And the *Sadducees* with their philosophy, their learning, and their unbelief, retired in confusion.

On the *Wednesday* he remained in Bethany in seclusion, while Judas was arranging for his safe betrayal to Annas and the nobles.

Thursday Jesus sent Peter and John into Jerusalem to prepare the Passover, and at sunset that day he and the twelve sat down to the last supper;

Judas left to see Annas, and after singing a hymn, the other disciples rose from the table, passed through the sheep-gate into the Cedron Valley, and came to Gethsemane. Here Jesus withdrew, and whilst his disciples were sleeping, he watched and prayed until the betrayers came, and the kiss of Judas revealed him to them. The Sanhedrim was summoned in the dead of the night, and when the members arrived they found Annas examining witnesses, but with no avail—they could not substantiate any charge against him that the Roman government would allow them to punish with death. Annas told him to speak for himself, but he would not. The High Priest then said, "Art thou the Christ?" he said, "I am." Then Annas asked him who were his disciples, and Jesus replied, "I spake openly to the world; I taught in the synagogue and in the Temple, whither the Jews resort, in secret I have said nothing; ask them which heard me, they know what I have said." The officer of the Temple smote him, and Annas ordered him to be bound with cords, and when it was day they went in a body to the palace of Caiaphas. Here Jesus was questioned again, and answering that he was the Christ, the High Priest rent his clothes, in sign that it was blasphemy and worthy of death. The Sanhedrim pronounced him guilty, and the officers carried him to the Prætorian gates and delivered him a prisoner into the hands of Pilate's guards. The vacillation of Pilate, and the last scene in our Lord's career, are known to all. Mr. Dixon leaves them with the observation, "They form a divine episode in the history of man, and must be left to the writers who could not err."

A good book is its own best eulogy, and we may safely leave this of Mr. Dixon's to itself, but we cannot refrain from testifying our appreciation of such a valuable addition to the records of eastern travel. It is superfluous to say that it is excellently written, as it emanates from the pen, not of a tyro but of a master-craftsman, whose style is too well known to need eulogy, a style graphic, pointed, and impressive, the result of clear vision and accurate delineation, strengthened by a sort of Frith-like power of grouping, as witness the description of the street life of Jaffa,

which, as an exquisite piece of word-painting, is perfect.

The reader is led though the sacred scenes of the Holy Land by an artist as well as a scholar, who as he journeys on revives the life of the past; we see the patriarchal life, the tents; the flocks grazing on the hills, the ready-writer with his pen lingering at the city gate. We hear David's minstrelsy and the tramp of Maccabæan soldiery; we peer into the depths of one of those ancient wells built by the patriarchs, and listen to the conversation of the Samaritan woman with that wonderful stranger; we linger at the wayside Khan, and see how natural is the tale of the Gospel. As we near Jerusalem the grander figures of the panorama pass over the scene, the Herods in their luxury and pride, in their humiliation and their sins, the grim towers of Macherus and the dark deed done behind its walls when the head of the messenger of God fell to please a wanton woman, and terror was struck into the heart of the tyrant; the splendid ceremonial service of the Temple, with its altars, its sacrifices, and its robed priest; the Sadducees luxuriating in their palaces, with servants, carriages, gardens, living their voluptuous, godless lives; the Pharisees with their demure aspect, broad and multiplied phylacteries; the helmets of Roman soldiery, the imperial eagles hovering over the scene as the Jews passed by scowling at the pagan rulers of the Holy City, and then that marvellous god-like figure wandering about the streets followed by crowds of people, now entering the Temple courts to preach to them, and now stopping on his way to heal some lame man or leper; his wanderings along the wearying roads of Galilee; his mingling with the people in the synagogues, the popular gathering place; his taking part in the service and reading the Scriptures; his final coming up to the Holy City, the betrayal, the scenes of his trial, the frantic eagerness of the Jews, the vacillation of Pilate, the terrible suspense and the ultimate triumph of his foes, all these and many more incidents of biblical and gospel history are revived and enacted as it were amid the very scenes and in the very places where they once took place. We repeat again, that this work is an excellent commentary and

illustration of the Gospel narrative, and though the pen of its author has been nobly wielded in the controversial defence of that Gospel, yet perhaps even greater good may be done by this exhibition and illustration of the life and work of Christ. To hold Him up to the eyes of men is the best antidote to scepticism; and whatever tends to do that, to plant the image of Christ in the hearts of men, is a good work—the illustration of his individuality, standing out as he did in his times, and as he does in every time, distinct from all men and things. We take up the great work of any age, its characteristic achievement, and we find the impress of the age stamped indelibly upon it; it smacks of the time and the scenes. Homer is pervaded with the valor of a mythic heroism, bloodshed, and victory. Dante is the very best reflection of mediævalism—its deep, superstitious piety, its weird dreams, and its peculiar theology. Shakespeare, though he has written with spotless purity, yet bears traces of the tolerated licentiousness of the Elizabethan age. But Christ and his Gospel stand out distinct, totally distinct, from the times and the life when they appeared. That Gospel could not have been produced by the age, for it was an antagonism to it; the age was a degenerate one, a mixture of formal ceremony and licentious unbelief; paganism was waning; Rome becoming debased; the ancient traditions of the Jews were lost in human inventions and Rabbinical fantasies—when rising up in the midst of all this debasement, this corruption, these anomalies, came Christ and his Gospel, pure amongst rottenness, gentle in the midst of violence, holy amongst flagrant infidelity and wanton vice, the Preacher and the preaching both sent from somewhere, but manifestly not from the world, not from oriental barbarism, not from western paganism, not from Jewish corruption; it could then have come from no other place than heaven, and had no other author than God. And when we reflect upon what was compressed in that three years' labor, and compare it with systems which have occupied men's lives to sketch out merely, and taken ages to perfect; when we see that this greatest system, which has spread over the whole civilized world by

the force of its own truth, was in three short years laid down and consolidated, every principle defined, every rule established, every law delineated, and an impetus given to it by its great Master, which has always kept it advancing in the world against every opposing force, and in spite of every disadvantageous circumstance, all doubt about its individuality, its superhuman character, and its divine origin, must vanish from the mind. Therefore we think, in conclusion, that the best thing for Christians still to do in this world is, to lift up Christ before the eyes of men, no matter how, so that he be lifted up boldly and faithfully, be it by the voice, the pencil, or the pen (as in this instance before us), or better still, by the more impressive exhibition of Christ in a Christian life. If we wish to save men, let us display Him always and everywhere in the confidence that he will fulfil his own divine promise—"I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me."

♦♦♦
Bentley's Miscellany.

• SAINT GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

From the Danish.

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

AMONG the innumerable saints of the Roman Catholic Church, none has been more widely celebrated than Saint George, or, to use the name by which he is generally known, "St. George and the Dragon." He is the personification both of chivalry and of readiness to assist the distressed; so there are good grounds for his popularity.

It is said in the old traditions that near the village of Silea, in Libya, there dwelt once upon a time a terrible dragon, whose poisonous breath quite tainted the air. The inhabitants of the village often tried to kill the monster, but always in vain. At length they bethought them of sending a diplomatic mission to him, and a treaty was concluded between them, according to which the Sileans engaged to provide him with two fresh eggs every morning for his breakfast, if he would leave them in peace.

Owing to this arrangement, everything went well for a long time. The dragon ate his eggs, and drew his breath as quietly as possible; but at length eggs became very scarce in the market at Silea, and the citizens were not able to

fulfil their contract. For two days the dragon was cheated of his breakfast, but he was not going to stand this; therefore he hastened to the village, snorting with rage, and demanded his rights. When he found that there were no eggs to be had, it is said he declared that he must have human beings instead of the two eggs, and that he would be satisfied with one every morning along with one egg.

There was nothing for it but to consent to his proposition without any demur, and content themselves with the prospect of being eaten up man by man.

Every morning the drum beat, and the inhabitants of the village assembled to draw lots which should take to the dragon the one egg and himself. Everything was to be done in a just and orderly manner, no one, however high in station, was to be free from this dreadful tax.

But one day the whole of the little town was plunged into deep grief when it was announced that the lot had been drawn by the king's only daughter, a beautiful young girl. The king and the queen wrung their hands, and all the people wept for her sad fate; but still there was not one who offered to meet death in her place: that would have been an affront to the gods.

Nevertheless, it was written in the Book of Fate that the princess was not to become dragon food; for when she, with her parents and friends, all the authorities and the great people of the place, were proceeding along the road to the dragon's cave, they met a handsome, gallant-looking young knight, with a bold and fearless countenance. This was *Sir George*. When he saw their distress, he asked what was the matter, and being told the cause of their sorrow, he bade them be of good cheer, spurred his horse forward, and plunged his lance through the dragon's body. This daring deed and happy event naturally occasioned great rejoicing. The knight was received with great honor at Silea; he danced with the princess at the revels held in the evening, and married her soon after, getting half the kingdom as her dowry. When at length he died, he was promoted to a place among the saints.

This story is exceedingly old; so old that there is even some doubt of its

truth. However, it is a recognized tradition everywhere, and there are many places besides Libya which are said to have been the scene of the valiant St. George's encounter with the dragon. Several of our good burghers insist that the feat actually took place near their different towns; so that by their accounts there must have been a great many dragons killed by a great many knights.

The fact probably is that St. George was a popular saint in the middle ages, and here in Denmark his name is kept in general remembrance by the use made of it. In reference, no doubt, to the dragon's poisonous breath, almost all the hospitals and infirmaries in the kingdom have been dedicated to this conqueror. There is scarcely a country town which has not got its St. George's hospital, or hall, or street, wherein the remembrance of the saintly knight is preserved. It is also handed down to us in churches, in many of which there are statues, mostly carved in wood, and representing his fight with the dragon.

Such a group, doubtless one of the best and most distinguished of its age, both as regards the conception and the execution, is in the Museum of Northern Antiquities in Copenhagen; it came from Husum, and is very spirited indeed. In the same museum is another statue of St. George and the Dragon, but it is much inferior to the one first mentioned, whose workmanship is ascribed to the celebrated sculptor in wood, Hans Brüggemann, who was born at Husum, and lived at the commencement of the sixteenth century; it was the same artist who carved the much-admired altar in the cathedral of Sleswick, a work of art which has not been equalled by the sculptors of any age. This altar, upon which Brüggemann worked for seven years, was executed by him for the church of the Monastery of Bordesheim; from thence it was removed after a time to Sleswick, and the story goes that the selfish and cruel monks there, as soon as they had obtained it, deprived the artist of sight, in order that no other church should be able to boast of possessing any equally valuable work of his.

St. George is now, therefore, fast fading from remembrance; it is true that he lives as the tutelary saint of

England, but his popularity is, nevertheless, on the wane, and no iron-manufacturer now-a-days thinks of adorning his stoves with the saint's image. Fifty years ago it took its place on the iron-work of the stoves as regularly as did Adam and Eve.

Nevertheless, there is one place where the memory of him and his heroic deeds has remained fresh and unimpaired through centuries; it is in one of the most romantic spots in Germany. In the little town of Furth, in the neighborhood of the Bohemian borders, reminiscences of the hero-saint are brought forward annually on the occasion of one of those peculiar popular festivals, of which, in the south-east part of Germany, there are so many. In this festival, which is called "der Drachenstich," the old tradition about the dragon is closely adhered to, and it is interesting to see how unchanged such a spectacle can remain in a secluded place, whilst everything in the great world has undergone one change after another.

On the Sunday previous to Ascension Day a great crowd is always gathered in the afternoon in the market-place at Furth, many of whom have come from distant places. On one side of the market-place a platform is erected; a king's daughter, from some unknown land, with a small golden crown on her head, and a robe adorned with silver lace and showy ornaments, takes her seat on a raised dais. Opposite to her the dragon is stationed. It is a frightful looking monster, made of wood, covered with painted leather, and which derives motion and apparent life from two men concealed within it.

Sometimes it rushes with open mouth among the people, who, of course, retreat in haste, tumbling over each other. Sometimes it seizes a gipsy woman among the crowd, and, to the great amusement of the spectators, drags her flat cap from off her head. Presently there comes riding from the other side of the market-place a knight on horseback, entirely clad in armor; he is followed by a troop of halberdiers; he dashes forward, salutes respectfully the king's daughter, and asks her, in verse, what is the reason of her sorrowful aspect. She replies that she is waiting for the dragon to devour her.

The knight endeavors to comfort her, and assures her that he will stand by her when the dragon approaches. But she entreats him to fly, if he would not also meet death.

"I fly!" exclaims the knight, always speaking in verse; "no, I am not afraid; but with my good sword and my strong hand I will slay the monster!"

Then the dragon begins to come nearer, the hero rides forward to meet him, and plunges his lance deep into his throat. Now the most effectual scene takes place, for in the dragon's mouth there is concealed a bladder which is filled with blood, and it is not always easy to hit upon it; dragon's blood *must* flow, and woe betide the knight if he misses the bladder! he is greeted with the most fearful ridicule and scorn.

But most frequently blood streams from the mouth, the knight draws his sword, and strikes it manfully on the monster's head. At length he fires a pistol, and with this finishes the ceremony.

At the feet of the king's daughter the knight describes his valiant deed. She smiles kindly on him, and presents him with a wreath, which she herself binds round his arm; at her side he repairs to an inn, where the sound of violins and flutes is heard, and for that evening he is the hero, the brave knight who has won the king's daughter and half of the kingdom!

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Laisure Hour.

M. ROUHER, MINISTER OF FRANCE.

It is impossible to read the French political news in any daily or weekly journal without constantly meeting with the name of Monsieur Rouher, now one of the most prominent and influential statesmen in France.

The career of this minister of Napoleon III. shows how success may often be ascribed to the unforeseen and trivial circumstances, from which no one would have anticipated any result. M. Rouher was first known, and then became celebrated, by an incautious expression which escaped his lips in the heat of debate, and to which, in cooler blood, he in vain tried to restore its real meaning. His descendants should, out of gratitude, inscribe the word "catastrophe" on

their coat of arms, for it was this word which changed the unknown advocate, the most obscure member of a mediocre ministry, to his own surprise, into a great public celebrity.

Eugène Rouher, the Senator, Minister of State and of Finance, is now fifty-four years of age, and springs from a family, members of which for the last fifty years have held judicial offices. After finishing his studies at the college of his native town, Riom, he went to study law at Paris, became an advocate in 1837, and established himself as such in 1840 at Riom. The department of Puy de Dôme, or Auvergne, as that part of the country was formerly called, has always been very monarchical and conservative, although during the reign of Louis Philippe, the most violent opposition newspapers, supported by money from Paris, were published there. Consequently, actions against the press were quite the order of the day, and the Opposition, who were desirous of winning to their ranks the young and tolerably wealthy advocate, entrusted to him, directly after he had settled in the department, a large number of these cases to defend. As a barrister he had not eloquence. He was not a ready speaker, was unacquainted with brilliant metaphors, and his variations on the word "liberty," then so much in fashion, showed the timid *dilettante*, rather than the skilled professor, in these press prosecutions.

However, he was thoroughly successful. These trials brought his real judicial knowledge to light. He earned a great deal of money; and, in the year 1843, he married the daughter of the Mayor of Clermont, the chief town of the province, and through this marriage became a considerable landowner. Then he completely broke the loose bands which tied him to the liberal party; and in 1846 boldly came forward as government candidate, at the election for the Chamber of Deputies, under the patronage of the minister, M. Guizot. But the bitter feeling against one who was considered to be a renegade was so great, that even many conservatives voted against him, and he obtained only a few thousand votes.

Under the Republic, with universal suffrage, he was more fortunate: 42,000

electors named him as deputy to the Constituent Assembly; and when this body had finished its labors, during which M. Rouher always voted with the Right, 52,000 voters sent him to the Legislative Assembly.

The deputy of the department of the Loire, Citizen Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, had once heard his young colleague, Rouher, speak in the Constituent Assembly, and when asked his opinion on the talents of the speaker, he replied, shaking his head: "It seems to me as if this citizen did not possess the capability of rightly expressing his own thoughts."

No one understood this oracular sentence: they turned away with a shrug from the deputy with the languid countenance, weary eyes, and world-renowned name. Six months after M. Rouher was Minister of Justice. He had never exchanged a word with the then President of the Republic, and was utterly astonished when the President of the Council of Ministers, M. Ferdinand Barrot, informed him that it was the express wish of the first magistrate of the Republic that he should accept a portfolio. Till 1851 he remained under several ministries at the head of the department of Justice.

It was at this period that he let fall that celebrated word, to which we have before alluded, and which made Rouher known from one end of France to the other. On the morning before one of those important sittings, which during the second Republic often became so stormy, Louis Napoleon said to Rouher—

"They wish again to try to extinguish you with the glorious Revolution of the 24th February, 1848. The people really believe that they were all Mirabeaus or Dantons! We must for once hold a mirror up before them, in which they may be able to see a faithful likeness of themselves in all their littleness!"

Rouher, meditating on those words of the President, went to the Assembly, and it so happened that immediately after his entrance he had to ascend the Tribune to answer an interpellation as Minister of Justice.

"Be cautious—the chamber is very much excited to-day!" his colleague Baroche said to him.

"Certainly, certainly," he replied, rather absently, ascended the Tribune, and replied in a few impetuous words to the interpellation. The murmurs of the Assembly excited him still more; and when at last he heard the cry from the Left, "That was just what was said before the 24th February," his presence of mind completely forsook him, and, still under the impression which the words of the President of the Republic had made on him, he raised himself up to his full height, and exclaimed with a voice of thunder—

"Your boasted Revolution was nothing more than a catastrophe!"

Only those who have been present at a French National Assembly can have the faintest idea of what now happened. Clapping, shrieking, hissing, threats and insults, followed without end! The tumult lasted for more than half-an-hour, and M. Rouher, who had retired to the ministers' bench, might well have feared for some minutes that his person was not secure from violent treatment.

In vain he explained, after quiet had in some measure been restored, that he had used the word "catastrophe" only in the sense of an unforeseen event. It was of no avail: amidst universal hissing "*l'homme à la catastrophe*" was again forced to leave the tribune.

Foreigners cannot understand the deep impression which such scenes make on the public in France. This innocent word flew like wildfire through the land, and became a sort of test by which some showed their hatred to the Republic, and others the most unbridled fury against the Government. And the man who had provoked this "catastrophe" in such an innocent manner, could scarcely believe his senses when he contemplated this terrible ferment; but he had an opportunity thereby, such as had never before been presented to him, of studying his countrymen. But he had not much time for this: a want of confidence, a few weeks after, caused the fall of the entire ministry and led to the *coup d'état*. Rouher remained in the chamber as a simple deputy, who could no longer speak, as the Left would not allow him to say a word, and always brought up afresh the recollection of the "catastrophe." At the consultations which preceded the execution of the

coup d'état at the Elysée, M. de Morny proposed the deputy Rouher as a minister. A dry "No" was the reply of the President, who gave as his reason the following words, which well characterized M. Rouher: "C'est l'homme des demi-mesures!"

The new order of things was, however, scarcely established, when the President, now unrestricted in his authority, offered M. Rouher a portfolio, which he accepted; but a few weeks after he retired, together with M. de Morny, as they refused to countersign the decree which confiscated a portion of the property of the Orleans family. How greatly this much-talked-of decree confused the minds of the most faithful and devoted adherents of Napoleon III. is proved from the simple fact that Morny, Napoleon's own brother, refused to sign it as minister. Time has cooled down this excitement, and it has been argued also that the word "confiscation" was falsely applied, as three courts of law confirmed that this property did not belong to the Orleans family, but to the State.

Napoleon gave the retiring minister the vice-presidentship of the newly-created Council of State, and till 1855 he was almost forgotten, when the Emperor again called him into the ministry, and gave him the portfolio of Agriculture, Trade, and Public Works. Since that time to the present M. Rouher has never left the ministry; and in these twelve years has at different times presided over all the branches of the Government in France, with the exception of War and Marine.

The reader will remember that, after the Italian war, the Emperor, in the year 1859, thought the time had arrived in which a more liberal direction might be given to the Constitution. One of the chief measures taken in this sense was to appoint a minister, whose duty it should be to defend the Government in the chambers. Billault was the first who held this difficult post; and after his death, in 1862, Rouher became his successor.

It was the general opinion that the Emperor had made a mistake in this appointment, as it was well remembered that Rouher's oratorical talents had not shone in the chambers of the Republic,

and his "catastrophe" speech was again brought up to the remembrance of the French nation. To succeed Billault, one of the best and most talented orators of France, was not an enviable inheritance for any man. But after his first speeches all saw how greatly they had been deceived. Often has M. Rouher, during the last five years, gained the victory over all opponents. Clever undoubtedly, as a politician, we must not forget that, as a minister of Napoleon III, his opinions, whatever they may be, have to give way to those of his imperial master, whose will is supreme. Rouher, like all the other ministers, is only the executor of the Imperial will; but, as he is the only one in the whole Cabinet whose gift of eloquence can be employed with advantage in the chamber, a much more important place in the councils of the sovereign is assigned to him than to any of his colleagues.

In general, the sketch of those official speeches of which we have been speaking is drawn out for him by the Emperor's own hand. He works out the ideas, and then reads the whole to the Emperor; which, after it has been corrected, is communicated to the rest of the ministry. The morning before the sitting Rouher has another audience, when, often at the last moment, not unimportant changes are made. The really marvellous memory of Rouher has grown with all this exercise of mind.

Rouher, in a word, is just the man whom Napoleon III. requires—without ambition, without independence, and wonderfully endowed with talents and tact. To have discovered him out of the mass of parliamentary mediocrities, and to have made him pliable to his absolute and inflexible will, is the merit of the Emperor alone.

We must add to this sketch that the private life of Rouher, as well as his personal honor, have never in the remotest degree been subjected to the criticisms of the enemies of the empire.—*From Daheim.*

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Popular Journal, London.

SINGULAR FULFILMENT OF A PREDICTION.

In the year 1788, Eugene Cazotte supped with a distinguished party of

guests at the house of the Duchess de Grammont. He sat silent at one end of the table, staring at his half-empty glass, and only rousing from his reverie when the victory of philosophy over "religious superstition" was too jactantly announced. Suddenly he sprang up, leant over the table, and said in a hollow voice, and with pallid cheeks:

"You have reason to congratulate yourselves, gentlemen, for you will all be witness of the great and sublime revolution which you so eagerly desire. As you are aware that I understand something about prophesying, be good enough to listen to me. You, M. Condorcet, will give up the ghost lying on the floor of a subterranean dungeon; you, M. N—, will die of poison; and you, M. N—, by the executioner's hand."

On hearing this strange outbreak, all began protesting that prison, poison, and executioner, had nothing in common with philosophy and the sovereignty of reason, on whose speedy approach the soothsayer had just congratulated them; but Cazotte coldly continued:

"And all this, I tell you, will happen in the name of reason, humanity, and philosophy. All I have announced will take place when reason is the sole ruler, and has its temples."

"In any case," Chamfort retorted, "you will not be one of the priests of that temple."

"Not I, M. de Chamfort; but you assuredly will, for you deserve to be chosen before all for such functions. For all that, you will open your veins in two-and-twenty places with a razor, and will not die till some months after that desperate operation. As for you, M. Vicq d' Azyr, it is true that the gout will prevent you opening your veins, but you will have them opened by another person six times in the same day, and die during the following night. You, M. de Nicolai, will die on the scaffold; and so will you, M. de Malesherbes!"

"Thank Heaven!" Richer exclaimed, "M. Cazotte only owes a grudge to the Académie."

But Cazotte quickly continued:

"You, too, M. Richer, will die on the scaffold; and those who are preparing such a destiny for yourself and the rest of the company here present are all philosophers like you."

"And when will all these fine things happen?" some one asked.

"Within six years from to-day."

Every one acquainted with the history of the French Revolution will perceive how exactly the prophecy was fulfilled.

Macmillan's Magazine.

THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN OF THE MIDDLE AND UPPER CLASSES.

BY MILLICENT GARRETT FAWCETT.

At a time, like the present, when the education of the people is engaging so much attention, and when it becomes daily more evident from speeches delivered both in and out of the House of Commons, by men of all political creeds, that the reform and extension of national education will assume, in the future, supreme importance, it seems not inappropriate that something should be said regarding the education of women.

When such phrases as "national education," and "the education of the people," are made use of, it is usually implied that they mean the extension of education to the working classes; and it is also implied when the reform of national education is spoken of, that the only part of the nation whose education is neglected, and which therefore needs reform, is that part which receives the designation of "the lower orders." We think that the education of women in the middle and upper classes is at least as important, almost as much neglected, and that it needs even more strenuous efforts to effect reform in it. For scarcely any one now openly opposes, in theory, the education of the poor; but with regard to women, before substantial and national reform is effected in their education, an immense amount of opposition, prejudice, and undisguised hostility must be overcome.

Let it therefore be considered what is the present state of education among women of the upper and middle classes: what are the results of such education: what reforms it is desirable to introduce: and what results may be expected from them. We will first endeavor to give a fair representation of the education girls usually receive, and then proceed to enumerate some of the consequences to which such an education inevitably leads. A girl, between the ages of twelve and

seventeen, generally gives from five to seven hours a day to study. This time is devoted chiefly to music, French, German, and sometimes Latin, and to committing to memory and repeating the ordinary school-lessons; a very small portion of her time is given to arithmetic, or rather to cyphering. If this list of studies is analyzed and examined, it is found that a girl usually spends her time, not in learning music, but in acquiring dexterity in playing upon the piano; not in studying language, but in obtaining conversational fluency in French and perhaps German; and, with regard to the ordinary school-lessons, the object of these seems to be, to cultivate not the understanding but the memory. The cyphering is still worse: it is seldom that a girl has the advantage of being taught arithmetic well, and it is almost an unknown thing for her ever to enter upon the far higher intellectual study of mathematics. To the loss of the discipline which this great science affords the mind may be attributed the defects so common in a woman's intellect, as to be by many considered inherent in it, viz. a certain looseness of thought and incapability of close logical reasoning.

It must not be supposed that we at all despise the above-mentioned accomplishments, of facility in playing upon a musical instrument, the power of conversing in a foreign language, and strength of memory; on the contrary, we consider all of these most charming and useful appendages to a cultivated mind. But they do not form a substitute for education, and no one can pursue them to the exclusion of real mental training without bringing on themselves great, nay, irreparable loss.

At many schools, girls are now taught either a little botany or a little geology. But what does this really amount to? It is contrary to the first principles of women's education to teach them anything scientifically; so the young lady botanist is generally a mere collector of plants, and geology is reduced to the power of repeating by heart the names of the various rocks to be found in the earth's crust, together with a knowledge of some geologist's opinion as to whether they are igneous or aqueous, and to a vague impression that the first chapter of Genesis does not contain all that it is

desirable to know about the creation of the world. When we hear from men whose education and mental faculties have enabled them really to pursue astronomy, botany, chemistry, or geology, scientifically, that these studies afford to them an unparalleled amount of the highest intellectual happiness, we cannot but regret that access to these branches of knowledge is practically denied to women through the superficiality of their education.

The effect of this lack of mental training in women has been to produce such a deterioration in their intellects as, in some measure, to justify the widely-spread opinion that they are innately possessed of less powerful minds than men, that they are incapable of the highest mental culture, that they are born illogical, created more impetuous and rash than men. This it is at present, owing to the want of education amongst women, impossible absolutely to disprove. If this inferiority really exists, society must abide the consequences; but in this case, surely, everything which education could do should be done to produce in women the highest mental development of which they are capable; whereas, the present system of education heightens and aggravates the difference between the intellectual acquirements of men and women.

The belief, however, in the innate inferiority of women's minds, though it is impossible for want of sufficient data to prove its absurdity, we do not for one instant hold. All reasoning from analogy points to the fallacy of such a belief. There is no marked difference in the minds and characters of male and female children. When they are all in the nursery together the stereotyped characteristics, in the boys of caution and sound judgment, in the girls of impetuosity and excitability, are not observable. On the contrary, I have frequently noticed more difference in character and disposition between two boys of the same family, than exists between either of them and one of their sisters; and when in the members of a family there is a marked and invariable difference between the two sexes, it is sometimes amusing to find the little girls manly, and the little boys what is usually called girlish. All this, however, changes as soon as the

divergence of a girl's from a boy's education begins to exert its influence. Let any man, however gifted and whatever intellectual distinction he may have attained, consider what the state of his mind would have been, had he been subjected to the treatment which ninety-nine out of a hundred of the women of his acquaintance have undergone. He probably, from the time he was ten years old, or younger, had the advantage of possessing a real stimulus to mental exertion; he has spent years probably at some great school where there were many rewards in the shape of exhibitions and scholarships given to those boys who distinguished themselves by special proficiency, and where he has perhaps been taught by such men as Arnold, Temple, or Kennedy. At eighteen or nineteen, he probably went to one of the universities, where not only great and almost unparalleled distinction is the reward of the most highly gifted, but where intellects of not extraordinary powers are capable, by perseverance, of carrying off valuable pecuniary prizes. But a far higher advantage than any pecuniary prize can afford is possessed by the university student; at Oxford and Cambridge, and at the Scotch universities, the highest branches of knowledge may be studied under the guidance of men whose scientific fame is European, and all the enthusiasm with which genius in the teacher can inspire the pupil is thus awakened. But these pecuniary and educational advantages are not the only benefits which a young man derives from a university training. Many men, who have not sufficient intellectual power to obtain the former or appreciate the latter, nevertheless would not be justified in thinking that the years they have spent at Oxford or Cambridge have been thrown away. The social and moral advantages conferred by free intercourse among young men of all shades of character, talent, and position cannot be easily exaggerated. Friendships, which last through life, are thus frequently formed; and many lessons are thus learned which are never forgotten, and which no other teaching could have imparted. Nor, in enumerating the benefits to be derived from a university life, must the inspiring and ennobling associations be forgotten which are

always connected with an ancient seat of learning.

We have now mentioned some of the principal educational and social advantages which form part of the mental training of a large proportion of the young men of the middle and upper classes. What a contrast does the education of girls in the same social position present! They can by no possibility obtain any pecuniary stimulus to mental exertion, neither do they share with boys the immense advantage of being the pupils of the foremost minds of the age. At about eighteen, when a boy is just beginning his university career, a girl is supposed to have "completed her education." She is too often practically debarred from further intellectual progress by entering into a society where pleasure, in the shape of balls, fêtes, &c., engrosses all her time; or, hers being a country life, and it being her supposed duty to be what is called domesticated, she devotes her life to fancy needlework, or to doing badly the work of a curate, a nurse, or a cook. If she does attempt to carry on her education by means of reading, many almost insuperable difficulties beset her. For example, she probably finds it nearly impossible to secure her time against those who consider any sort of idleness better for a woman than mental culture; she also has to endure the reproach which a woman incurs when she exhibits a wish to quit the ignorance to which society has consigned her. It may be denied that a woman does incur reproach by desiring to improve herself; but there is implied contempt in the term "blue-stocking," though this originally meant simply an intellectual or learned woman; and the epithet "strong-minded," though anything in itself but uncomplimentary, is considered highly condemnatory when applied to a woman.

The principal reform, therefore, which it is desirable to carry out in women's education is their admittance to all the sources of mental and moral development from which they have hitherto been excluded. Let all, both men and women, have equal chances of maturing such intellect as God has given them. Let those institutions which were originally intended to provide an education for girls as well as boys be restored to what their founders intended. Christ's Hospital is

a glaring instance of the very secondary importance which is attached to the instruction of girls. It was originally an educational establishment for the purpose of maintaining and teaching a certain number of boys and girls. It is now a great and flourishing boys' school. It gives to about 1,200 boys, free of all expense, a regular public school education—it has produced some of our most distinguished scholars and men of letters. Scarcely any one knows that there is an endowed girls' school connected with this establishment; it has been for some years moved out of London, and maintains about forty girls, and trains them as domestic servants. Gross as are the facts of this case, it does not stand alone in its culpable neglect of women's education. Many charitable institutions, for the purpose of providing an asylum for a certain specified number of old men and women, were endowed with land which was not at the time considered more than sufficient to provide for their support. Owing to the immense increase in the value of land, the property of these charities has been found much more than adequate to fulfil the intentions of their founders. The surplus property has frequently been appropriated to found, not schools for boys and girls, but schools for boys only. It is indisputably unjust, the property having been left for the benefit of both sexes, that one sex only should reap the advantage of its increased value.

We should therefore wish to see equal educational advantages given to both sexes; to open all the professions to women; and, if they prove worthy of them, to allow them to share with men all those distinctions, intellectual, literary, and political, which are such valuable incentives to mental and moral progress. The University of Cambridge was the first learned body that took an important step in the reform of women's education, by admitting girls to its local examinations. The importance of this as a first step can hardly be exaggerated; it has been attended by none of those evil consequences which its original opponents so greatly feared; on the contrary, it has worked with such success that those who at first were most opposed to it are now some of its most ardent upholders. We trust, however, that Cambridge will not be content to rest here, but that, in the fu-

ture, some scheme will be carried into operation, by means of which women could, with perfect propriety, become graduates of the University. I believe few, even university men, are aware how easily this could be accomplished at Cambridge. The only condition which the University of Cambridge imposes on students prior to their passing their examinations are, that they keep a certain term of residence, and that they should attend professors' lectures. Now, residence may be kept in two ways; either by entering at some college, in which case residence is kept either within its walls or in lodgings; or by residing in the house of some Master of Arts who has licensed his house as a "hostel." In this latter manner, residence may be kept by students without their ever setting foot within the walls of a college. There would, therefore, be no difficulty or impropriety in ladies fulfilling the conditions of residence imposed by the University; any married Master of Arts who is living at Cambridge could, by obtaining from the Vice-Chancellor the necessary license, convert his house into a hostel, and his sons or daughters, by residence in it, and by attending professors' lectures, would do all that the University requires of students previous to their passing, or trying to pass their examinations. Of course it would be exceptionally easy for those ladies to keep residence whose fathers are Masters of Art living at Cambridge; but there would be no conceivable danger or impropriety in allowing a respectable married M. A. to license his house as a hostel for girls not so favorably situated. The difficulty of residence, therefore, which many people regard as insuperable, being thus disposed of, what remains? Simply attendance at professors' lectures, and the admittance of girls to the examinations which the University imposes on those who are desirous of obtaining degrees. As for attendance at professors' lectures, so many ladies in Cambridge already do attend them, that it is unnecessary to say that there is no difficulty whatever in their doing so. It is no uncommon thing in Cambridge for a professor to have a course of lectures largely and regularly attended by ladies.

The opening of all the university examinations to girls is therefore the only

remaining hindrance to the possibility of their obtaining a degree which has not been here discussed. One examination has been opened to them, and with great success. The Cambridge local examinations have been held at Cambridge, and boys and girls have both been examined there, in different rooms, but at the same time, without the least difficulty or inconvenience resulting; and if it is safe and practicable thus to examine boys and girls of sixteen or seventeen years of age, what are the insuperable difficulties which attend their examination at nineteen and twenty-one?

In these days religious disabilities are fast becoming obsolete; we trust that university reformers will not rest satisfied with their downfall, but will continue the attack with even increased vigor against sexual disabilities, which inflict even greater injuries upon society by entirely excluding from the university those to whom her training would be so highly beneficial.

The results of such reform as is above suggested would be in time so vast and manifold, that it is impossible to give here any but a general survey of them.

To describe the consequences of this increased diffusion of sound mental training in a few words, we conceive that it would add as much as any other proposed reform to the general happiness and welfare of mankind. In the first place, every woman who had had the advantage of sound mental training, could make the best possible use of her special faculties or talent, simply because education would have discovered what those faculties or talents were, and with this assistance she would have a much greater chance than at present of finding and occupying her proper sphere. For woman's—the same as man's—sphere is precisely that situation in which she is doing the highest and best work of which she is capable. This is a high standard, and one which, with every advantage society can afford, is too frequently found unattainable; nevertheless, it is one to which all educational schemes should aspire, and their approach to, or neglect of it, should be deemed the only valid test of worth.

We also confidently believe that with the possession of mental culture and development women would gain much of

that public spirit and sense of the importance of public duties, the lack of which now so frequently pains us. It could no longer then be said with impunity in a public place—and it was said last year in the House of Commons—that a woman, if she had a vote, would sell it to the man who could offer her the highest bribe; and we should then no longer hear, what was far worse, this accusation smilingly acknowledged to be just, at least of themselves individually, by women on whom the important social duty had devolved of training the tender minds of children, and implanting in them the first and frequently indelible impressions of their duty to God and man.

Of those who say that education will unfit women to fulfil the duties of wives and mothers, we ask if ignorance—call it simplicity if you will—and an utter incapability of comprehending the chief interests of her husband's life are qualities which so eminently conduce to domestic happiness. Or, is a want of education the thing of all others which it is desirable to foster in those who have the charge of children. A mother, to be a good mother, ought to have it in her power not only to attend to the physical wants of her children, but to train and direct their minds during their childhood, and, when they have reached man or womanhood, either to have a community of interests with them, or if that be from difference of disposition impossible, to be capable of affording them that sympathy which an uncultivated mind can never feel for one from which it differs. We do not say that a good education invariably produces these good results, but the want of it, we believe, is in almost all cases the cause of that want of communion and sympathy which is too common between a mother and her children.

It would also be a considerable pecuniary advantage if married women were able to assist their husbands in their business or profession. Of course, there are cases where this would be impracticable; but there are hundreds of cases where, if the woman had been properly trained, she could with great ease render the most valuable assistance to her husband. Take the case of an architect in large practice; he probably is either

greatly overworked, or is forced to employ a considerable number of paid assistants; while his wife, unless she happened to have a very large family, or was otherwise incapacitated, would be, in most cases, a wiser, healthier, and happier woman if she were in the habit of working some hours a day in his office. If women were accustomed to enter into this sort of partnership with their husbands they could also carry on his business or profession in case of his sickness or death: in the latter case, the burden of a heavy life insurance, which a thoughtful husband feels bound to lay upon himself in order to form some provision for his family, would be rendered to a great extent unnecessary, and much destitution and misery would be avoided. Widows and unmarried women with property frequently suffer most severe pecuniary loss through their entire ignorance of business, which often renders it necessary for their trustees to invest their money otherwise than to the greatest advantage, and which, if they have the control of their own property, frequently makes them the dupes of unprincipled speculators.

Important, however, as is the claim of married women to an improved education, the burden of an ill-cultivated mind falls much heavier on unmarried women, for they are as devoid as married women of general interests, without having an occupation found for them in the direction of a household, or the care of children. We hardly know on which portion of this large class the injustice of their position weighs most heavily—on those who earn their own living, or on those who do not. The former frequently find themselves, without any previous warning, without a home or means of subsistence; they are forced to do something to earn a livelihood, and there is usually no hesitation in the minds of themselves or their friends as to what they had better do. There is but one occupation open to them; true, it is already frightfully over-stocked, and they are not improbably eminently unfitted to become teachers, but whether by following this occupation they have a reasonable chance of providing for old age or sickness or not, whether they are fitted for the position or not, they must be governesses. All the professions are

hermetically sealed against women, and therefore a woman who supported herself by teaching would not gain much if she did contrive to save 200*l.* or 300*l.*, for she would be unable to use this money to apprentice herself, with a view to entering any of the professions. It is true that one woman has obtained the degree of L.S.A. and that she is now in practice in London, but the door through which she entered the profession has since been closed, for fear other women should follow her example; as indeed they were showing little hesitation in doing. As the case stands at present, therefore, a lady, unless she has special talents as an artist, an actress, or a singer, cannot earn enough to support herself except by teaching, which of all businesses requires in those who undertake it special moral and mental qualifications, wanting which it is eminently disagreeable to the teacher and unprofitable to those who are taught.

There is another consideration also which makes the case of women who are forced to take up this occupation peculiarly hard. As it is the only employment which is open to ladies of commonplace education and acquirements, it is very much over-crowded, and the remuneration in it is therefore excessively low. I have no hesitation in saying that nine governesses out of ten, even if they are in regular employment, find it impossible to save enough out of their earnings to provide for sickness and old age. The consequence is, that, unless they marry, they are forced in old age to be to a great extent dependent on private or public charity.

The other unmarried women in the middle and upper classes—those who possess full control of their time, and who are independent of their own exertions for a living—suffer equally with the above from the want of education. Though it entails on them no serious pecuniary loss, or what is usually called hardship, yet their very exemption from toil makes them more dependent on their own mental resources. As it is, they bring to a life so idle, as in itself to be highly dangerous to mental activity, a mind so ill-trained and ill-stored that they either succumb at once to the terrible dulness of their lives, or they perhaps seek fictitious relief in those

pursuits and amusements which are characteristic of the "fast" young lady. The better sort, those who if they had been well educated would have achieved something in life, resolutely set apart some portion of each day for solid reading; but this reading is nearly always of the most desultory character, and though it is much better than nothing, it goes further towards storing the memory with facts than strengthening and developing the mind. It is not too much to say that one of the great curses of society is the enforced idleness of such a large proportion of its members as is formed by the women who have nothing to do. We say enforced idleness, for we believe it to be enforced by bad education. When it is considered how many people are over-worked, how many are underfed, and how precious a boon leisure is when it is rest from labor, we do say that society cannot afford to maintain a large and increasing class in absolute idleness. The leisure which is so pernicious to these women, properly distributed, would take much of the hardship from toil, and would greatly increase the happiness of mankind; whereas, when it is concentrated on the lives of individuals it loses all its value, and becomes as great a curse to its possessor as the want of it is to the over-worked laborer. But if society stands in need of the labor of women, it stands much more in need of their purity and unselfishness, their heroism and public spirit, which are at present too rare. If this is not the case, what is the meaning of the taunts which the keenest observers of mankind—such as Fielding, Thackeray, and Dickens—cast upon women? They constantly portray them either as unprincipled schemers, or as affectionate fools. There is too much justice in these sarcasms for us to put them aside as meaningless. George Eliot has, it is true, given us many a type of noble womanhood; but we cannot afford to neglect the lessons of our censors, and if we are forced to the conclusion that the present training of women tends to produce creatures like Becky Sharp or Amelia Osborne, it is the duty of all who care for the welfare of mankind to strive earnestly after every reform that may effect an improvement in that

training. The first thing to be sought is education, and we are glad that in this direction by far the greatest advance has been made in the position of women, by the opening to girls of the Cambridge local examinations; for following close upon improved education must come the extension to women of those legal, social, and political rights, the withholding of which is felt, by a daily increasing number of men and women, to be unworthy of the civilization of the nineteenth century.

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Dublin University Magazine.

IMPOSTURE AND CREDULITY.

"Doubtless the pleasure is as great
Of being cheated as to cheat."

—HUDIBRAS.

If we are to judge by the avidity with which men in all ages have swallowed, and still continue to swallow the most palpable deceptions, we must conclude that the aphorism we have prefixed to our present article, is not, as the satiric poet intended, a mere jest, but a positive fact. Many people, not very deep thinkers, who are half induced by sophistical statements to doubt the genuineness of the Books of Moses, are more than half convinced of the spiritual endowments of Mr. Hume. It is in vain to remind them that no rational or useful discovery has yet established itself through the agency of these self-elected *medii*. That the means are unworthy of the supposed end, and that no definite end has yet been propounded or attained. Very little evidence is required, even in this enlightened age, to give currency to an adroit juggle, a bold imposture, an ingenious guess, an accidental solution of an apparent difficulty, or an assumption of peculiar gifts. We verily believe that another Cock-lane ghost would draw a congregation, and a second Joanna Southcote would find followers.

Some living ancients are old enough to remember that noted fortune teller, Mrs. Williams, whose levee was attended by all classes, high and low, from the duchess to the kitchen-maid, and whose predictions were long considered as oracular as the Sibylline books. She drove a flourishing trade for many

years, asking and receiving from ten shillings to ten guineas a visit, according to the means and station of the inquirer. Moore tells us in the life of Lord Byron, that in the summer of 1801, when the noble poet was at Cheltenham with his mother, he being then a boy of thirteen, this artful schemer being consulted by Mrs. Byron, pronounced a prediction concerning him which for some time left a strong impression on his mind. "Mrs. Byron endeavored to pass herself off as a maiden lady. The sibyl, however, was not so easily deceived; she pronounced her wise consultor to be not only a married woman, but the mother of a son who was lame, and to whom, amongst other evils which she read in the stars, it was predestined that his life should be in danger from poison before he was of age; and that he should be twice married—the second time to a foreign lady." Moore adds, "About two years afterwards Lord Byron himself mentioned these particulars to the person from whom I heard the story, and said that the thought of the first part of the prophecy very often occurred to him. The latter part, however, seems to have been the *nearer* guess of the two." We ourselves knew three or four elderly ladies, in our young days, who said they had been induced to consult Mrs. Williams, and related wondrous stories of the manner in which she had astonished them by revelations concerning themselves which they thought it impossible she could have hit upon by mere chance-guessing. Perhaps, like Cadwallader, in *Peregrine Pickle*, she had confederates, or "touters," who played into her hand, and conveyed *a priori* information relative to her intended visitors, the questions they proposed to ask, and the answers they wished to receive.

In Reginald Scot's "Discoverie of Witchcraft," a curious old quarto published as far back as A.D. 1584, we find an amusing anecdote of an old beldam, in one of the southern counties, who cured everything, barrenness in matrons, croup and smallpox in children, murrain in cattle, rot in sheep, pigs, and poultry, toothache, earache, headache, and all the physical ills that flesh is heir to. Her fee was always a penny and

a small loaf, on receipt of which she mumbled some jargon as an infallible charm. Being at last suspected of dealings with the Evil One, and in imminent danger of the horsepond and tar barrel, she confessed that her one invariable specific consisted in repeating the following harmless couplet:—

"My loaf in my hand, and my penny in my purse,
I am all the better, and you are none the worse."

Sir Walter Scott's "Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft," originally published in Murray's Family Library, one of the great novelist's latest but not most vigorous compositions, contain many curious instances of concert and detected imposture, and also of the strange hallucinations by which diseased, temporarily-disturbed, or imaginative minds have sometimes deceived themselves. He himself relates that he fancied he saw the apparition of Lord Byron, soon after the noble bard's decease, in his own house, at Abbotsford. The account runs thus: "Not long after the death of a late illustrious poet, who had filled, while living, a great station in the eye of the public, a literary friend, to whom he had been well known, was engaged, during the darkening twilight of an autumn evening, in perusing one of the publications which professed to detail the habits and opinions of the distinguished individual who was now no more. As the reader had enjoyed the intimacy of the deceased to a considerable degree, he was deeply interested in the publication, which contained some particulars relating to himself and other friends. A visitor was sitting in the apartment, who was also engaged in reading. Their sitting-room opened into an entrance-hall, rather fantastically fitted up with articles of armor, skins of wild animals, and the like. It was when laying down his book, and passing into this hall, through which the moon was beginning to shine, that the individual of whom I speak saw right before him, and in a standing posture, the exact representation of his departed friend, whose recollection had been so strongly brought to his imagination. He stopped for a single moment so as

to notice the wonderful accuracy with which fancy had impressed upon the bodily eye the peculiarities of dress and posture of the illustrious writer. Sensible, however, of the delusion, he felt no sentiment save that of wonder at the extraordinary accuracy of the resemblance, and stepped onwards towards the figure, which resolved itself, as he approached, into the various materials of which it was composed. These were merely a screen, occupied by great coats, shawls, plaids, and such other articles as are usually found in a country entrance-hall. The spectator returned to the spot from which he had seen the illusion, and endeavored, with all his power, to recall the image which had been so singularly vivid. But this was beyond his capacity; and the person who had witnessed the apparition, or more properly, whose excited state had been the means of raising it, had only to retire into the apartment, and tell his young friend under what a striking hallucination he had for a moment labored." Sir Walter spoke of the strange incident, at the time, without reserve; and there could be no doubt it was a very remarkable deception of the optical powers. Many authentic ghost stories rest on the same class of evidence. In this category we should feel inclined to include the spectral head which haunted the late Earl Grey, but that it repeated its appearances, and, as we have heard or read, was also seen by other members of his family.

Many persons who are not at all given to superstition, have, nevertheless, feelings of weakness they cannot entirely subdue. Some consider a squint unlucky, and would not willingly retain a servant with obliquity of vision. Few like to sit down to dinner with a company of thirteen; and no sailor would commence a voyage on Friday if he could help it. In all ages and countries, up to a comparatively recent period, and under every degree of civilization, a belief in witchcraft, sorcery, and astrology has been prevalent. Strong and highly cultivated minds have bowed under this conviction. Amongst them we may enumerate Luther, Bacon, and Dr. Johnson. When the inquisitive Boswell asked

the great lexicographer what witches properly meant, "Why, sir," replied he, "they properly mean those who make use of the aid of evil spirits." Boswell—"There is no doubt, sir, a general report and belief of their having existed." Johnson—"Sir, you have not only the general report and belief, but you have many voluntary, solemn confessions." In his *Folio Dictionary* he defines "Witch—a woman given to unlawful acts."

Addison, on the other hand, takes a less decided view. He says (*Spectator*, No. 117): "When I consider the question, whether there are such persons in the world as those we call witches, my mind is divided between the two opposite opinions; or rather, to speak my thoughts freely, I believe in general that there is, and has been such a thing as witchcraft; but at the same time can give no credit to any particular instance of it;" and he concludes the paper with a sort of apology for professors of the unholy art. "When an old woman begins to dote, and grows chargeable to a parish, she is generally turned into a witch, and fills the whole country with extravagant fancies, imaginary distempers, and terrifying dreams. In the meantime, the poor wretch that is the innocent occasion of so many evils begins to be frightened at herself, and sometimes confesses secret commerce and familiarities that her imagination forms in a delirious old age. This frequently cuts off charity from the greatest objects of compassion, and inspires people with a malevolence towards those poor decrepit parts of our species in whom human nature is defaced by infirmity and dotage."

This is all very well as special pleading in defence, and in some instances may be founded in fact; but we have no doubt that many astute female practitioners, not at all in their dotage or under particular persecution, have chosen witchcraft as a lucrative calling, and have extracted from the credulity, fears, or ignorant superstition of their neighbors, a very comfortable and consoling income. The profit was immediate; the probability of detection and its consequences remote. Current credit will always carry the day against possible or even probable exposure.

Hence the great inducement to all the *commercial* bubbles which float on the surface of society in our present year of grace, and have superseded the more palpable juggleries of the middle ages. An educated citizen of the world, Anno Domini 1865, who laughs at the credulity of his grandmother, in going to have her fortune told by Mrs. Williams, or in putting faith in a dream or prediction, believes with unbounded confidence in joint stock, limited liability companies and their promoters, and dreams of a realized El Dorado, until awakened from his "baseless vision" by the bare but substantial walls of Whitecross-street, and the ruin and confiscation of the Court of Bankruptcy. The present enlightened age looks back with contempt on mediæval Europe as utterly given over to ignorance and superstition, but affords daily, hourly instances of gullibility, calculated to disturb our remote ancestors in their graves, and to throw into the shade all that man's crafty and tortuous devices have heretofore imagined against his unsuspecting brethren. And still more strange is it that as fast as one gudgeon is hooked and strangled, another gorges the bait with equal greediness, although he sees his late companion of the calm water whirling and writhing in the air. It is useless to moralize on facts so numerous and palpable. There they are, but they pass by almost unheeded, scarcely exciting a partial notice, "and overcome us like a summer cloud, without our special wonder."

It is surely not credible that witches should have effected what they are said in tales and legends to have done. Yet wise and great men have condemned witches to die. All mankind, in rude and civilized ages, have agreed in the agency of preternatural powers. The Act of Parliament which some suppose was intended to put an end to witchcraft, was passed, as Dr. Johnson said, to prevent persecution for what was not witchcraft. Men had ceased to believe in it; why and exactly when, we cannot tell, as we cannot tell the reason of many other things. Our British Solomon, King James, who was a staunch believer in the supernatural, classifies its professors. He says, in his *Demonology*, "Magicians command the devils,

witches are their servants." This opinion found many followers.

Robert Burton, author of the "*Anatomy of Melancholy*," who had in his strange cranium more quaint, crude, and useless learning than even William Prynne, dilates *con gusto* on the doings of witches, and gives a long list of erudite sages, in all times and countries, who have either believed or repudiated those recorded miracles. Henderson, the actor, who died in 1785, was also a bibliomaniac. His peculiar taste led him to the accumulation of everything he could lay hands on, on the subject of necromancy and witchcraft in all their branches. His collection in this line, sold after his decease, was considered unique, until entirely cast into the shade by that of Heber, dispersed in 1834.

The word *witch* is derived, according to Dr. Johnson, from the Saxon *wicca*. Pullen gives it from the Dutch, *witchelen*, which signifies whining and neighing like a horse; in a secondary sense also, to foretell and prophesy; because the Germans, as Tacitus informs us, used to divine and foretell things to come by the neighing of their horses. His words are, *hinnitu et fremitu*.

The Sabbath of witches was supposed to be a nocturnal assembly on a Saturday, in which the devil was said to appear in the shape of a goat, round whom they danced and enacted magical ceremonies. They had caldrons into which they cast various loathsome ingredients, shrieking and uttering hideous noises. Shakespeare has made ample use of this in "*Macbeth*." A cat, an animal held in reverence by the ancient Egyptians and Romans, was the indispensable medium of communication between witches and their familiar spirits. Knighton mentions persons accused of keeping devils in the shape of cats. A witch who was tried about fifty years before Shakespeare's time, was said to have had a cat named Rutterkin, and when any mischief was to be done, she would bid Rutterkin "go and fly." The witch herself, when she took the air for business or pleasure, rode on a broomstick, previously endowed with locomotive property by being rubbed with a peculiar ointment. Witches were particularly malicious to pigs. One of Shakespeare's hags says she has been killing swine. Dr. Hars-

nett, in his "Declaration of Popish Impostures," printed in 1603, says that in his time "a sow could not be ill of the measles, or a girl of the sullens, but some old woman was charged with witchcraft." Toads were long reproached as abettors of the black art. When Vannius, or Vanini, was seized at Toulouse, there was found in his lodgings "a great toad, shut in a phial," upon which his persecutors immediately denounced him as a wizard. For this, rather than for the atheism in his work entitled *De admirandis Naturæ arcanis*, he was burnt in 1619. When brought to the stake, a priest, or official in attendance, desired him to ask "pardon of God, of the King, and of justice." The hardened maniac replied, "I don't believe in God, I never offended the King, and I wish justice was at the devil." A contradiction of his own system; a man who denies a great Creator cannot seriously give credit to an arch destroyer.

We still see horse-shoes, owls, hawks, &c., nailed on the doors of old barns. These supposed charms against sorcery were used even in pagan times, and date back to the Romans. Persons accused of witchcraft have been subjected to the most barbarous and unrelenting punishments. In thousands of cases, the victims, often quite innocent, were burnt alive, while others were drowned by the test applied. If, on being thrown into a pond, they did not sink, they were pronounced witches, and either stoned on the spot or reserved for the stake. Five hundred witches were burnt at Genoa, in three months, in 1515. One thousand in the diocese of Como, in a year. An incredible number in France, about 1520, when one sorcerer confessed to having 1200 associates. More than 100,000 perished, mostly by the flames in Germany. Grandeis, the parish priest of Loudan, in France, was burnt on a charge of having bewitched a whole convent of nuns, A.D. 1634. In Bretagne, twenty poor women were put to death as witches in 1654. Maria Renata was burnt at Wurtzburg, 1749. At Kalisch, in Poland, nine old women were burnt in January, 1775. And so recently as 1802, five were condemned by the Bramins, in Patna, for sorcery, and executed.

In England, under the reign of Henry the Eighth, A.D. 1541, a statute was enacted declaring all witchcraft and sorcery to be felony, without benefit of clergy. Again, in the 5th of Elizabeth and first of James. Barrington estimates the judicial murders for witchcraft in England, in two hundred years, at 30,000. Sir Matthew Hale burnt two persons for witchcraft in 1664. Three thousand suffered for this imputed crime under the Long Parliament. Northamptonshire and Huntingdon preserved the superstition longer than any other counties. Two pretended witches were executed at Northampton in 1705, while the *Spectator* was in course of publication in London, and five others some years afterwards. In 1716, Mrs. Hicks and her daughter, a child of nine years of age, were hanged as witches at Huntingdon. In Scotland thousands suffered. The last was at Dornoch, in 1722. The laws against witchcraft had lain dormant for many years, when an ignorant or malicious person attempting to revive them by finding a bill against a poor old woman in Surrey, they were formally repealed, in the tenth year of George the Second, A.D. 1736.

Examples bearing upon the subject of which we are now treating crowd upon us in numbers that would speedily fill a volume. Let us endeavor to select a few of the most remarkable and least familiar. Martin Delrio, in the sixteenth century, put forth a curious compilation in Latin, which has never been translated, called *Disquisitiones Magicæ*. Burton frequently quotes from it, as a book of authority. Here follow five samples of the staple of which it is composed. 1. Clemens Romanus, one of the early fathers, of the Church, said to have been contemporary with St. Paul, and fourth Bishop of Rome, records of Simon Magus,—the same who is spoken of in Acts, ch. 8,—that he framed a man out of the air; that he became invisible as often as he pleased; he animated statues; stood unhurt in the midst of flames; sometimes he would appear with two faces, as another Janus, and change himself into a sheep or goat; and at other times would fly in the air. That he commanded a scythe to mow of its own accord, and that it mowed down ten times more grass than

any other. When Selene, a celebrated courtesan, was shut up in a tower, and thousands of people went to see her, and had surrounded the castle with that object, he caused her face to show itself out at every window at the same time. To which Anastasius Nicenus adds, that when he pleased he would seem all made of gold; sometimes a serpent or other reptile. In feasts he exhibited all kinds of spectres, made dishes come to the table without any visible servant, and caused many shadows to go before him, which he gave out were the souls of persons deceased. Perhaps he did as much of all these marvels as are not invented or exaggerated, through what moderns understand by the term phantasmagoria. Josephus also mentions a Simon, who pretended to be a magician, and was employed by Felix, procurator of Judæa, to persuade the beautiful Drusilla, sister to King Agrippa, to forsake her husband, Azizus, King of Emesa, and marry him. Either through sorcery or lawful eloquence he succeeded in his mission; but it is not agreed by learned commentators whether there were two impostors named Simon, or only one.

2. Flavius Philostratus, a celebrated sophist of Lemnos, or, as some say, of Athens, came to Rome towards the end of the second century, under the patronage of the Empress Julia Domna, wife of Septimius Severus, equally celebrated for her beauty, learning, and debauchery. Very few of the Imperial consorts of Rome were ripe scholars, and a still smaller number failed to obtain high degrees in the college of vice. Julia confided to Philostratus all the papers in her possession, containing memoirs or anecdotes of Apollonius Tyanensis, with orders to mould them into a history. This "Life" has reached our times, and is written with elegance, but so loaded with fabulous details that they can scarcely be considered more authentic than the "Arabian Nights." According to his biographer, this Apollonius professed the philosophy of Pythagoras, with which he combined magic and sorcery. Being at Rome, and in the presence of the Emperor Domitian, and by him commanded to be bound hand and foot, he suddenly disappeared and vanished out of the

sight of all then present, being at the same moment hurried to Puteoli, to keep a former appointment with some he had promised to meet there. He had the knowledge of things done at a great distance in the very moment of their performance. The day and hour that Domitian was killed at Rome by Stephanus and other conspirators, the philosopher was delivering a public lecture in the city of Ephesus, to a very numerous company of auditors; suddenly, as one amazed, he made a pause in his discourse, and continued several moments without speaking a word. He then cried out aloud, "Courage, Stephanus! Strike the villain hard! Thou hast stricken him; thou hast wounded him; thou hast slain him!" News arrived in due course that the Emperor was assassinated on that same day and at the exact hour. Hierocles, a persecutor of the Christians under Diocletian, whose writings were edited, with a learned dissertation, by Bishop Pearson, in 1654, preferred the miracles of Apollonius to those of Christ. So did Tacitus, a much greater and abler authority, with regard to the imputed supernatural acts of Vespasian.

3. Wenceslaus, son to the Emperor Charles the Fourth, married Sophia, the Duke of Bavaria's daughter. When the union was to be solemnized, the Duke, knowing that his son-in-law delighted in magical tricks, sent to Prague for a wagon-load of conjurors. While the most skilful among them were studying for some rare and unusual illusion, Wenceslaus's magician, called Zyto, who had sneaked in and hid himself in the crowd, suddenly appeared, with his mouth, as it seemed, cloven on both sides, and open to his very ears. He pounced upon the Duke's chief necromancer, and swallowed him up bodily, in his clothes as he stood, spitting out only his shoes, because they were dirty, and studded with large nails. He then vomited him up again into a huge cistern of water, and brought him in wringing wet, to the infinite delight of the whole company. The tale is gravely related, says Delrio, in the history of Bohemia, written by Dubravius, Bishop of Olmutz. This Zyto assumed now one face, now another, and heightened or diminished his stature at pleasure.

When the king was carried in a litter with horses, Zyto seemed to follow him in another drawn by cocks. When at the royal table, he played strange pranks with the guests, changing their hands into the feet of an ox or the hoofs of a horse, so that they were unable to help themselves to anything in the dishes before them. If they looked out of the window, he beautified their heads with horns. To show that he could command money for his use, at any time, he changed so many wisps of hay into thirty well-fattened swine, and sold them to a rich baker, at the price named by the latter, stipulating only that he should not suffer them to enter any water. The baker, unmindful of the condition, allowed them to run into a pool, and, in a trice, found only so many wisps floating on the surface. Whereupon, in a fume, he sought out Zyto, and finding him asleep, at full length, on a form, pulled him violently by one leg to awaken him. To his horror and amazement, both the leg and thigh seemed to come off and remain in his hands. He rushed from the court and was never seen within its precincts again. But this terrible Zyto was at last carried away alive, body and soul, by the devil in *propria persona*; "which event," adds the worthy bishop, "afterwards begat a care in Wenceslaus to bethink himself of more serious and religious matters."

4. Delrio tells the following strange tale of a contest between two magicians. The one had stolen a beautiful maiden, mounted her behind him on a wooden horse, and so careered aloft in the air with his prize. While they were thus on their journey, the other necromancer happened to be at a great feast in the castle of a Burgundian nobleman, and being sensible of their transit over the castle, compelled them by superior art to descend and present themselves to the view of all present, taken in *flagrante delicto*, and unable to stir. But the detected necromancer had his turn, and privately enchanted his brother in the art who had thus entrapped him. As he was looking from a high window into the court below, he fixed on his head a large and spreading pair of horns, so that he could neither draw back within the strong iron bars nor venture to cast

himself down from so high a place. In this dilemma, he compromised with his antagonist, on the understanding that he should be released from his horns and return to the feast, while the other departed with his prey, involved in a friendly cloud.

5. Again, the same writer tells, on the authority, as he says, of unquestionable witnesses, of two magicians who met by accident in the Queen of England's court, and agreed that in any one specific thing, each should infallibly obey the other. The first therefore commanded the second to thrust his head out of the casement of a window, with which he at once complied. Immediately, a gigantic pair of stag's horns sprouted from his forehead, to the great delight of the spectators, who flouted him with a thousand mocks and taunts. He, resenting the disgrace, and thirsting after revenge, when his turn came to be obeyed, drew with a piece of charcoal the lineaments of a man upon the wall, and then commanded his brother sorcerer to stand under that picture, and that forthwith the wall should give place to receive him. The other, apprehensive of the extreme danger he was in, began to beseech his rival that he would hold him excused. But the other stood on his bond and insisted on compliance. Magician number one, thus compelled, took the position assigned; then the wall seemed to open, and he being entered therein, was never afterwards seen.

From the two last instances we collect two important facts in the science of witchcraft. Although its professors studied the same art under the same master, they were not necessarily gifted with equal powers or aware of the attainments of each other.

We are all familiar with the story of Faustus and his compact with Satan, under the guise of Mephistopheles, in the dramas of Marlowe and Goethe. This Faustus must not be confounded with Fust, one of the three artists to whom the invention of printing has been ascribed. They were distinct individuals, living at different periods. Dr. John Faustus was a native of Kundlingen, in Suabia, and flourished in the sixteenth century, after printing had

been many years in practice. He was a learned physician, who to the study of medicine added astrology and magic, and occupied much time in alchemical experiments, tending to discover what was called the philosopher's stone. He was, without doubt, a man of great scientific acquirements, and, according to legendary tradition, used his power in a manner to impress on his less educated countrymen a conviction that he had familiar dealings with the devil. Hence the inseparable association of his name with a companion few are desirous of cultivating intimately. The learned Camerarius, in his *Opercula Subseciva*, relates the following anecdote:—"There was within the memory of our fathers, Dr. John Faustus, a German, who had learned the black-art at Cracovia, in Poland. Being one day at table with a company who had heard much of his conjuring tricks, he was earnestly entreated to show them some sport. Seeing they were well fuddled with wine, he undertook to exhibit to them anything they wished to behold. They, with general consent, required him to place upon the table a vine laden with grapes, ready to be gathered. They thought, because it was in the month of December, that Faustus could not show them what was not in existence. He agreed to the feat, saying that forthwith it should be accomplished; but upon this condition, that no one should speak a word, or offer to rise from his seat, but all should tarry till he bade them cut the grapes; and added, that whoever should do otherwise would be in danger of losing his life. They all promised to obey, and Faustus so charmed the eyes of these drunken revellers that they saw, as it seemed to them, a marvellous goodly vine rise before them, and upon the same, as many bunches of large, ripe grapes as there were men sitting round. Excited by such a dainty appearance, and thirsty with much strong drinking, each seized his knife, expecting Faustus to give the word, and bid them help themselves. But he, having held them a while in suspense with this vain piece of witchcraft, suddenly, in the turn of a hand, the vine and grapes vanished away, and the parched expectants were seen each holding his nose with one hand, and the

keen knife in the other, to lop the prominent feature off; so that if any had forgot the conjuror's lesson, and been a trifle hasty, instead of cutting a bunch of grapes, he had whipt off his own nose." It does not appear that the party called upon the doctor for "a second exhibition of his skill." This Faustus, says Weirus (*De Præstigiis Dæmonum*), was found dead by his bedside, in a certain village within the duchy of Wirtemberg, with his neck broken, and the house wherein he lay, beaten down in a whirlwind at midnight. Of course, it was said, and universally believed, that his compact with the fiend having expired, his life and soul were then and there forfeited.

In the same work of Camerarius, from which we have quoted above, we find the following recital. Anno Domini 1323, Frederick Duke of Austria, who was chosen Emperor, in opposition to Louis, was overcome in a great battle at Molensdorf, and sent by his successful rival to be kept prisoner in a strong castle. Some time afterwards, a magician came into Austria to Leopold, his brother, promising that by his art and the assistance of spirits, he would free Frederick, and within the space of an hour set him in his presence if he would give him a good reward. Duke Leopold replied that if he performed his promise he would worthily reward him. The magician then placed himself, together with Leopold, in a circle, and summoned the familiar spirit that was wont to obey him, who appeared in the form of an ordinary man. His master commanded him to go speedily, liberate Frederick, and bring him to Austria without hurt. The spirit answered, "I will do thy bidding willingly if the captive prince consents to come with me." This said, he flew instantly to Bavaria, and in the form of a stranger came to the prince in custody, to whom he said, "If thou wilt be freed from thy captivity, mount this horse, and I will carry thee safe into Austria to Leopold, thy brother."

"Who art thou?" said the prince.

"Ask me not," replied the spirit, "who I am, for that is nothing to the purpose; but do as I desire, and I will perform what I say."

On hearing this, a certain horror seized upon the prince, though otherwise

a man of courageous heart. He refused to accompany his mysterious visitor, and signed himself with the cross. Whereupon the spirit with his horse disappeared, and returned to the conjuror, by whom he was severely rebuked for not bringing with him the prisoner. He related exactly what had passed, and concluded thus, "Thou knowest that I could not *compel* his obedience." Frederick being at last liberated, repeated what had been proposed to him with great exactness as to the time and circumstances. Leopold received such a fright from the spirit he had seen that he died within a short space.

Henry Cornelius Agrippa was another learned man in a superstitious age, who achieved the unenviable reputation of being in league with unholy agencies. He was born at Cologne, in 1486, of a noble family, and became secretary to the Emperor Maximilian, by whom he was knighted for his bravery in the Italian wars. He next travelled through various parts of Europe, and while in England, wrote a commentary on St. Paul's Epistles. In 1518 he settled at Metz, but was driven away by the monks, who denounced him as a sorcerer. In 1530 he published his treatises on the "Vanity of the Sciences," and on "Occult Philosophy." In 1535, he was imprisoned at Lyons, for defaming the mother of King Francis the First of France, but soon obtained his liberty, and died the same year, aged forty-nine. Jovius, or Paolo Giovio, Bishop of Nocera, A.D. 1552, a celebrated Italian historian, who wrote an account of his own times, says of Cornelius Agrippa, that with immense understanding and vast memory, he comprehended the accounts of all arts and sciences, with the inmost secrets and highest heads of them all. He then adds, "that not being as yet old, he departed this life at Lyons in a base and obscure inn, with the curses of many persons as one that was infamous, and under the suspicion of necromancy; for that he was ever accompanied by a devil in the shape of a large black dog; so that when by approaching death, he was moved to terror and repentance, he took off the collar from his dog's neck, which was inscribed with magical characters by the nails that were in it, and uttered despairingly these last

words, *Abi perdita bestia, quæ me perdidisti*: 'Begone, thou lost beast, which hast utterly destroyed me.' Nor was that familiar dog from that time forth ever seen more, but in hasty flight leaped into the river hard by, and being plunged therein over head, never swam out again, as is affirmed by all who saw it."

In Archbishop Spotiswood's "History of the Church of Scotland," we find the following anecdote:—"Amongst the witches and sorcerers in Scotland, Agnes Sampson, commonly called the wise wife of Keith, was most remarkable: a woman not of the base and ignorant sort of impostors, but matron-like, grave, and consistent in her answers. In her examination she declared that she had a familiar spirit, who, upon her call, appeared in a visible form, and resolved her of any doubtful matter, especially concerning the life or death of persons lying sick; and being asked what words she used when she called the spirit, she said her invocation was, 'Holla, master!' and this he had taught her to say. She also avowed that her spirit had undertaken to make away with the king, James the Sixth, but failing in the performance, and being reproached by her, confessed it was beyond his power, speaking words she understood not, but which appeared to her to be, *Il est homme de Dieu*." This happened Anno 1591.

Spotiswood, in the same history, says that, Anno Christi, 1279, there lived in Scotland one Thomas Lermouth, a man very greatly admired for his gift of foretelling things to come. He was justly to be wondered at for predicting, so many ages before, the union of the kingdoms of England and Scotland in the ninth degree of Bruce's blood, with the succession of Bruce himself to the crown, being yet a child, with no such prospect, and many other things which subsequent events made good. The day preceding the death of King Alexander the Third, he told the Earl of March that before the next day at noon, such a tempest should blow as Scotland had not felt many years before. The next morning proving a clear sky, the Earl challenged Lermouth as an impostor; he replied that noon was not yet past, about which time a post came to inform the Earl of the King's sudden

death, who was accidentally killed while hunting. Then Thomas said, "This is the tempest I foretold, and so it shall prove to Scotland;" as indeed it did.

One of the most renowned of the wizards of the middle ages was Michael Scott, of Balwearie, commemorated in glowing verse by his namesake in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." You will as readily persuade a true, loyal North Briton that Wallace and Bruce were not heroes and patriots of the first class, as that Michael Scott was not gifted with supernatural powers. Grave historians and biographers, amongst others, Dante, Dempster, Lesly, and Satchells, bear testimony to his knowledge and practise of the occult sciences. A reputation thus sanctioned and established is sure to be increased by popular tradition. Accordingly, it supplies the subject of countless legends. In the south of Scotland, any work of great labor and antiquity is ascribed either to the agency of *Auld Michael*, of Sir William Wallace, or of the devil. Michael, who flourished in the thirteenth century, was knighted by Alexander the Third, and employed in more than one important embassy. He was a man of much learning, chiefly acquired in foreign countries. He wrote a commentary upon Aristotle, printed at Venice in 1496, and several treatises upon natural philosophy, from which he appears to have been addicted to the abstruse studies of judicial astrology, alchemy, physiognomy, and chromancy. These pursuits, as a matter of course, stamped him amongst his contemporaries as a first-rate magician. Dempster, writing in 1627 (*Ecclesiastical History*), tells us that he remembered to have heard in his youth that the magic books of Michael Scott were still in existence, but could not be opened without danger, on account of the malignant fiends who would be thereby evoked. It is not quite certain that he was buried in Melrose abbey, according to the "Lay;" some traditions contend for Home Cottage, in Cumberland, but all agree that his books of magic were interred with him in his grave, or preserved in the convent where he died.

Amongst the numerous and well attested legends connected with Sir Michael Scott, we find it stated that when

sent on an embassy to obtain from the King of France satisfaction for certain piracies committed by his subjects upon those of the King of Scotland, instead of preparing a suitable equipage and train of attendants, he retired to his study, opened his book, and called up a fiend in the shape of a huge black horse, mounted upon his back, and forced him to fly through the air towards France. As they crossed the sea, the demon courser insidiously asked him what it was that the old women of Scotland muttered at bed-time? A less experienced wizard might have answered that it was the Pater Noster, which would have licensed immediate precipitation from his back. But Michael, quite on his guard, sternly replied, "What is that to thee? Mount, Diabolus, and fly!" When they reached Paris, he tied his horse to the gate of the palace, entered without announcement, and boldly declared his errand. An ambassador, unattended by the pomp and circumstance befitting his position, was received with slight respect, and the King was about to return a contemptuous refusal to his demand, when Michael gently suggested that his majesty would do well to pause until he had seen his horse stamp three times. The first stamp shook every steeple in Paris, and set all the bells ringing; the second threw down three of the towers of the palace; and the imperial steed had raised his hoof for the third stamp, when the King dismissed the ambassador with the most ample concessions rather than risk the probable consequences.

Michael was once much embarrassed by a spirit or familiar, for whom he was under the necessity of finding constant employment. He commanded him to build a dam-head across the Tweed at Kelso; it was accomplished in one night, and, as Sir Walter Scott says, still does honor to the infernal architect. The seer next ordered that Eildon hill, then a uniform cone, should be divided into three. Another night was sufficient to part its summit into the three picturesque peaks which it now bears. At length the enchanter conquered this indefatigable demon by employing him in the hopeless and endless task of making ropes out of sea-sand.

On another occasion, Michael, hearing

of a famous sorceress called the witch of Falsehope, who lived on the opposite side of the Tweed, went to put her skill to the test; but she, feeling intuitively that she was in the presence of a superior, stoutly denied all knowledge of the necromantic art. In his discourse with her, he laid his wand inadvertently on the table, which the hag despoiling, suddenly snatched it up and struck him with it. Feeling the force of the charm, he rushed out of the house, but as it had given him the external semblance of a hare, his servant, who waited without, halloo'd upon the discomfited wizard his own greyhounds, who pursued him so closely that in order to obtain a moment's breathing to reverse the charm, Michael, after a very fatiguing course, was fain to take refuge in his own *jaehole*—*Anglice*, common sewer.

To revenge himself on the witch of Falsehope, Michael, in harvest time, went to the hill above the house with his dogs, and sent his servant down to ask a bit of bread for them from the gude-wife, with instructions what to do if he met with a denial. The witch refused the request contemptuously, whereupon the servant placed over the door a paper which his master had give him, containing the since often quoted and applied rhyme—

"Master Michael Scott's man
Sought meat and got nane."

Immediately the old woman ceased baking bread for the reapers, her common occupation, and began to dance round the fire. Her husband sent his men to the house, one after the other, to inquire why their provision did not arrive. Each as he entered fell under the charm, and joined the fandango and chorus. At last the gudeman himself came, but remembering his wife's trick upon Sir Michael, peeped in first at the window, and saw the reapers dancing and shouting, and dragging his exhausted helpmate round and through the fire, which was, as usual, in the middle of the room. Upon this he took a horse and rode up to Michael's abode on the hill, in the spirit of submission, and implored a cessation of the spell. The warlock was too well gifted to be spiteful, and told him to go home, enter the house backwards, and take the spell down with

his left hand. He did so, and this brought the bewildering dance to an end.

But the great wizard had, like Merlin and Samson, a weak point. He fell under female seduction. In an unguarded hour his wife, or paramour, filched from him his grand secret, that his life was secure from any danger except the poisonous qualities of broth, made of the flesh of a *breme* sow.* She gave him such a mess on some quarrel, and killed him. But he had still time to slay his treacherous companion. The substance of all this and more, is written in the notes to the "Lay of the Last Minstrel"—a poem in our young days in everybody's hand and mouth; now seldom referred to or taken from the shelves of libraries. We venture to say that a majority of the present generation, under thirty, have never troubled themselves to look at it, so ephemeral are the quality and value of poetical taste and reputation.

(Concluded in next.)

The Saturday Review.

IDEAL WOMEN.

It is often objected against fault-finders, writers or others, that they destroy but do not build up, that while industriously blaming errors they take good care not to praise the counter-acting virtues, that in their zeal against the vermin of which they are seeking to sweep the house clean they forget the nobler creatures which do the good work of keeping things sweet and wholesome. But it is impossible to be continually introducing the saving clause, "all are not so bad as these." The seven thousand righteous who have not bowed the knee to Baal are understood to exist in all communities; and, vicious as any special section may be, there must always be the hidden salt and savor of the virtuous to keep the whole from falling into utter corruption. This is specially true of modern women. Certainly some of them are as unsatisfactory as any of their kind that have ever appeared on earth before, but it would be very queer logic to infer

* Savage or raging. The term, long obsolete, may be found in this sense in Spenser's pastorals.

therefore that all are bad alike, and that our modern womanhood is as ill off as the Cities of the Plain which could not be saved for want of the ten just men to save them. Happily, we have noble women among us yet; women who believe in something beside pleasure, and who do their work faithfully, wherever it may lie; women who can and do sacrifice themselves for love and duty, and who do not think they were sent into the world simply to run one mad life-long race for wealth, for dissipation, or for distinction. But the life of such women is essentially in retirement; and though the lesson they teach is beautiful, yet its influence is necessarily confined, because of the narrow sphere of the teacher. When such public occasions for devotedness as the Crimean war occur, we can in some sort measure the extent to which the self-sacrifice of women can be carried; but in general their noblest virtues come out only in the quiet and seclusion of home, and the most heroic lives of patience and well-doing go on in seclusion, uncheered by sympathy and unrewarded by applause.

Still, it is impossible to write of one absolute womanly ideal—one single type that shall satisfy every man's fancy; for, naturally, what would be perfection to one is imperfection to another, according to the special bent of the individual mind. Thus one man's ideal of womanly perfection is in beauty, mere physical outside beauty; and not all the virtues under heaven could warm him into love with red hair or a snub nose. He is entirely happy if his wife is undeniably the handsomest woman of his acquaintance, and holds himself blessed when all men admire and all women envy. But for his own sake rather than for hers. Pleasant as her loveliness is to look on, it is pleasanter to know that he is the possessor of it. The "handsomest woman in the room" comes into the same category as the finest picture or the most thoroughbred horse within his sphere, and if the degree of pride in his possession is different, the kind is the same. And so in minor proportions, from the most beautiful woman of all, to simply beauty as a *sine quâ non*, whatever else may be wanting. One other thing only is as

absolute as this beauty, and that is its undivided possession. Another man's ideal is a good housekeeper and a careful mother, and he does not care a rush whether his wife, if she is these, is pretty or ugly. Provided she is active and industrious, minds the house well, and brings up the children as they ought to be brought up, has good principles, is trustworthy, and even-tempered, he is not particular as to color or form, and can even be brought to tolerate a limp or a squint. Given the great foundations of an honorable home, and he will forego the lath and plaster of personal appearance which will not bear the wear and tear of years and their troubles. The solid virtues stand. His balance at the banker's is a fact; his good name and credit with the tradespeople is a fact; so is the comfort of his home; so are the health, the morals, the education of his children. All these are the true realities of life to him; but the beauty which changes to deformity by the small-pox, which fades under dyspepsia, grows stale by habit, and is worn threadbare by the end of twenty years, is only a skin-deep grace which he does not value. Perhaps he is right. Certainly, some of the happiest marriages amongst one's acquaintances are those where the wife has not one perceptible physical charm, and where the whole force of her magnetic value lies in what she is, not in how she looks. Another man wants a tender, adoring, fair-haired seraph, who will worship him as a demigod, and accept him as her best revelation of strength and wisdom. The more dependent she is, the better he will love her; the less of conscious thought, of active will, of origination power she has, the greater his regard and tenderness. To be the one sole teacher and protector of such a gentle little creature seems to him the most delicious and the best condition of married life; and he holds Milton's famous lines to be expressive of the only fitting relations between men and women. The adoring seraph is his ideal; Griselda, Desdemona, Lucy Ashton, are his highest culminations of womanly grace; and the qualities which appeal the most powerfully to his generosity are the patience which will not complain, the gentleness that cannot resent, and the

love which nothing can chill. Another man wants a cultivated intelligence in his ideal. As an author, an artist, a student, a statesman, he would like his wife to be able to help him by the contact of bright wit and ready intellect. He believes in the sex of minds, and holds only that work complete which has been created by the one and perfected by the other. He sees how women have helped on the leaders in troubled times; he knows that almost all great men have owed something of their greatness to the influence of a mother or a wife; he remembers how thoughts which had laid dumb in men's brains for more than half their lifetime suddenly woke up into speech and activity by the influence of a woman great enough to call them forth. The adoring seraph would be an encumbrance, and nothing better than a child upon his hands; and the soul which had to be awakened and directed by him would run great chance of remaining torpid and inactive all its days. He has his own life to lead and round off, and so far from wishing to influence another's, wants to be helped for himself. Another man cares only for the birth and social position of the woman to whom he gives his name and affection; to another, yellow gold stands higher than blue blood, and "my wife's father" may have been a rag-picker, so long as rag-picking had been a sufficiently rich alembic with a residuum admitting of no kind of doubt. Venus herself without a dowry would be only a pretty sea-side girl with a Newtown pippin in her hand; but Miss Kilmansegg would be something worth thinking of, if but little worth looking at. One man delights in a smart, vivacious, little woman of the irrepressible kind. It makes no difference to him how petulant she is, how full of fire and fury; the most passionate bursts of temper simply amuse him, like the anger of a canary-bird, and he holds it fine fun to watch the small virago in her tantrums, and to set her going again when he thinks she has been a long enough time in subsidence. His ideal of woman is an amusing little plaything, with a great facility for being put up, and a dash of viciousness to give it piquancy. Another wants a sweet and holy saint

whose patient humility springs from principle rather than from fear; another likes a blithe-tempered, healthy girl, with no nonsense about her, full of fun and ready for everything, and is not particular as to the strict order or economy of the housekeeping, provided only she is at all times willing to be his pleasant playmate and companion. Another delights in something very quiet, very silent, very home-staying. One must have first-rate music in his ideal woman; another, unimpeachable taste; a third, strict order; a fourth, liberal breadth of nature; and each has his own ideal, not only of nature but of person—to the exact shade of the hair, the color of the eyes, and the oval of the face. But all agree in the great fundamental requirements of truth, and modesty, and love, and unselfishness; for though it is impossible to write of one womanly ideal as an absolute, it is very possible to detail the virtues which ought to belong to all alike.

If this diversity of ideals is true of individuals, it is especially true of nations, each of which has its own ideal woman varying according to what is called the genius of the country. To the Frenchman, if we are to believe Michelet and the novelists, it is a feverish little creature, full of nervous energy, but without muscular force; of frail health and feeble organization; a prey to morbid fancies which she has no strength to control or to resist; now weeping away her life in the pain of finding that her husband, a man gross and material because husband, does not understand her; now sighing over her delicious sins in the arms of the lover who does; without reasoning faculties, but with divine intuitions that are as good as revelations; without cool judgment, but with the light of burning passions, that guide her just as well; thinking by her heart, yet carrying the most refined metaphysics into her love; subtle; incomprehensible by the coarser brain of man; a creature born to bewilder and to be misled, to love and to be adored, to madden men and to be destroyed by them. It does not much signify that the reality is a shrewd, calculating, unromantic woman, with a hard face and keen eyes, who, for the most part, makes a good practical wife to her

common-sense middle-aged husband, who thinks more of her social position than of her feelings, more of her children than of her lovers, more of her purse than of her heart, and whose great object of life is a daily struggle for centimes. It pleases the French to idealize their eminently practical and worldly-wise women into this queer compound of hysterics and adultery; and if it pleases them it need not displease us. To the German his ideal is of two kinds—one, his Martha, the domestic broad-faced *Hausmutter*, who cooks good dinners at small cost, and mends the family linen as religiously as if this were the Eleventh Commandment specially appointed for feminine fingers to keep, the poetic culmination of whom is Charlotte cutting bread and butter; the other, his Mary, his Bettina, full of mind and æsthetics, and heart-uplifting love, yearning after the infinite with holes in her stockings and her shoes down at heel. For what are coarse material mendings to the æsthetic soul yearning after the infinite, and worshipping at the feet of the prophet? In Italy the ideal woman of modern times is the ardent patriot full of active energy, of physical force and dauntless courage. In Poland it is the patriot too, but of a more refined and etherialized type, passively resenting Tartar tyranny by the subtlest feminine scorn, and living in perpetual music and mourning. In Spain it is a woman beautiful and impassioned, with the slight drawback of needing a world of looking after, of which the men are undeniably capable. In Mohammedan countries generally it is a comely smooth-skinned Dudù, patient and submissive, always in good-humor with her master, economical in house-living to suit the meanness, and gorgeous in occasional attire to suit the ostentation, of the genuine Oriental; but by no means Dudù ever asleep and unoccupied; for, if not allowed to take part in active outside life, the Eastern's wife or wives have their home duties and their maternal cares like all other women, and find to their cost that if they neglect them unduly, they will have a bad time of it with Ali Ben Hassan, when the question comes of piastres and sequins, and the dogs of Jews who demand payment, and the pigs of Christians who follow

suit. The American ideal is of two kinds, like the German—the one, the clever manager, the women with good executive faculty in the matters of buckwheat cakes and oyster-gumbo, as is needed in a country so poorly provided with “helps;” the other, the aspiring soul, who puts her aspirations into deeds, and goes out into the world to do battle with the sins of society as editress, preacher, stump-ordinator, and the like. It must be rather embarrassing to some men, that this special manifestation of the ideal woman at times advocates miscegenation and free-love; but perhaps we of the narrow old conventional type are not up to the right mark yet, and have to wait until our own women are thoroughly emancipated before we can rightly appreciate these questions. At all events, if this kind of thing pleases the Americans, it is no more our business to interfere with them than with the French compound; and if miscegenation and free love seem to them the right manner of life, let them follow it.

In all countries, then, the ideal woman changes, chameleon-like, to suit the taste of men; and the great doctrine that her happiness does somewhat depend on his liking is part of the very foundation of her existence. According to his will she is bond or free, educated or ignorant, lax or strict, house-keeping or roving; and though we advocate neither the bondage nor the ignorance, yet we do hold to the principle that, by the laws which regulate all human communities everywhere, she is bound to study the wishes of man, and to mould her life in harmony with his liking. No society can get on in which there is total independence of sections and members, for society is built up on the mutual dependence of all its sections and all its members. Hence the defiant attitude which women have lately assumed, and their indifference to the wishes and remonstrances of men, cannot lead to any good results whatever. It is not the revolt of slaves against their tyrants—in that we could sympathize—which they have begun, but a revolt against their duties. And this it is which makes the present state of things so deplorable. It is the vague restlessness, the fierce extravagance, the neglect of home, the indolent fine-lady-

ism, the passionate love of pleasure which characterize the modern woman, that saddens men, and destroys in them that respect which their very pride prompts them to feel. And it is the painful conviction that the ideal woman of truth and modesty and simple love and homely living has somehow faded away under the paint and tinsel of this modern reality which makes us speak out as we have done, in the hope, perhaps a forlorn one, that if she could be made to thoroughly understand what men think of her, she would, by the very force of her natural instinct and social necessity, order herself in some accordance with the lost ideal, and become again what we once loved and what we all regret.

Popular Science Review.—Editor, Henry Leeson, M.D.

VENTILATION AND VENTILATORS.

If we may be permitted to define cant as the current expression of unintentional insincerity, we believe that there is no species of cant more general than that which people talk about ventilation. Go where we may, whether into the houses of the wealthy or into the miserable dwellings of the poor, we hear the same cry about ventilation and its advantages; but in no cases, or at least in few, do we see any reason to think the cry a genuine one. How many people tell us of the healthy influence of pure fresh air, but how few ever take proper steps to introduce it into their houses! How seldom do we see anything like a rational system of ventilation in public buildings; and where are the private dwellings in which vitiated breathing-air is not abundantly present? It is not our intention, in the observations we are about to make, to dwell upon the elementary facts that human beings contaminate air by the exhalations from their lungs, and that the respiration of such air is eminently injurious to health. These have already been fully and forcibly pointed out by Dr. Edwin Lankester. Indeed, we think it is now pretty generally admitted that the influence of a greater proportion of carbonic acid in a breathing atmosphere than that of .6 per 1000 is both adverse to comfort and obnoxious to health. We purpose, there-

fore, to lay before our readers, as clearly and withal as briefly as possible, the principles on which ventilation should be conducted, and to describe the more important methods by which such thorough ventilation as can be adopted may be achieved.

At the outset we may state, in very general terms, that the word ventilation simply expresses the passage in and out of air. The regulation of this inlet and outlet, in such a manner as to be least productive of discomfort and disease, is one of the highest aims of hygiene. We may add, too, that it is by far its most difficult problem. In an ordinary room it is clear that air is constantly entering and leaving by some of the apertures in the doors and windows, and through the chimneys. This may be easily proved, experimentally, by holding a lighted taper near any of these points. But it is equally true *a priori*. It happens generally that the inlet is not sufficient to remove the carbonic acid rapidly enough to reduce its proportions to the standard above given. The question then arises, How are the conditions necessary for the production of this standard ascertained? This is exactly what we propose to discuss, for it supplies the key to the whole principle of ventilation. There is the less difficulty in popularizing this subject, that of late it has received the studious attention of some of our ablest chemists and sanitarians, who have laid their opinions before the public.* Before, however, we plunge in *medias res* of ventilation, we must ask the reader to remember that the physical law known as that of "mutual diffusion," plays an important part in all questions relating to the mixture of different gases, such as of oxygen, nitrogen, and carbonic acid, which make up our atmosphere. By virtue of this law, it occurs that two gases when brought together, no matter what their relative weights, become thoroughly mixed together, in proportions which are stated as being inversely as the square roots of their

* See Papers by Dr. A. Smith, F.R.S., Dr. E. Smith, F.R.S., Professor Donkin, F.R.S., and Dr. Parkes, F.R.S., in the "Report of the Committee appointed to consider the Cubic Space of Metropolitan Workhouses." Presented to both Houses of Parliament, 1867.

densities. Carbonic acid is a gas so heavy that it may be decanted from one vessel into another; and hydrogen is so light that a balloon filled with it ascends, as we all know, into the air. Yet if a vessel filled with the latter be inverted over one containing the former, and a piece of membrane be placed between the mouths of the two, it will be found that, after a while, some of the carbonic acid has ascended into the upper vessel, and the hydrogen has descended into the lower one, and mingled with the carbonic acid. A mixture will be thus formed in both vessels. It is the same in nature. Animals are perpetually exhaling carbonic acid into the atmosphere, and were it not for this wonderful property of "diffusion," a stratum of foul air would lie over the earth, and would possibly extinguish animal existence. This, then, is one of the great facts of ventilation, as it is in nature. There is, however, another point in which natural ventilation is superior to all other forms—viz., that plants use up the carbonic acid as food, setting free the oxygen which helped to form it, and thus, as it were, manufacturing air for the use of animals. The law of diffusion the reader must consider as the starting-point in all ventilation problems. With this law as his guide, he is prepared for the consideration of the other principles of this branch of hygiene. Concerning the extent of its operation, however, the student encounters his first difficulty, for it must be confessed that all writers are not agreed as to whether, in the case of the atmosphere of dwelling-rooms, the diffusion which takes place is complete or partial. Decision in regard to this is "a consummation most devoutly to be desired," for in its absence we are driven to accept one of two alternatives. For instance, it being known how much air one individual vitiates per minute in breathing, if it were admitted that complete diffusion occurs, we could calculate with tolerable precision what quantity of fresh air should be introduced per minute into a room of known capacity, in order to enable healthy respiration to take place. But if we admit that the diffusion is only partial, and that atmospheric currents may sweep

away the foul air as it issues from the lungs, and before it has had time to mingle *thoroughly* with the air of the chamber, then our basis of calculation is so uncertain and variable that nothing short of practical demonstration can give us a clue to the quantity of air which it is necessary to supply for the purposes of health. These may not at first sight appear serious objections, but it must be borne in mind that the end of all efficient ventilation is the removal of exactly so much vitiated air as will leave the remaining atmosphere fit for healthy respiration, and no more than this, and the achievement of this without inconvenience or discomfort. It follows, then, that if any system of ventilation be based on erroneous calculation, either too much or too little air will be introduced into the apartment ventilated, and thus the inmates will either be supplied with impure air or be exposed to unpleasant draughts. The necessity for the establishment of a rigid elementary principle, as the starting-point of all systems of ventilation, is therefore obvious.

It may be as well, before going further into the subject, to lay before the reader the views of two able writers, whose opinions are somewhat materially in conflict. Dr. Angus Smith, and Dr. Parkes, of Netley, have both devoted much time and skill to the investigation of the conditions of ventilation, but they come to very different conclusions as to the question, Can a small room be more thoroughly ventilated with a given supply of air than a large one? Dr. Smith advocates the employment of the small room under the circumstances referred to. He says: "Let us imagine a man in a small box, or having his head in a small box, in which he would be supplied with air sufficient for an inhalation as often as he required it. The total amount would be about 12 to 20 cubic feet in an hour. The stream of air is so rapid that the impure is removed as rapidly as the pure is supplied. Put the same man in the space of 500 cubic feet of air, and supply him with the same amount of air as he received in the small box, and it becomes rapidly noxious. We see, then, that the mode of supplying the air is one of the most important points. *In a very small*

space a man may find a very little air to be enough by rapid ventilation. In a considerable space a man may find himself uncomfortable from the want of ventilation, even although the amount of air supplied by ventilation is many times greater than in the small space."

No further quotation is necessary to show the nature of Dr. Smith's views. The writer evidently believes that in small spaces the heated air from the lungs ascends from the mouth, and is borne away by currents before it has had time to mingle intimately with the air of the chamber. This is, in fact, nothing less than a denial that a thorough diffusion takes place. To accept Dr. Smith's views, we must admit a partial diffusion only, and we fancy that the author's system must admit draughts. Let us see, then, what Dr. Parkes has got to say in reply, for we could not state the argument against Dr. Smith in a more concise or intelligible form than it has been expressed by the distinguished Professor of Hygiene in the Army Medical School. Dr. Parkes first points out that the man in the box must not be supposed to draw in the air he requires from a supply-pipe, and to simply breathe it out by an exit-tube. If such were the case, the experiment would be equivalent to a man breathing in the open air; but evidently this is not what Dr. Smith supposed. The man's head being once more placed in the box, Dr. Parkes supplies him with 16 cubic feet of air for an hour, and he thus describes the result: "At his first inspiration the man draws in 30 cubic inches of air from the box-air (which is at once replaced from outside), and then expels it, so that 30 cubic inches pass out of the box. These 30 cubic inches will be partly derived from the air of the box which has not gone into the lungs, and partly from the air from the lungs; consequently all the air from the lungs will not pass out, but some will remain in the box and render the air there slightly impure. . . . At the next inspiration 30 cubic inches are drawn into the lungs [the void being replaced from outside], and are then breathed out, and simultaneously 30 cubic inches of air pass out from the box. The 30 cubic inches which pass out are again made up of a mixture of the

box-air and the lung-air. It is evident that the box-air must at every expiration become more and more impure, although at the end of the hour the 16 cubic feet stated by Dr. Angus Smith to be sufficient will have been supplied." We cannot afford space for further extract, but we may mention that Dr. Parkes makes a very simple arithmetical calculation of the quantity of carbonic acid accumulated in the box at the end of the hour, and shows most conclusively that long before this time the man would commence to be poisoned with his carbonic acid alone, to say nothing of the organic matter evolved from his lungs.

It seems to us that in all respects Dr. Parkes' explanation of the state of things in the supposititious case selected by Dr. Smith, is in accordance with theory and experience. However much we may be disposed to admit that complete diffusion does not occur, we cannot deny that there is considerable admixture of the gases, and this is adequate to bring in a verdict for Dr. Parkes. We see, then, that in calculating the quantity of air to be supplied to an individual, we must not be guided alone by the number of cubic feet of pure air consumed per hour. We must take diffusion into account. The proposition may be fairly laid down, however startling it may appear, that in order to make the conditions of respiration in a room as healthy as they are in the open air, *the whole air of the room should be renewed at each respiration*. But this would not be possible, for in order to do so, we should have to produce a series of air currents which would be perfectly intolerable. Our object, then, must be to prevent the vitiation of the air beyond a point which can be borne without injury to health. In the air which we breathe out of doors, we find that there is .4 part of carbonic acid in 1000 parts, and we know from experience that an atmosphere which contains .6 per 1000 of carbonic acid may be breathed with impunity. Our aim, then, must be—admitting diffusion—to supply such a quantity of air per hour as will keep down the pollution of the air to this standard. Here, again, arises the question, Can this be effected more easily in a small room than in a large one? This is a problem of some

gravity; and, in our opinion, its only correct solution is that given by a mathematician—Professor Donkin, F.R.S. On this point we differ from both Dr. Smith and Professor Parkes. The former would, of course, allege that the smaller space is the more convenient; the latter contends that a larger apartment is more easily ventilated. According as we view the matter from different standpoints, each is right, though both, in our opinion, are in some respects in error. In a small room, with a very powerful out-draught, the quantity of air demanded per minute might be smaller than that demanded for a larger one. Again, in a large room we have the advantage of a large supply of air to dilute the poisonous gas. A little reflection, however, will show that in both cases, unless the increasing impurity be kept under, the rooms will, at a certain period, become uninhabitable. This, we think, is a point which has been overlooked by Dr. Parkes. Those who read Professor Donkin's observations on the subject can decide whether we are right or not; but we confess that we cannot see what the size of the room has to do with the quantity of air to be supplied per hour. It is a matter for arithmetical calculation, but it seems to us by no means difficult to show that, whether the room be large or small (assuming it to be constantly in use), the quantity of air introduced must be the same in order to reduce its atmosphere to the standard demanded by hygiene. The quantity of carbonic acid developed per hour is a constant quantity; and as it diffuses itself thoroughly through the room, it is evident that the quantity of air required to dilute it to innocuity must also be definite. Of course, in applying this in practice, it is necessary to assume that the room will ultimately arrive at a certain degree of pollution by carbonic acid. And this is just the particular which shows that if the room be not constantly occupied, Dr. Parkes' view is correct. It takes a much shorter time to effect the pollution of the air to the required standard in a small room than in a large one. Hence in a room of great capacity the air might not become impure in the few hours during which it was in occupation. In hospitals and suchlike institutions it

would, of course, be different. We cannot afford space to go into the calculation by which Professor Donkin arrives at his conclusion, but we may state that he believes 3,000 cubic feet of air to be the minimum which should be supplied per hour to each individual; this being, of course, independent of the size of the room. The question of size, however, cannot be passed over as unimportant, for the simple reason that in rooms of small size the necessary supply could not be introduced without the employment of strong currents of air, which would be not only troublesome, but might be even dangerous to health. But it must never be forgotten, that though a smaller supply of air may suffice to ventilate a larger than a smaller room for a short space of time, at a certain period, sooner or later according to the capacity of the apartment, the same quantity of air per hour must be supplied to both, and this must invariably be 3,000 cubic feet per hour for each person present.

Having arrived at the determination of the principle which should guide us in ventilation, and having established a rule for the quantity of air which must be introduced per head per hour into a room constantly occupied, we can now proceed with the second part of our inquiry—the methods by which the introduction of fresh air is effected. This part of our subject is of the highest importance, and, we might add, also of the greatest difficulty. It is obvious that in all arrangements for ventilating an apartment, it is the same thing whether we provide for the removal of a definite amount of foul air, or for the introduction of the same quantity of fresh. "Nature abhors a vacuum," and the elimination of the consumed or partially consumed air involves the introduction of an equivalent volume of the outer atmosphere. It is, however, sometimes convenient to distinguish the two modes, especially in describing mechanical arrangements, and hence we find it usual to designate the "removal" the *vacuum* method, and the "introduction" the *plenum* mode. It may, at first sight, appear to the reader that the introduction of 3,000 cubic feet per head per hour into any ordinary room would be attended with serious inconvenience; but practically it is not

found so. Indeed, if we take any room provided with a chimney and fire, we find that the quantity of air introduced per hour is much greater than we should have supposed. By means of a sort of scientific windmill, technically styled an *anemometer*, we are enabled (by counting its revolutions per minute) to estimate the velocity of currents of air; and then, the calibre of the shaft through which the draught passes being known, we obtain, by a little calculation, the exact quantity of air per minute supplied by any aperture. We mention this here because the *anemometer* has been placed in the chimney of an ordinary room when the fire was burning, and its revolutions showed beyond all question that 1,004 cubic feet of air per minute, or upwards of 60,000 cubic feet per hour, passed out of the room, and must have been replaced by an equal amount which entered by the usual channels. Thus, in this case at least twenty people might have been supplied with a healthy atmosphere, provided the air was not heated to too high a point. It is customary with writers on ventilation to speak of natural and artificial systems of ventilation; but as in most cases a fire exists in what is termed the natural arrangement, the division is more empirical than correct. Without, then, employing this distinction, let us consider the condition of one of our sitting-rooms in winter. The fire burns brightly, and, as a consequence, several thousand cubic feet of air are hourly drawn up the chimney. Whence comes the air to replace this loss? The chinks in the door and windows are constantly admitting a stream of cold air, and thus ventilation is effected at the expense of draughts which produce chilled feet, catarrhs, and so forth. Still, ventilation takes place. We are now supposing that the lamps have not been lighted; and we think every one's experience will show that most rooms in which a fire burns well are tolerably well ventilated (*quoad* the amount of air) till, say, the gas is lit. The moment the chandelier comes into operation (supposing it to contain five ordinary fish-tail burners), the state of things is changed, and in the course of half-an-hour or so, this change becomes distressingly perceptible. Why?—People never ask themselves this question.

Because more than twenty additional pairs of lungs have begun to use up the air, each burner in use being equivalent to nearly five persons. This is the great defect of our modern dwellings. In olden times ventilation must have been far better than it is nowadays, when our demand for light is followed by so large a consumption of our breathing-air. And why, again, is there this distinction between the fire and the gas? The fire uses up air, but it also acts on the *vacuum* principle, and produces a draught of fresh air in the room; but the gas does not. What, then, is the remedy? Convert the gas into a fire, provide it with a chimney to convey out the products of combustion, and compel it thus to ventilate the room as thoroughly as the fire does. Many methods of doing this have been suggested, but the one which has been found most satisfactory in operation, and of which we ourselves can speak in high terms of praise, is that which has been invented by Mr. Ricketts, and is known as the Ventilating Globe Light. We have only one fault to find with it, and that is its costliness; but we confess we cannot see how, under existing conditions, it could be sold at a cheaper rate. It consists of an Argand burner, enclosed in a globe of large proportions, whose only aperture for admission of air is at the top. The gas-pipe is enclosed in a tube of larger dimensions, which passes from the portion of the globe immediately above the chimney of the burner to the ceiling of the room. Here it communicates with a shaft, which passes under the joists of the room above, and discharges the foul air into the chimney. Thus far, Mr. Ricketts' contrivance is theoretically excellent. Our examination of it in these respects confirms the inventor's anticipations; it not only carries off the products of its own combustion through the outlet tube, but the funnel removes much of the heated air of the room—tobacco-smoke, vapor, and such like, passing up with great rapidity through the apertures in the "ceiling-flower." In every other particular, Mr. Ricketts' plan seems to meet a great want; and we doubt whether in winter (when fires are used) any other mode of getting rid of foul air is required. No system of ventilation can be considered perfect in

which the gas-lamp is not made to carry away the air vitiated by its use.

We come now to another consideration, which, if of not so grave a nature, at all events demands every attention. We refer to the mode of introduction of pure air. At present, in most sitting-rooms the fresh air comes in at the windows and doors, and when no other arrangement exists, we are sure to have draughts more or less injurious, according to the size of the interstices, apertures, etc. The question of where to introduce the cold air has always been a vexed one with hygienists. Even now, it cannot be looked on as definitely decided. Some writers say, introduce it through the floor, as in the House of Commons; others suggest a middle point between floor and ceiling; while the latest researches seem to show that the ceiling itself is the best point. Whether the air be introduced at the level of the ceiling, or at a sufficient height above the door to prevent unpleasant draught, is, in our opinion, immaterial. The great points to be attended to are the distribution of the air by causing it to pass through an immense number of apertures, and the employment of adequate means to bring it to a suitable degree of temperature.

—♦♦♦—
Leisure Hour.

SPRING DAYS.*

SPRING days, sweet spring days, my quiet heart and rested eye tell me that there is no fear but that I enjoy you still!

"For lo, the winter is past,
The rain is over and gone;
The flowers appear on the earth;
The time of the singing of birds is come,
And the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."

This exquisite poetry has its voice of delight for me, and as I shut my eyes it brings a change over the bare boughs and the winter land. I dream of the chill black hedges and trees, flushing first into redness, and then "a million emeralds burst from the ruby buds." I dream

of the birds coming back, one after one, until the poetry of the flowers is all set to music. And I go out into the land to behold, not only to dream of and image, these things. I watch for the delicious green, tasselling the earliest larch (there is one every year a fortnight in advance of the other) in the clump of those trees beside the road on my way home. I look, in a warm patch that I know, for the first primroses, and when I find them mildly and quietly gazing up at me from the moss, and ivy and broken sticks, and dead leaves, a surprise, although I was expecting them, and a dim reflection of that old child-joy bring with a rush to my heart again those "thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears." And in the garden I wander through the bare shrubberies, varied with bright box, and gather in my harvest there. The little Queen Elizabeth aconites, gold-crowned in their wide-frilled green collars; these are no more scant, and just breaking with bent head through cracking frosty ground. They have carpeted the brown beds, and are even waxing old and past now. The snowdrops have but left a straggler here and there; and the miniature golden volcano of the crocus has spent its columns of fire. The hazels are draped with slender, drooping catkins; the sweetbriar is letting the soft sweet-breathed leaves here and there out of the clenched hand of the bud. The cherry-tree is preparing to dress itself almost in angels' clothing, white and glistening, and delicious with all soft recesses of clear gray shadow, seen against the mild blue sky. The long branches of the horse-chestnut trees, laid low upon the lawn, are lighting up all over with the ravishing crumpled emerald that bursts like light out of the brown sticky bud; as sometimes holy heavenly thoughts may come from one whose first look we disliked; or as God's dear lessons unfold out of the dark sheath of trouble. The fairy almond-tree—of so tender a hue that you might fantastically imagine it a cherry-tree blushing—casts a light scarf over a dark corner of the shrubbery. The laburnum is preparing for the summer, and is all hung with tiny green festoons. Against the blue sky, on a bare sycamore branch, that stretches out straight from the trunk, a glad-voiced thrush seems thanking God

* From "The Harvest of a Quiet Eye; Leisure Thoughts for Busy Lives." Published by the Religious Tract Society. A book of which Mr. Ruskin says, "I never saw anything more gracefully and rightly done—more harmoniously pleasant in text and illustration."

that the spring days are come. Wedged tight into three branching boughs, near the stem of a box-tree, I find a warm secure nest, filled with five little blue-green eggs. It is still a delight to me to find a nest; a delight, if not now a rapture, an intoxication.

All these I see on one spring day or another, as I walk into my garden, or out into the changing lanes. All these I see, and all these I love. But I see them, and I love them tenderly and quietly, not with the wonder and the glee of life's early spring days. I am sad, partly because I know that a great deal of that old wondering ecstatic thrill has gone.

"The rainbow comes and goes
And lovely is the rose,
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth."

It must be so, naturally, if only from the mere fact that things must lose their newness, and so their wonder, to the eye and the heart. Do what you will, you must become accustomed to things. And the scent of a hyacinth or of the May will cease when familiar to be the wonderful enchanting things that childhood held them to be. And the *thirtieth* time that we see, to notice, the first snow-drop bursting through the pale green sheath above the brown bed, is a different thing from the *third* time. We appreciate delights keenly when we are young, seek the same in later years, but never find them; and then all our life remember the search more or less regretfully. So Wordsworth, the old man, addresses the cuckoo that brought back his young days and his young thoughts by its magic voice:—

"Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

"Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring!
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery:

"To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green;
And thou wert still a hope, a love;
Still longed for, never seen.

"And I can listen to thee yet;
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again."

♦♦♦
The Saturday Review.

AMERICAN LETTERS FROM EUROPE.*

AMERICANS are very cross with English travellers who write books about them and their institutions on the strength of a three months' rush over the whole continent from Canada down to New Orleans, from Chicago or Utah to Philadelphia and New York. What can a man say of eighty years of republican government, they ask, when he has only been eighteen months in a republican country? Another, they complain, spends fifteen days at Salt Lake, and then persuades Europe that New America is given up to pruriency and free love. We rather sympathize with them. But they are not the first nor the only sufferers from the traveller's mania for immense generalizations from the scantiest possible materials of fact and knowledge. And from the present volume it would appear that they are about to practise a stern retaliation. Mr. Forney—we rather think he is a colonel in his own country—is evidently resolved to show us poor Europeans how easily they can beat us in our own line, when they try. Every line of his book, he says, "was inspired by a sincere desire to prove to my countrymen the incalculable advantages of their own government over that of any other nation upon earth." There is a simple and dignified frankness about this which cannot be surpassed. Without any desire to dispute this, or to stand up for the cockroaches of dusty and decaying feudalism, as Mrs. Stowe calls Europeans, let us mark, first of all, the time which Mr. Forney took to make this highly important and conclusive political generalization. From the dates which he has too rashly given it would appear that his conclusions are the ripe fruit of a sojourn of three months. Most people would think this time hardly enough to enable them to master the mere outline and forms of half of the Governments in Eu-

* *Letters from Europe.* By John W. Forney. Philadelphia: Peterson. London: Trübner & Co. 1868.

rope, to say nothing of the more difficult mastery of their spirit and working. But then Mr. Forney belongs to a more enterprising people. Their minds work more rapidly and decisively than ours. Still, if the steam man himself comes over to Europe, and even thinks by steam, it is doubtful whether he will outdo Mr. Forney's achievement. Of course the sincerity of our author's desire to convince his countrymen of their own incalculable superiority could not fail to be of considerable use to him. It naturally enabled him to dispense with much painful observation, troublesome balancing of advantages and drawbacks, laborious thinking as to the ends and methods of government, and so forth. His wish, being father to the thought, naturally saved him the trouble of thinking. Three months, as we have said, did Mr. Forney devote to his survey of this crumbling Europe. In this time he contrived to grasp all the essential facts of the social and political state of England, to master the condition of France, to exhaust Switzerland, Germany, Belgium, and Holland. The reader will perceive that it is a Hercules of intellect with whom we have to deal, and no hesitative common person. And it must be said that for every inch of his journey Mr. Forney carried his native country along with him. At pretty nearly every point that sincere desire of which mention has been made inspired him. *Cœlum non animus mutavit.* A constant and irresistible itch to thank God for America, at the expense of us poor wretches who cannot help the calamity of having been born where the fathers of most Americans were born, made Mr. Forney a happy man every day he was in Europe. He went to hear Mr. Spurgeon, of whom he thinks very well, but "in point of ability I would not think of instituting a comparison between him and the bold, incisive, and magnetic scholar and preacher for God and the Republic in our national capital"—a certain Dr. Sunderland. For all this, however, "I feel I would rather be Charles H. Spurgeon, surrounded with the love of the rescued souls of the working people of his parish, than the Lord Bishop of a thousand parishes of England." What the Lord Bishops have done to Mr. Forney to deserve this sudden and breath-

taking cuff at his hands we have no means of knowing. At the Crystal Palace a casual bystander observed to Mr. Forney that he had served in the late American war. "On which side?" asked Mr. Forney, with some suspicion in his voice. "Turning upon me a bright and cheerful countenance, he answered, 'On the Northern side, sir,' upon which I instinctively grasped his hand, feeling that I had met a brother and a friend." "It was very satisfactory," as we can easily suppose, "to find in this humble Englishman not only an entertaining guide, but an advocate of republican principles, a strong believer in the final triumph of freedom," and so forth and so forth. In Westminster Abbey the bird of freedom flaps its wings and crows more sweetly than at any other place, surprising as this may seem. As the verger was giving them what Mr. Forney choicely calls their shilling's worth of British history, "almost involuntarily I turned to my own country." Instead of yielding for even so much as five minutes to the soft genius of the place, he began to think of the buried men in the field of Gettysburg. There they lie, he thinks, "but not forgotten like the antique dust of the Abbey—the dust doubtless of some of the man-hunters of the past. Thank God for it, no! We need build no towering piles, hew no colossal figures, carve no stony wreaths, trace no hollow praises to keep their deed fresh and fragrant in a nation's tenacious gratitude. . . . And as I turned my footsteps from the door of this splendid temple, I felt that, if we could not boast of high art in America," still we could, etc. etc. etc., and "warm the hearts and nerve the arms of the people to the end of time." How unspeakably delightful thus to stand among the ashes of good men and heroes, the air fragrant with reminiscences of nobly-performed duty, of high thinking, of bounteous service to mankind, and in the midst of all this to have your heart swelling with pride over the tag of a stump-oration, "inspired with a sincere desire" to convince your countrymen that there was no duty nor faith nor divine effort in the world until they arose to begin history! After all, is Colonel Chollop a caricature without counterparts in real life? Well

may Mr. Forney say, "There is not an hour I live in a foreign land and not a thing I see that does not intensify my love for my own country," and for this we do not blame him. One likes a man all the better for preferring his own country. But why should patriotism be allowed to vulgarize or extinguish every other sentiment? At Oxford, Mr. Forney could think of nothing but "the great book written by Thomas Hughes, the present earnest Liberal member from Lambeth;" and "the recollection of Goldwin Smith gave the whole place additional interest, because of his surpassing championship of my country." Of Mr. Goldwin Smith's Lectures on History he says that, "as I peruse them with palpitating pride in the masterly dialecticism, I wonder how his aristocratic audience must have received them."

If these are the thoughts which even inoffensive harmless spots like Oxford and Westminster suggest to our friend whose happy home is in the setting sun, imagine what things arise in his soul as he comes to Baden and Homburg. The "mannikin-kings" and subservient people, the *demi-monde* of the gaming-tables and the promenades, and all the rest, make him reflect joyously on "the gay and genteel parties at American watering-places." In vain in these dissipated haunts of despots and slaves did he look for "the beauty, ease, and grace, the elegance and simplicity of dress, the innocent enjoyment, that characterize the hops of Bedford, Cape May," etc. It is rather odd that Mr. Forney should think so well of these genteel hops, because Mrs. Stowe, in her recent little book, declares that Americans have no idea how to amuse themselves rationally and simply. However, we do not quite know what he means by genteel parties; perhaps he and Mrs. Stowe may be of one mind after all. Being on the Rhine, Mr. Forney thinks his part of intelligent traveller demands that he should have views upon the military organization of Prussia; and here again he finds "another source for congratulation as an American citizen." "I saw," he cries, in a really inspired manner, "with a clearer vision and a prouder heart, my own country without a slave and almost without an enemy, after a war which shook the universe in its resistless march,

and settled the grandest question of the age—a country where there are no such poor as I see every day in this Old World, and where woman, not as here, a beast of burden, haggard and old before her time, is the equal and the pride of man—a country whose sons, not as in Europe, the tools and footstools of kings, are offered all the prizes that can awaken and stimulate ambition, and are sovereign in their right to criticize and change their public servants." There is perhaps a touch of bathos about the close of this passionate burst; still he has got in the fine bit about all Europeans being the tools and footstools of monarchs (just as Mrs. Stowe calls us cockroaches), and that is the chief thing. Holland reminds Mr. Forney that its history was written by Mr. Motley, and this brings him into the full exercise of his birthright of abusing his rulers, or criticizing his servants, if he likes the phrase better; and, finally, we are treated to a short, but neat and effective, historical parallel between Mr. Johnson and Philip II. of Spain.

On some points Mr. Forney exhibits a candor which does him honor, if we reflect on the anguish it must cost him to allow the tools and footstools of kings and queens to have the superiority in anything over his happier countrymen. He admits, for example, the admirable efficiency of the Cunard steamers. He agrees that our railways are more comfortable, the officials more obliging, the arrangements more convenient, and even our much reviled refreshments better than on the American roads. He observes, however, and with perfect justice, that the American system of checks for luggage is an enormous convenience that we lack. Thirdly, in the handsomest manner he refuses to dissemble that Rubens's "Descent from the Cross" at Antwerp is a better style of art than the amazing frescoes which adorn the Capitol at Washington. There is a magnanimity in this which beggars comment. We should not omit to mention, by the way, as an example of the accuracy of Mr. Forney's political knowledge of the countries about which he speaks so decisively, that he informs his credulous readers that Mr. Lowe is the Tory leader of the House of Commons.



Blackwood's Magazine.

THE NIGHT-WANDERER OF AN
AFGHAUN FORT.

I ALMOST fancy I hear the critical and fastidious reader exclaiming, "Under what pretence has the description of a few days' visit to a fort situated in an obscure valley of the distant Elboorz and in the remote East found a place in the revered pages of *Maga*? Has not the tide of modern literature, at least its lighter portion, followed of recent years the tide of emigration? Has it not flowed west in this century as it went east in the days when Voltaire wrote '*Zadig*?' Has not the negro superseded the fakir, the prairie the jungle, the setting the rising sun? And are not tales of rapacious Bedooeens and stifling simooms and thirsty caravans now a mere drug in the literary market? whereas, tinged with the once loved halo of Eastern romance, they were wont to make our grandmothers' ears to tingle when they were little girls." With reasonings similar to these ringing in my ears, I lay the following pages before the public with the greatest possible hesitation, for I cannot but feel apprehensive that in these days an Eastern story will scarcely be deemed a desideratum in Western literature.

The reader shall not be wearied with any precise relation of the circumstances which once led to my being for some days the honored guest of an Afghaun chief.* To those circumstances in themselves no particular interest now attaches itself, nor were they in any way connected with the events of which I am about to attempt a description in the following pages. These events came under my immediate observation during the period of my visit, and they have ever remained indelibly fixed upon my memory from the fact of their having been involved in a certain mystery, which at the time of their occurrence strongly excited and aroused my curiosity and attention. Suffice it to say that many years ago I found

myself approaching, after a long night's ride, and just as day was breaking, one of those gloomy gorges that abound in the vast range of the Elboorz Mountains. Only those who have experienced the discomforts that are usually attendant upon a long night passed in the saddle are aware how eagerly the weary and wayworn traveller awaits the approach of day, and with what joy he welcomes the first glad glimmer of the dawn. When the momentarily increasing light afforded me an opportunity of looking upon that which for so many hours had been hidden under the impenetrable veil of night, I saw that a bleak and inhospitable region lay behind and on both sides of me. The desolate plain stretching itself monotonously away resembled a sea whose distant shores on three sides were merged and lost to view in the low-lying hazy mists of early day. The parched and thirsty soil was pierced only here and there by some few stunted bushes of the asafetida-plant, whose branches, totally void of verdure, were like a skeleton's bones, so white, bare, and bleached did they look in the cold light of the young morning. In front, and distant about a mile, were some rugged slopes and hills that beyond assumed the proportions of a lofty chain of mountains, beneath some of whose snow-capped peaks fleecy rings of cloud and vapor rested. By the time that the stars, my companions throughout the night, had paled and absolutely vanished in the brilliant light that so marvellously soon had steeped all things in heaven and on earth, my eyes, longing to catch a glimpse of the fort to which I was wending my way, were busy straining anxiously towards the spot where the beaten track under my horse's feet plunged amid the hills and so lost itself to view. And though to my disappointment it was impossible to trace the road any further than this spot, I could make out something of its general direction by allowing my gaze to follow what looked like a deep black shadow darkening the mountain-side. This shadow as it appeared with clearly depicted edges trended upwards, and after some few bold zig-zags finally ended in a point sharp as a needle's, not far below the region where eternal

* Though dwelling in Persian territory, the occupants of the fort were Afghauns. Their ancestors about a century previous had left their own country, and having settled in Persia had become tributary to that power.

snows glittered in the glorious rays that heralded the approach of the great god of day, as yet himself invisible. The dark mass, sharply traced as its edges were, was all that it was then possible for me to see of a great gorge that like a mighty sabre gash cleft the brawny flank of the mountain, and which, from information I was in possession of, I concluded contained somewhere in its gloomy depths the fort to which I was bound. But as to the distance that still lay between me and my morning's goal I was ignorant, and so I remained till I and my small party of followers arrived within half a mile or so of the foot of the hills in our front. Then as I rode gazing at the rugged majesty of the mountain sides that reared themselves a stupendous barrier across the road, my attention was attracted by a party of horsemen debouching from the hills in single file into the plain below. These horsemen, to the number of some thirty or forty, as far as I could judge from a hurried estimation I made of them, no sooner appeared to feel level ground beneath their horses' feet than they threw themselves into a broken and irregular line and came sweeping towards me. So suddenly had they come into view, and so rapidly were they approaching, that I had scarcely time to look round and range my small party of followers in front of the baggage-mules when the shouts of the leading horsemen and the wild music of kettledrums reached my ears. From the tactics of the swiftly advancing line I soon became aware that no hostile attack was intended. A few shots indeed were fired, but the long, slender "jézails" were pointed sometimes straight at the heart of a curvetting comrade in the ranks, sometimes swung round to the rear, over the streaming courser's tail, as if to dispose of an imaginary pursuing enemy. On they came, galloping madly onwards, leaving long lines of dust behind them, and presenting in the bright morning light a most spirited and imposing pageant. The chiefs of the party, riding slightly in advance of the line, were conspicuous in the centre. They rode with loose rein, but when they had approached to a distance of about fifty yards or so of my party they pulled up with a jerk so

sharp and sudden that their steeds, furrowing the dry gravelly soil with their hind feet, were brought to an almost instantaneous halt. From these preliminaries, added to the fact that the horsemen were commencing to range themselves in line along the road, it became at once evident that this was the escort that had been sent out to meet me and conduct me to the Fort. I knew that, this being the case, it would be becoming in me to dismount and meet the two chiefs on foot. I perceived they had already thrown themselves from their saddles, and were striding across the plain with that peculiar waddling gait which the Afghanas either affect or cannot avoid when they attempt to walk in their long pointed boots, which were never meant to grace anything but a horseman's legs. Before I had taken a dozen steps I was embraced by the younger of the two men in true Afghaun fashion. This consisted of his throwing his arms round my waist and resting his chin first on my right shoulder and then on my left, I doing the like by him. In the space of a few minutes, the "Khoosh amudeed," the usual welcome, having been given and the ordinary salutations having been addressed in the Persian language, we had remounted and were jogging on our way to the hills in front of us. As we rode along I had ample time to scan the features and dress of my two companions. The younger of the horsemen, who I learned was the son of the chief in whose house I was shortly to be a guest, was tall, straight as a cypress, and withal singularly handsome. I guessed him to be about five-and-twenty, but he was scarcely twenty, as he afterwards informed me. He wore a loose flowing brown-colored cloak made of the soft hair of the mountain-goat. It was fastened across the chest, but the long folds below the fastening were thrown back, and showed beneath a richly brocaded coat made of the finest European cloth. This, sitting close to his figure, displayed his broad shoulders and slender waist to the utmost advantage. Through the folds of a Cachemire shawl which served as a girdle, were passed a brace of silver-mounted pistols and a formidable-looking double-edged dagger. In addition to these arms he wore

a sword, and a fowling-piece of English manufacture was slung obliquely across his back. His turban of blue shawl and of the finest texture was wound loosely about the head, the worked ends hanging down picturesquely over his shoulders behind. His boots, made of the wild ass's skin, were of a light buff color, and reached almost to the knee. They were very pointed at the toe, and with heels so long and small that walking in them must be something akin to torture. The young chief was evidently a most finished horseman. His followers, with spears levelled and matchlocks unslung, had spread themselves over the plain and were going through a variety of warlike evolutions. Every now and then one of them would dash across the road and fire his matchlock immediately in front of us, causing the young chief's horse to rear and plunge and snatch at the sharp bit in a way that put even his horsemanship to the test. But he managed the hot-blooded young animal beneath him at all times with consummate temper and skill. The other of my companions, who now rode upon my left, was a man of very different aspect. A spare shrivelled remnant of a man who appeared quite at home in the saddle, but to whom, heavy beetling brows, a malignant eye, and a Mephistopheles hook to his nose, gave certainly no prepossessing appearance. He was simply attired, and as he rode along his whole thoughts seemed to be concentrated in the attempts that he momentarily made to keep himself protected by his cloak from the chill blasts of the morning air that swept every now and then in sharp gusts across the plain. His reception of me, I remarked, had been cold and distant as compared with that given me by his younger companion. And since we had remounted he had not attempted to address another remark to me of any kind. The young chief, Firamoorz Khan, several times bantered him on his moody silence, but the only answer the old man vouchsafed consisted of a few words that were quite unintelligible, muttered as they were from beneath the voluminous folds of his cloak, under which all but his eyes and nose were buried. When we reached the hills and had ascended a little way up the first slope, Firamoorz asked me to turn round and

look at the play of his horsemen in the plain below. It was of a most spirited and exciting character. Upon the wide level plain that had looked so desolate and lifeless when I had first beheld it in the morning, a mimic battle was being enacted, in which each horseman, fighting independently of his comrades, attacked or retired as fancy urged. One of these horsemen, dressed in a close-fitting tunic of dark blue, and armed with a shield, matchlock, and sword, particularly attracted my attention. With reins hanging loose from the saddle-bow, he urged his horse to his utmost speed. At times he would use his matchlock, firing it as he galloped along in every position that it was possible for a horseman to throw himself into, and regain his seat in the saddle. At other times, having slung his matchlock obliquely behind him, and covering his body with his shield, he would draw his sword—the curved scimitar of Khorassan—and keeping it in perpetual movement, would cause it to flicker and gleam and make lines of fire in the brilliant sunlight that now poured over the plain. The horseman, the carrier of the kettledrums, ponderous-looking things swathed in scarlet cloth, had followed us up the slope. He had been standing behind us motionless as a statue, but at a signal from Firamoorz he commenced violently to agitate his wrists, and so the thunder of the drums pealing forth, the mimic fight below came to an end. The horsemen then, reining in their steeds, came trooping leisurely up the hill towards the spot where we were, and a gayly-dressed, bright-eyed boy having approached Firamoorz, placed a hawk upon his wrist. The order of march was resumed, and by a tortuous winding path we made our way through the hills. From the highest summits of these hills the "teehoo" every now and then sent forth his plaintive and melancholy note. And whenever one of these birds, a sort of small mountain partridge, was flushed by our approach, the hawk was slipped. He seldom failed in bringing the quarry to the ground, so swift and sure was his flight. A horseman would then dash forward over rocks and stones, seize the fluttering helpless thing, and turning towards Mecca the holy, would cut his

throat with all possible and orthodox ceremony.

Firamoorz had told me that, from the spot where his party had first met me, his father's fort was distant some two hours' ride; or, as I reckoned it, about seven miles. So that by the time we reached the opening of the great gorge that I had seen and traced in the early morning, the sun's rays were touching the rocky saw-like crest of its western side. Our road, ascending rapidly, clung to the precipitous side of the gorge, whose uppermost edge glowed in light; but where we rode we were in the deep shadow of the opposite side, which towered aloft like a wall above us. Beneath was a brawling torrent that every here and there as it leapt from one big boulder to another, formed between them those glassy black pools which are

"The torrent's stillness ere it rush below."

As we proceeded, the gorge contracted, its sides shooting up perpendicularly on both sides, so that we could see only a narrow slip of the bright blue sky above. But, much as I was struck with the wild and savage beauty of the scene, there was not much time, or I should rather say leisure, to look about one, for the path we were pursuing was so steep, and the face of the rock across which it lay so smooth and slippery, that my attention was fully occupied in keeping my horse upon his legs. Where your stirrup-iron dangles over a precipice, scenery loses a certain portion of the attraction which it would otherwise possess. I glanced at the dark silent pools below and the jagged sides of the gorge, but my most earnest gaze was fixed on the great boulders of rock nearer at hand, and over which we were scrambling and clattering. And when we had passed some unusually bad bit of the road without accident I could not avoid looking ahead and praying that better travelling was near. In consequence of its being impossible for a considerable distance for two horsemen to ride abreast, we went in single file, Firamoorz immediately preceding me. Many a time I trembled for the safety of the young chief, for his hot-blooded fiery steed, rendered impatient by the oft-recurring irregularities of the path, rushed at the

great boulders we were crossing in a manner that made it appear inevitable that sooner or later his legs would slip from under him; and a fall on such a road could not have had well other than consequences most fatal. I silently wondered at the calm self-possession, nerve, and temper of the young chief under the circumstances. As if deeming that the animal was perfectly cognizant of the danger that threatened from the yawning gulf below, he seldom or never checked him with the bit, leaving him to his own wild way of surmounting all obstacles. When I say that the art of shoeing horses is at its very rudest stage among the Afghans, simply a flat piece of iron nailed over the hoof, it will be at once understood what a disadvantage a horse so shod labors under when crossing rocky ground.

Whenever conversation was practicable, Firamoorz did not fail to enliven the way with his remarks. My English hunting-saddle particularly attracted his astonishment and curiosity. He seemed to think it was made of wood. About it and my dress he made many quaint and original remarks. His frank manner and the brusque informal way in which he let me know what was passing in his mind was vastly amusing, and contrasted agreeably with the customs and manner of speech of the Persians—a people of whom I had shortly previous had some experience, and to whom Rochefoucauld's saying, that "words were meant to conceal our thoughts," most pertinently applies. Looking at my old well-worn saddle, he said that it was the first he had ever seen, and he wondered that I should prefer to ride on a thing so small and with a surface so glossy and slippery, instead of upon one such as he was using, where the rider had plenty of room to turn round and shift himself about in, and where the knee pressed a surface that was both rough and soft. But with the stirrup-irons he was particularly pleased, and he frankly declared that, in his estimation, they were worth more than all the saddles "Feringestan" could produce.

Our progress, owing to the roughness of the road, was at times but slow, so that the sun was high in the heavens before we reached the turn in the gorge

whence the Fort of the young chief's father was visible. From this point it appeared directly in front of us, but on the other side of the gorge, which here opened out to a breadth of about a mile or so, revealing behind a grand panorama of mountains piled on mountains. We made an abrupt descent till we came to a ford in the stream, where the horses of the party, many of them still bearing the traces of their morning's gallop, were allowed a copious drink of water. On the opposite side, gently ascending to the walls of the "Killaug" or fort, was an open bit of ground. Over this the Afghaun horsemen, clapping their heavy stirrup-irons to their horses' sides, galloped some three or four times at speed. This galloping a horse for some ten minutes or so at his best pace, immediately after he has been watered, renders him, at least so say the Afghauns and Turcomans, hardy, and greatly improves his wind. As we rode up the open space, with the horsemen galloping hither and thither, some small cannon, mounted on the walls of the fort, bellowed out a rude welcome, which, being caught by a multitude of echoes, boomed solemnly away, and was lost amid the distant rocky peaks. The Fort of F— appeared to be built of sun-burnt brick throughout—a large massive and ancient structure, with bastions and connecting curtains which in some places were loopholed for defence. The muzzles of the guns that were being fired projected slightly from the parapet, on the top of which they rested. At each discharge, a cloud of something which was not smoke, issued from beneath the muzzle. On approaching nearer, it was evident that the concussion of each discharge brought down a piece of the wall, a matter apparently of but small moment to the Afghaun artillerymen, who were to be seen busy above the guns, loading and firing away with the utmost indifference to the damage that was being done to the defences. As we finally entered the massive gateway, we brushed by the inhabitants, old and young, men, women, and children, who were standing crowding both sides of the entrance. The men were mostly strong, sturdy-looking fellows, with a rude glow of health upon their cheeks. They were clad in coarse-colored linen, with a sheepskin jacket

or cloak hitched upon their shoulders, the arms hanging down empty behind, like those of a hussar jacket. Of the women, generally speaking, no portion of the features was visible. A white thick veil fell over the eyes, and the figure was entirely enveloped in blue drapery. Here and there amongst the crowd might be seen a hand wrinkled with toil and old age, holding down the veil with a determination so severe that it would have baffled the very eye of a lynx to catch even a glimpse of the possessor's faded charms. Interspersed among the gazing groups were the "Reesh-Suffeed," the graybeards of the place, who, with heads swathed in ponderous turbans, looked as picturesque and patriarchal as if they had stepped down from some old Italian fresco. The children, some of them ruddy and beautiful, ran forward, clapped their hands, and looked half in wonderment, half in alarm, at the novel sight of a white face and a pith helmet. The dust raised by our horses' tread, as we passed under the massive gateway, was stifling. We rode through a small bazaar, whose principal commodities appeared to be dried fruits and grain, and whose principal occupants were ragged beggars, who had located themselves in every point of vantage-ground upon our road. These, as we passed, struck their breasts, and then stood with upturned palms while they called down the blessings of Allah upon our heads. After a ride of a few hundred yards, we found ourselves on the edge of the great moat that surrounded the keep or citadel of the place. Here the young chief rode forward, and, making a signal to some "Sirbauz,"* who were lounging about on the other side, a drawbridge was let down, and we elattered over the rough uneven planks like a troop of horsemen entering a castle of some feudal lord of the middle ages. In a small yard, immediately inside the main wall of the citadel, we dismounted, and Firamoorz, taking me by the hand, and pronouncing many a "Bismillah," led me into the interior. As I looked behind me I saw the drawbridge being slowly raised, and then, as the great bolts fell with a loud clank, I felt that, though a guest, I was for the time being a prisoner. Fira-

* Lit. Player with the hand.

moorz, familiar with every turn and twist of the tortuous way, walked forward with a quick step; but, as the passages along which we went were ill-lighted, and some not lighted at all, a slower pace would to me have been preferable; for a long ride had left me cramped and stiff, so that I more than once stumbled over the irregularities of the ground. As far as I could judge, we were passing along under some of the principal buildings of the citadel. At length my guide, taking me up a flight of rude stone steps, brought me into a small yard. On the other side of this yard was the room that had been allotted to me as the place of my abode during my stay in the Fort. Here Firamoorz left me, but not before he had told me that the bath would be ready, and at my disposal, in an hour.

When the young Chief had taken his departure, I took the opportunity of looking about me to see whereabouts I was in the citadel, the principal points of which I had scanned from the exterior as we entered. I found I was at a large bastion at the south-west angle. The yard to which we had ascended formed part of the summit of the bastion, and a parapet, more or less broken, led around it. The door through which we had entered was at the base of what looked like an old deserted dwelling, for the wooden shutters, which had closed the apertures of the windows, had been partially rent away, leaving the interior exposed. The walls were cracked and crumbling, presenting throughout a ruined and dilapidated appearance. Of windows in my room there were two—one overlooking the moat of the keep; the other was on the side of the terrace, and raised above its level some three or four feet. They were mere apertures. Glass there was none; but a rude wooden shutter half closed the terrace window. My apartment, which had evidently not been inhabited for a long time, bore traces of having been swept and garnished. Water had been sprinkled upon the mud floor, and across the upper end of the room was spread a felt cloth, of great thickness and value, and bright with the hue of all the colors of the rainbow. This and a large silk-covered pillow, which rested against the wall, was the simple furniture of the room. In a few minutes my Persian servants

had spread my bed, poised my basin upon its tripod stand, and placed with some ceremony upon the floor the few books that composed my library. These, the preliminaries of my taking up my abode, being duly settled and arranged, the chamber, with its brown mud walls and dilapidated windows, had soon a homely appearance for me.

About an hour had elapsed when the apparition of a handsome well-dressed Afghaun at the door warned me that the promised bath was ready. I was up in an instant, for I knew of old the comfort that an hour or so of parboiling and shampooing brought to aching bones and weary muscles. Outside in the little yard were grouped some four or five retainers of the young Chief. They were all armed to the teeth, and after the Afghaun had marshalled them into order, it looked, when we all walked silently away together, as if we were bent on some desperate deed of blood, rather than for the peaceful purpose of a bath. We marched away with all due solemnity to that part of the citadel in which I was informed the young Chief's apartments and "Anderoon"* were situated. Through dark passages, up crumbling steps, across little open terraces from which we looked up and caught a glimpse of lofty windowless walls, we made our way to the little honeycomb chambers that formed the "Hummaum" or bath of the Chief's dwelling. My attendants having here left me, I speedily surrendered myself to a tall gaunt man, who, stripped naked to the waist, was waiting for my arrival. In the space of a few minutes he had dressed me much in the same fashion in which he himself was clad. A gay-colored cotton sheet was wound about my lower limbs, and then, being pulled tight at the waist, was fastened in the twinkling of an eye in a knot wonderfully firm and artistic. Another sheet was wrapped loosely but carefully about my head; and so accoutred, and shuffling over the tiled floor in wooden shoes, I accompanied my gaunt friend, who took me by the hand into a small inner chamber. In this chamber nothing was visible through the moist warm vapor that enveloped all things, save a round aperture in the

* Women's apartments.

dome-like roof above. An intense discomfort of a few minutes, during which a sense pervaded me that the blood of the whole body had suddenly rushed into and filled the veins of my head; a short and sharp battle with the powers of darkness and pungent soap; a feeling of utter and hopeless prostration amounting almost to faintness, quickly followed by a sensation that the languid life stealing back upon me was a dear treasure worth possessing—nay, more, a blessing to be humbly grateful for;—these things, one and all, satisfied me that the man, portions of whose gaunt frame I had every now and then fancied I had caught a glimpse of through the misty darkness of the bath, was an artist of no mean pretensions, and one who, though living in this obscure mountain fort, might rank among the best and most skilled “hummaumchees” of Isfahoon. During the delightful sense of comfort and repose that followed the bath, I trifled with some coffee, very black and very bitter, a kaileoon of indifferent tobacco, a huge water-melon, and a tray of sweetmeats. These last were snow-white and of all shapes. But the round ones, while they were the most palatable, were at the same time of a consistency so curious, that one could only break them by laying them flat in the palm of one hand, while you struck at them with the edge of another. In this way they broke at once like a biscuit. Any other attempt to break them, and they resolved themselves into something the consistency of india-rubber, and then their motto was “frangas, non flectes.”

The young Chief had told me that during my stay in his father's fort I was to consider myself entirely as his guest. Nothing in the way of food, either for my servants or horses, or for myself, was to be purchased. In the evening when I walked down to the spot where my horses had been picketed, I found them amply supplied with barley and chopped straw. My two Persian grooms were sitting on their heels, wearing all the appearance of men who had been well fed. Even the muleteers, who so frequently, by reason of their inscrutable whims, tend to embitter the life of a traveller in these countries, appeared for once in a way to be happy and contented, and wanting nothing. As the sun

touched the rocky horizon that bounded the view on the west, I wended my way along the ramparts, back to my apartments, so as, to meet the young Chief, who had promised to pay me a visit an hour before the “shaumi,” or evening meal.

He came attended by the old man who had accompanied him in the morning, and by several armed retainers. These took up their position along the wall of the terrace outside of the room, but the old man, whom I soon learned was called the “Oozeer,” entered with Firamoorz, and took his seat beside him on the felt cloth. Firamoorz examined with great curiosity every single article of European manufacture that I possessed, and with the greatest freedom asked all manner of questions regarding the use that was made of them. A few rough sketches in water colors that were in my book pleased him much, and he insisted upon my making a picture of him shooting an antelope, with the least possible delay, that he might present the same to his father. I told him I would try next morning to make a picture of him, such as he desired to have. The delay seemed to cause him great disappointment, for, pointing at my color-box, which lay open before him, he said, that with the colors all ready as they appeared to be, he should have thought the picture might have been done at once. As it had happened in the morning, so it happened now, that the old man maintained a reserved silence, but every now and then I remarked he raised his overhanging penthouse brows, and I could see the somewhat sinister gleam of his eye as he stole an observant curious glance around the room. After half an hour's pleasant but somewhat boisterous conversation, Firamoorz withdrew, having previously arranged the hour at which I was to pay a visit of ceremony the next morning to his aged father. As they left, I observed the old Oozeer step off the felt carpet, and walk quickly to that end of the room where the window was which looked down into the moat below. From out of this window he cast a downward glance, and then, apparently satisfied, he caught up the skirt of his long flowing cloak, and stepped briskly away after his young Chief.

For my evening repast several savory dishes were brought to me straight from the "Anderoon,"—roast and stewed lamb smothered in rice and raisins, various succulent vegetables cooked in oil, and some plates of cooked and raw fruit. The exertions of the gaunt man in the bath had endowed me with so good an appetite that I did ample justice to the excellent dishes set before me. When I had finished, the many-colored and well-stained tablecloth* was carried away by one of the servants of Firamoorz, but the large pieces of unleavened bread which had served both for plates and dishes, and all that remained upon them, were taken possession of by my two Persian servants, whose right hands never ceased their labors till every scrap had disappeared.

The previous night having been passed in the saddle, I retired to rest rather earlier than usual. My bed was spread upon the ground, and from the spot where I lay I could see the broken indented line of the wall that formed the farther parapet of the bastion, clearly and sharply defined against the starlit sky. Before I fell asleep I observed that the line of wall—and exactly that portion of it which crossed my window—resembled the profile of an upturned face, and curiously enough, though on a somewhat gigantic scale, of a face remarkably regular and Grecian in its outline. And thus, having discovered the fancied resemblance to a human countenance that the top of the old ruined wall presented when thrown into black relief by the shades of night, I became so fascinated with the discovery, that long before I had fallen asleep I gazed and gazed through the darkness till the features engraved themselves upon my memory like those of some familiar, well-known, and well-remembered face. As I wandered away to the land of dreams, the clanging boom of kettledrums and the shrill notes of some instrument that sounded like those of a fife arose from some of the courtyards below, and then indistinctly I heard the martial sounds caught up by the night breeze and swept away to be the sport of distant mountain echoes.

* A well-stained soiled tablecloth is considered a token of the liberality and good cheer of the host.

How long I had slept I knew not, but about midnight, as I reckoned, I was awoken by the creaking of the one wooden shutter that half closed the aperture of that window of my room which looked out upon the terrace. The light wind eddying round the bastion caught the projecting shutter, and set it creaking on its osier hinges with such a grating doleful noise that once I had heard it I felt that sleep, tired though I was, was out of the question till I had fastened the offending object in such a way that it would be impossible for it to offend any longer. I therefore at once rose for the purpose of securing it, but before doing so, I looked out upon the night. A waning moon that was just rising threw little or no light upon the scene around me. But the stars, set in the deep blue enamel of the heaven, were everywhere in their most brilliant array. Looking immediately about me, the massive walls of the fortress appeared dark, solid, and sombre against the midnight sky. From my two servants, who lay stretched like corpses flat upon the terrace, immediately outside the door of my room, my gaze wandered to the old ruined wall that bounded the *terre-plein* of the bastion. Then, as a matter of course, as I bethought me of the outline of the face that had so fascinated me as I fell asleep, I commenced to look for the, to me, well-known features so fancifully formed by the accidents of ruin and decay. But, strange to relate, I could see nowhere that for which I looked. No profile of a face, or anything resembling it, was visible. Do what I would, my eye seemed spontaneously ever to come back and rest upon a certain projection or rise which looked so black, still, and dark, that it appeared as if of a piece with the wall itself. But in a few minutes, by dint of anxious and attentive observation, I satisfied myself that this projection was the object that marred the fancied beauty of the profile that I had gazed upon as I fell asleep. For, separating it in my mind's eye from the wall, the features, such as I remembered them, became at once distinct and traceable as they had been before. This projection then was something new, a something on the wall or of the wall that had not existed during the early hours

of the night. Of this I had not the least doubt. For when I recalled to mind and traced the features such as I had seen them the night before, I, as I have said before, recognized them again, only just where the short upper lip of the profile had dipped into a graceful curve, there now arose something—what, it was impossible to discern,—but something that looked as if of one piece with the wall, so black and motionless did it appear against the sky. Looking at it again and again, it seemed to me to assume the shape and dimensions of a hooded human figure. Once this impression had taken possession of me, it made me feel intensely uncomfortable, for I could not divest myself of the idea that from the seemingly immovable object above a pair of human eyes was fixed intent upon my movements. This supposed presence of a silent midnight watcher within a stone's throw of my couch so troubled and perturbed me, that I was determined I would satisfy myself whether or not I was right in my conjecture. I therefore placed myself against the side of the window, so as to bring a star to touch the outline of the object. For I reasoned that if this thing above was "a thing of life," a movement of some kind or other would sooner or later betoken that, immovable and lifeless as it appeared, it was not a mere projection of the crumbling battlements of the wall, as it at the first glance seemed to be. In the position I had placed myself I knew that its slightest motion would become immediately apparent to the eye. How long I watched I know not, but second succeeded second, minute followed minute, and still so perfectly motionless and quiet did the dark object above remain that I began to think my sight had played me some trick, and that the fancied profile was merely the baseless fabric of some waking dream. Then again it was hard to make myself believe this, for the remainder of the features I could distinctly trace. As a last resource I bethought me that, standing up as I then was, my eyes being upon a different level, I saw that which had been invisible to me when lying down. But, by stooping, I brought my eyes to the same plane as that along which I looked when on my bed. In this position the human pro-

portions of the object became, or seemed to become, more than ever apparent. As I felt that lying down to sleep was impossible while this strange thing was brooding above between me and the starlight, I stepped out of the window, and, dropping into the terrace, I walked slowly across and straight up to the opposite wall, gazing intently through the gloom upon that which had so aroused my curiosity. When about half-way across, as if by magic the object disappeared. I fancied I heard the sounds of a quickly-retreating hurried step, and then all was silent and still again. I listened in vain for several minutes to catch some sound that might betray the further movements of this strange night-visitor. I heard nought save the hoot of an owl, whose sudden and piercing shriek, "making night hideous," sounded like the cry of some suffering wretch doomed to everlasting torture and perdition. As the top of the wall in its lowest places was some fifteen or eighteen feet high, I knew that any attempt to scale it from my side was out of the question. So I abandoned the idea of making an effort to scramble up—an idea I had momentarily entertained—for the purpose of seeing what standing-room, if any, existed on the other side, and so near the top of the wall that a person standing upon it would show the upper portion of the figure in the way that this strange and silent visitor had done. I therefore returned to my chamber and threw myself upon my couch, and though sleep came not for some time, I neither saw nor heard anything more to disturb me that night.

The next morning at the appointed hour I waited upon the Chief of the Fort of F—. Though Firamoorz had not told me anything about his father, save that he was very aged and infirm, I no sooner saw him than I felt convinced that I was in the presence of one who had not many days to live. Propped up against the wall by large bundles of felt and silk-covered pillows, there sat, or rather reclined, a man upon whose worn and wasted features death was visibly and unmistakably stamped. Looking at those features, and at the dim lack-lustre eyes that gazed vacantly into space, I could trace the resemblance

that Firamoorz, who was present during the visit, bore to his father. The interview was to me a most painful one, for the aged Chief, racked as he appeared every now and then to be by the pains of death, was scarcely conscious of anything that was passing around him. Those attending upon the Chief asked me whether I had any medicines that would alleviate in any way the sufferings that were so evident and so distressing to witness. I knew that the few simple drugs I carried were powerless to cope with the ravages of the terrible disease which was rapidly attacking the old Chief to his grave; so I was careful not to give any, and therewith raise false hopes.

Concluded in our next.

Chambers's Journal.

A NIGHT IN THE TOMBS.

It was a pleasant day for all on board the *Tien-sin*, when the first great "chop," filled with the new season's tea, came floating down the river, and dropped across our bows. All hands clustered on the rail, and looked eagerly on, as the unwieldy craft bobbed and bumped against the black side of the old ship. But the "Fukees," as we called the Chinamen, knew what they were at; and so, after a great deal of shouting and jumping about, the toothless old skipper left his great steering-oar in the high-peaked stern, and the clumsy barge swung quietly alongside.

The *Tien-sin* had been lying at Whampoa for more than two months, waiting for the new teas; several other ships were there also on the same errand, while their captains were up at Canton, making what bargains they could with the merchants. Meanwhile, our paint fell off in large round blisters; our copper grew slimy with the yellow mud that was ever washing against it; our cables were twisted into as many turns as a lady's watch-chain; and our rigging looked rusty and untidy. On board, all was clean and neat. The mate had been left in charge when the skipper went away; but he and over half the men had since gone ashore to the hospital, sick of the fever, many of them destined never to leave it alive. I was the second mate, and so the charge of the ship had fallen on me.

After the "holds" and "tween decks" had been swept out, and the "dunnage"

laid down, there was little or no work to be done. The carpenter now and then kept up a feeble hammering in the saloon, which was to be filled with tea; and the "bosun" made some forlorn attempts with the "spinning-winch;" as for the men, any that chose might go ashore, one watch at a time; but they seldom availed themselves of the privilege, so few inducements does Whampoa offer. Of course, being my own master, I could do as I liked; and almost every evening, leaving the bosun in charge, I used to paddle ashore in the punt, and stroll away towards the country. My companion was a youngster, an apprentice named George Thompson, more often called "Georgie;" a tiny little fellow, with big wondering blue eyes, and a spirit such as boys only have. Brave, active, and daring even to rashness, he was the pet and favorite of all on board; and being, with the exception of the captain and mate, the only one of my own position, I was naturally glad to make him a companion.

Silver-town, as the principal part of Whampoa is called, lies on an island formed by two forks of the river, and has but few attractions beyond wine-shops and liquor-stores; so we seldom went there, but chose the opposite side. Here, after passing through a labyrinth of huts and small shops, built round the graving-dock, you got out into the open country, with hills and valleys studded with timber, and pretty villages peeping out of clumps of trees. The roads were good, the scenery was soft and pleasing, the natives civil and unobtrusive; and the whole was such a change from the dull monotony of the ship, that nearly every evening found Georgie and myself there.

Meanwhile the *Tien-sin* was rapidly filling; chest after chest was passed up, and slid down into the hold. The old Fukee, with his bundle of red sticks, might have grown to the deck, so immovable was he. Every chest that came up had one of these sticks on it; these it was his business to collect, and compare at the end of the day with his friend in the chop, when the correct "tally" of the number of chests delivered was obtained. In the hold, the "compradore" presided over some twenty stalwart and half-naked coolies, who seized the chests as they slid down,

and stowed them in their places. The men were employed bending sails, and getting up the "running" gear. All was hurry and bustle. The captain was still away, and my leisure was consequently much reduced; still, after the "hands" knocked off, I generally found time to go ashore, and take a stroll in the old direction. One evening, the last chop did not come in time to begin discharging, so I was able to get away a little earlier than usual. Taking Georgie with me, I told the bosun to look out for me, and jumping into the punt, paddled ashore; then fastening her to the steps of the dock, we left her till our return, and were soon past the dirty village, out in the open country.

There was a village some four miles away, which we had often said we would explore, but by one thing or another had been prevented; this, Georgie now proposed we should walk to. As the sun was still up, and we had plenty of daylight before us, I saw no objection, and we started off. The road wound in and out amongst the rice-fields, past the English graveyard, with its solemn reminders of many a lost friend, and came out into a long broad valley, lying between two rounded hills. Here and there were the graves of dead Fukees, circular places cut in the hill-side so as to form a courtyard in front of the tomb, usually placed in an excavation behind. Over these places, long strips of red and gilt paper fluttered mournfully, the passing gifts of friends or relatives. Gangs of laborers met us at every turn, passing us in a long swinging trot; the water trickled soothingly from the marshy rice-ground, in tiny sparkling rills, attracting flocks of paddy-birds, and waders of every kind, their white and gray plumage checkering the bright rice, and affording a warning to the frogs they coveted. The sun was setting when we entered the village, and I wished to turn back; but Georgie begged so eagerly for a peep at it that I had not the heart to refuse, and so we went on. The houses were of the regular Chinese pattern, made familiar to us from childhood by the "willow" plates, with pointed overhanging eaves, and gables at the corners.

The village was larger than we had anticipated, and ere we had gone many hundred yards, I half resolved to turn

back; but Georgie was so anxious to see what was there, and reminded me with such a serious face of my promise, that I gave in, and we went on. The people were busy closing their shops, and placing their beds out in the street ready for the night. No one seemed to notice us more than usual; indeed, foreigners have so long made Whampoa and its neighborhood their resort, that, had they done so, it would have been remarkable. An open door with a good light within now attracted us; it was one of the many gaming-houses that swarm in every Chinese town and village. I had often been in them. The scene is curious, and has but slight temptations to offer, a few dollars being the visible extent of the "bank." The people are civil and quiet, and I never heard of a row taking place in them. As it was too dark to see much more of the village, Georgie proposed that we should give up any further explorations, making up for the concession by a few minutes in the gaming-shop. I saw no particular harm in doing so, and said to myself we need not stop more than a few minutes; so in we went.

It was a large hut, partly made of bamboo matting, and partly of bricks. Several rude oil-lamps, stuck on poles, gave a flickering and partial light. In the centre was a large table, at one end of which sat the "banker," with a heap of "cash"—the little brass coin of the country—before him, and a few small pieces of silver in a box on his right; on the other sides stood the players. The game was very simple. A square piece of wood lay on the middle of the table, divided into four squares by white lines, each square numbered. The players placed their money, mostly copper, in one of these squares, or sometimes on one of the separating lines. When all was staked, the banker took a large handful of the cash, placed them conspicuously before him, and told them off with a "chopstick" by fours; the residue denoting the winners—one coin remaining, the money on number one square being doubled, and so on; those who placed their money on the lines getting half their stake, should the remainder correspond with the numbers on either side of the line chosen. All others of course lost; and should there

be no remainder, the banker also swept up all the stakes.

I was looking on at one of the gamblers, an old, nervous-looking Chinaman, whose whole life seemed concentrated on the few coppers he had staked, and who was watching the monotonous counting with starting eyes; the count came to an end, and the old man won, and hurried away, clutching his winnings with intense eagerness. As he left, I turned towards Georgie, and found him in the act of picking up a couple of quarter-dollars from the table; whilst I had been watching the old gambler, the young rascal had staked a shilling, that by some wonderful chance was in his pocket, and had doubled it. It was impossible to be angry with the boy, he put on such a piteous face; and then, seeing me smile, he pushed the two shillings on to the board, and entreated me to let them remain, promising at the same time to come away the instant the count was over. It was too late to say no, for the cash were already being counted, and to take the money away might have led to a row. It was soon over: the boy, as luck would have it, won again; and pocketing his dollar as proudly as if it had been a bank-note, he followed me out of the place.

When we got into the street, it was quite dark, though the stars gave just enough light to see the road, which was white and broad. We soon got out of the village, and walked quickly along towards the ship. The road was quite deserted now; scarcely a breath of wind was stirring; and save the harsh cry of the nightjars, and the hum of insects, there was not a sound to be heard.

We had gone more than a mile, when Georgie stopped to tie his shoe-string. I walked on. He soon came running up, and declared that he had heard some one following us. The road we were on was much frequented, and nothing was more probable than that some person should be on it, travelling the same way as ourselves: however, to make sure, I stopped an instant, and listened. The moment we stopped, I heard footsteps behind, at some little distance, to judge by the sound. We were about fifty yards from a dark bit of the road, lying under some trees;

between that and us, the road lay broad and clear: the steps sounded as if on the verge of this shady part; that they were not nearer was evident. We had not stood longer than a few seconds when the footsteps stopped also; we walked on a few paces, and stopped again, but could not hear them; the road between the trees and ourselves was distinct, and still no one was to be seen on it. Ashamed to appear nervous before the lad, I turned round, and laughingly making some light remark, walked sharply on.

We had a couple of light canes with us, but they would be quite useless in case of a skirmish, not by any means an uncommon occurrence in China, by the way; so I picked up a stone from the bank as we walked, and tying it in a corner of my handkerchief, after the Yankee fashion, felt more comfortable. The road, now, in front, as far as we could see, was wide and open; there were no trees; and the bank on the upper side was no higher than our waists; on the other side were the open rice-fields.

The moon was just bursting out from a bank of clouds in front, and Georgie chattered away at my side, so any apprehension I may have had was fast fading away. Close in front, on the side of a hill, was a large tomb, which we had often visited, as it lay about two miles from the ship, and was within distance of a short walk when we got away late. We had scarcely passed it, when Georgie shouted out: "Look out, sir; there is a man in the tomb!"

I turned sharply round, only just in time to avoid the fellow. He had made a spring out of the courtyard of the grave, intending to fall on me; behind him were a couple more. As he passed me, I let fly with my slung stone, catching him somewhere on his body; he staggered on, but did not fall. This gave us a moment's time. A few yards ahead was a dead tree—it was our only chance—once there, we might defend ourselves till some one came. "The tree, Georgie," I shouted; "run, boy, for your life!" And away we both sped, the two ruffians close behind, and the third one reeling after them. We were but just in time; but I turned, and had my back against the trunk, with the

boy alongside, ere they came up. Fortunately, they had no weapons, not even sticks, or we could not long have stood against them.

Seeing our position, they now brought up about two yards from us, and began pulling faces, and making intimidating motions; this continued some time, till, finding we were not to be "grinned" out, they grew desperate, and closing in a little, gave me a chance with my stone. I caught one fellow on his cheek, and doubled him up, rolling him over like a bullock. "Now for it, Georgie," I cried; "in at them!" And before they knew what was up, I rushed out and closed with the second. I met him with my left hand in the face, intending to follow it up with the stone; but he was too much for me, and before I could recover myself, had my arms pinioned to my side. Close behind was the third fellow, who had first attacked us; he was coming up with a large stone raised above his head, and making at me. A sickening sensation came over me, and I made a frantic struggle to get free, but the ruffian held me like a vice. As my eyes fell, under the expected blow, I saw Georgie creeping under our legs; and the next instant, with a great heave, down we went, the rascal never quitting his hold of me, but carrying me with him to the ground, where we lay rolling over and over, as I strove to escape. Just then, Georgie came crawling up on his knees, holding his open penknife: the boy seized the fellow by his hair, as he tumbled about, and gave him such a dig in the face, that with the pain he gave a hideous yell, and let go his hold. I sprang up just in time to receive a crushing blow from the third man. A thousand sparks flashed in the air—a bursting sensation filled my brain—the earth reeled round and round—and then all faded into darkness, and I felt no more.

I could not have lain very long, for when I recovered I was still in the same place in which I fell, and a couple of the men were on their knees rifling my clothes, one of them slitting them up with Georgie's knife, whilst the other fumbled about in search of anything that might be there. I had presence of mind enough to remain perfectly still; and so intent were they on their search,

that the slight movement I made on coming round had passed unnoticed.

I was lying on my back, across the road, with my feet towards the hillside, up which I could see for some distance, owing to the rising moon: up and down the road, I could catch a side-glance only, but that was sufficient to show me there was no one on it. Georgie I could not see anywhere, neither the third man. As I grew more conscious, so did my anxiety increase as to what had become of the boy: that he was unhurt, was more than probable, for had he been so, his body could not be far off, and the time had been too short to admit of its removal. My hope was that he had escaped, intending to get help from the ship; a conjecture made more likely by the absence of the third man, who would, in all probability, have followed the lad, as soon as his escape was discovered.

After mauling me about for some minutes, the two men gave it up, and squatting down within a yard of me, began looking over their spoils. My little Geneva watch was set carefully aside; then came my penknife, silver pencil-case, and the studs and links from my shirt—these were all examined, and placed near the watch; and then the fellow next me cautiously opening his hand, which had been tightly shut, showed to his mate some half-dozen small silver coins, which I recognized as the money I had about me when we left the ship: Georgie's dollar was not among them, conclusive proof the boy had got off. The sight of the money called up a grin on the ruffians' faces, and they began eagerly to divide it; a matter of considerable difficulty, to judge by their gestures and low jabbering talk.

It must have been a strange scene: my blood-stained face turned upwards, in feigned death—the two brawny ruffians seated beside me, savagely growling over the bits of silver—the moon, now over the tree-tops, casting their black shadows across the road—the hillside, every bush and stone distinct, every shadow hard and cold—the tomb just above, gleaming white and spectral, the bits of paper fluttering fitfully as the rising night-wind soughed and whistled down the valley—the long white

road, so still and lonely—and the dead tree flinging its solitary branch across it, gaunt and leafless, as if in vain entreating help.

Now with a wild cry, a night-hawk breaks the stillness, and, ghost-like, follows its own shadow along the hill—a faint chorus of bull-frogs rises from the rice-fields below—far away, the bark of a solitary dog tells of a village; it comes from the direction of Whampo, and straining my eyes, I almost fancy I can trace the mast-heads of the ships there; but the moonlight flickers and fades under a passing cloud, and the tree-tops blending with the darkening sky, hardly show a line against it. The men were still wrangling over the money, neither seeming able to agree as to the value of certain pieces, when happening to look up the hill, my eye caught something in motion. It was only a vague momentary glimpse, almost an idea, hardly a glance; the flicker of a moonbeam, the swaying of a bush; but with my brain eager, almost bursting with hopes of rescue, it riveted me to the spot. Just there was a clump of dark bushes, clustering round some boulders; not very large, nor yet high enough to conceal a person, but only just sufficient to render objects near them indistinct. The moon was under a long line of fleecy cloud, that stretched across the sky, dimming her light, and softening the outlines of the shadows till it was not easy to distinguish them from objects; and the wind playing along the slope gave just enough motion to the taller bushes to render it difficult to fix the eye on any one spot. Just then, a pebble came trundling down the hill, rolling with little or no noise over the short grass, till it pitched on to the road close to me. The slight noise it did make roused the two men; they started up, and one of them, taking a step toward me, bent over my body. From under my eyelids, I saw his rugged face peering into mine; I felt his suppressed breath hot on my cheek, chilled as it was with the cool night-air. For a minute he watched me, then seeing no signs of life, he returned to his mate, and they began gathering up their spoils, evidently intending to be off. This revived my hopes; for thinking me dead, they would most probably leave

me lying as I was, and then I could easily get back to the ship. At that moment, my eye again caught something moving on the hill, this time lower down. The moon was still dimmed, but I could just distinguish what seemed like a clump of bushes nearer to me, and higher than the others that studded the slope, and which I could not remember to have noticed before. On these my attention was fixed. Behind them, a little to the left, was a large rock, which from its color showed out somewhat clearly from the surrounding shade. It seemed a fancy, and yet I could not get it out of my head that this clump of bushes was growing larger, as I looked; yet the next moment, a flicker of the moonlight, and I almost smiled at the idea. Certainly they were swaying in the wind; I could trace their outline plainly against the rock; but the wind died away, and still they swayed as much as ever. Then it struck me that the space between them and the rock had grown larger; this I determined to watch. A vague thought of help, a sort of hoping against hope, was springing up in me, and I caught at every straw.

It was Georgie, so I thought, returned with some of the men to the rescue. Then the absurdity of the idea flashed across me; the ship was two miles away, and Georgie, had he escaped, could not have been gone ten minutes. But the space was certainly growing wider. There, I saw it again! As plainly as the light would allow, I distinctly saw the bushes move. There it is again!—now more palpable. I see a dark line creeping towards me—the space is wide enough now—it is coming quicker and quicker—now a dark thing rises—now another—a hurried noise—a sound of many feet trampling—a great cry, as of fiends let loose—and the clump of bushes rise into life, and dash down upon us. I try to cry out, and struggle to rise; already I see my two assailants fighting desperately, writhing and twisting about in the midst. Now the crowd surges towards me; I cannot rise—if they fall, I shall be crushed. I strive again to cry out, but my voice has lost its power. Down, down they come—ah! they reel away again; one fellow slips, down under the writhing

mass he falls, and with a mad plunge, the whole come hurtling down in one confused heap of limbs and bodies; their fierce breathing and smothered yells telling of the fury of the hideous struggle.

Making an effort, I raised myself on my elbow, and looked on. I was too weak to get up, or I could easily have stolen away unperceived. As yet, I could not distinguish whether the last-comers were friends or foes, though every hope, every thought pointed to the former. I soon saw that they were all Chinamen—a sad blow to my hopes; still, they might be workmen from the dock-yard, and if so, would be friends.

After a short time, the tangled mass untwined itself, and the combatants rolled out one by one on to the clear road, and stood up; two, either stunned or dead, still remaining on the ground; I recognized them by their clothes as the two original robbers.

One of the band now came towards me, and made a sign to me to get up. I shook my head, and pointed to my forehead, which was thick with clotted blood and dirt. Seizing me roughly by the arm, without taking any notice of my sign, he then tried to raise me, and pulled me on to my feet; but I was too weak to stand, and when he let go, I tottered and fell. Calling some of the others, he gave an order in Chinese, and walked away; the men immediately sprang up the hill, and began cutting at the bushes. In a little time, they returned, each with a bundle of good sized twigs; these they stripped of their leaves, and plaited into a rude seat having a handle at each corner. Their intentions were now obvious: I was to accompany them; where and how, I could not conjecture; alas! my heart told me but too well that it would be as a prisoner, though for what purpose I could not imagine.

Seeing the seat finished, the man who seemed a sort of chief amongst them, gave an order, whereupon four of the band lifted me into the litter, placing me in a sitting position, and having raised it in their arms, stood ready to move off. Beside me were the two ruffians, the cause of the whole affair. They lay full length, and quite still; the one nearest me on his back, his teeth

clenched, and his face distorted with agony; his arms lay out at right angles to his body, and the fingers were tightly closed: I noticed several on the left hand were missing. There was a dark patch under his left side, towards me; but it might have been the shadow of his body. Beyond him lay his comrade, doubled up in a heap, his face underneath; the attitude was strained and unnatural, but might only have been the effects of fear.

Three men now stepped up and took hold of the body lying nearest to me; it never moved, but lay motionless and stiff in their arms, one leg dangling helplessly downwards. They lifted him towards the roadside, and, with a heave, flung him into the rice-fields; the body fell with a heavy splash, and that was all—no cry, no groan came back from the swamp. The men then took up the second; as they lifted him, a dark line oozed from his open jaws, and his head fell heavily on to his chest: again the rice-swamp splashed with its ghastly burden, and again all was still. The men returned, and we moved off, turning up the hill to the left. On the road behind us, two dark splotches marked the spot where the men had lain—there was no other sign to tell of the horrid doings the place had but just witnessed. After ascending for some distance, we came to a rough gully, and crossing this, found ourselves in a dry water-course. Here the four men who had carried me were relieved, and we again started.

The water-course tended sharply downwards, and was strewn with great water-worn boulders, that glistened strangely in the moonlight, and made walking extremely difficult; but the men were evidently well acquainted with the road, and never slackened their pace, or appeared uncertain of the direction to be taken. The water-course must have been a mile in length, and debouched into a narrow valley at right angles to it. Up this we turned. The hills on either side were rugged and broken—their great gray masses cropping out in jagged lines, and flinging themselves against the sky in huge pinnacles, not unlike old battlemented castles and keeps—a deception aided by the uncertain light. From these, long slopes of broken rock and debris shelved away

to the centre of the valley, and over these our path lay. After following it for some miles, the leader called a halt. Just below the place was a little circle of stones, with a clear pool of water in the centre—the first we had seen—and to this the men now hastened, the chief only remaining beside me, as a precaution, I suppose, against escape, though, what with loss of blood and the jolting of the litter, I was by no means in a state to attempt it.

When the men had refreshed themselves at the spring, they came up again, and squatted round us in silence. As soon as all were seated, the leader began talking in a quick impressive manner, the band listening attentively, but without showing any signs of acquiescence or approval. As the speaker went on, he evidently warmed to his subject, working himself up, throwing his arms about, and gesticulating wildly, till, suddenly jumping to his feet, he stretched out both his hands towards the opposite mountain, and uttering a wild prolonged guttural, seemed waiting for an answer. Nor were the men slow in giving one. Throwing off their lethargy, they sprang up, and uttering the same guttural cry, raised their right arms above their heads; then seizing my litter with a violence that almost capsize me, they followed the direction their chief had indicated. He had already crossed the valley, jumping from stone to stone; his wild figure, with its streaming blue clothes behind it, seeming to fly at times.

At the other side of the valley was a little stream, creeping down amongst the boulders, silent and dark; crossing it, the ascent commenced. I could not see any path; indeed, all along, the men had appeared to move by instinct rather than by any visible signs. Still, hitherto they had the sides of the valley to guide them, whereas now the gray hill seemed everywhere to melt into undefined space. Now and again, the rocks would close round us, shutting out the moonlight, and wrapping us in chilly darkness, from which there seemed to be no outlet, till, turning a corner, the hillside again glimmered before us. At every step, the ascent grew steeper, and the breathing of the men more laborious; they now took long, slow steps, keeping time with

a low chant, resting every ten minutes or so, and relieving each other frequently. Presently, emerging from a chaos of rocks and boulders, we gained the crest of the hill, where the night-wind was, blowing cold and strong. On either hand, seemed an impenetrable depth, the side we had ascended looking almost perpendicular in the uncertain light. After a few minutes of rest, the band started along the ridge, here unbroken and nearly level. In a short time, it rose again, if anything, steeper than before, and another climb began. Here I noticed we continually tended to the right, ascending in a sloping direction; the masses of rock, too, became fewer, with longer intervals between, disappearing altogether when we had gone some two miles or more. When they had entirely ceased, the direction was again changed—the leader moving across the mountain, in a line parallel with its base, and the band following him.

Owing to this change, they were able to push along much faster, and with fewer reliefs; and judging by their occasional remarks and frequent pointing ahead, I fancied we could not be far from our destination. Nor was I wrong. As we rose on the crest of a long ridge that rolled down the hillside, a white object appeared immediately in front, at the sight of which the men gave a grunt of satisfaction, and increasing their pace, soon came up to it. It was one of the large circular courtyards I have mentioned before, that the Chinese build in front of their burial-places. This one, from its size and remote situation, must have belonged to a family high in the land, though now fallen into disuse, and consequently chosen by my captors as a convenient retreat. Placing the litter down, two of the men made signs to me to rise. The cool air had revived me, and though still feeling weak, I was able to stand up, and walk across towards the back of the courtyard. Here was a small opening, into which one of the fellows entered on his hands and knees; and the other one, forcing me gently down into the same position, made signs for me to follow—the former one stretching out his hand from within for my guidance. In this way I crawled in.

The passage was quite dark, and was only just high enough to allow me to

kneel upright; even then my head touched the roof. There was a damp, earthy feeling about it, and the sides were cold and clammy. After crawling for a few yards, the passage turned sharply to the right, and the glimmer of a light appeared. The passage now gradually grew larger, till, after a few more steps, I was able to stand upright; the next minute, we emerged from it altogether. I found myself in a small chamber about twenty feet square; the roof was low, not much over a tall man's head, and like the sides, was black with smoke and dirt. Opposite where I had entered was a second opening, like the first, without door or shutter of any kind. In the centre of the chamber stood a rough table, formed by some planks, supported on several loose piles of stones. Round this the leader and most of the men were standing—some taking off their waistbelts, and laying their long knives on the table; others drinking out of a bamboo-cup, which was constantly replenished from a gourd. Some rolls of matting, a pile of brass cooking-pots, and a few antique-looking *jingals* standing against the wall, completed the furniture of the place. The gourd was handed round by a little misshapen dwarf, with a huge head, and a row of teeth that protruded from his mouth like a rabbit's: his head was bare, save for a scrubby pigtail sticking straight out from the shining scalp; and his eyes twinkled with an expression that might have been merriment or malice, as circumstances prompted.

His remarks, as he poured out the liquor, seemed to be vastly comic, for, after each, the men chuckled and laughed, some slapping the little monster familiarly on the back, others bestowing an amiable kick.

I had been in the place some minutes before he saw me. I was leaning against the entrance, slightly in the shade of the light, which was not very brilliant, and so escaped notice; but the instant his eyes fell on me, he gave a skip forward, and standing on tiptoe, with his head on one side, looked straight up in my face. The look of the creature was so intensely comic, and the tuft at the back of his head gave it so extraordinary an appearance, that, notwithstanding my ticklish position, I could

not help laughing outright. In no way disconcerted, he began patting me in a most patronizing manner, jumping round me, and uttering a quick succession of sentences, at which the men laughed most heartily. Then putting on a serious face, he suddenly stopped in front of me, and placing his hands on his sides, began a long harangue in Chinese, interspersed with a few words of broken English, too mutilated to be intelligible. After this had gone on for some time, and the men seemed tired of their amusement, the chief broke out from the group that stood round, and pushing the dwarf roughly away, laid hold of my arm, and led me across to the table. Having reached it, he pointed to a large stone that lay beside it, and made signs for me to sit. I did so; but the exertion of standing so long, and walking to the table, made me feel giddy, and I leaned my head on my hands. At a word from the chief, one of the men brought me a bamboo cup; it was full of *samshoo*, a vile spirit made from rice; but I drank some of it, with an effort, and sat up.

Seeing me do so, the chief brought out from under the table a small roll of paper, very coarse and yellow; also a little slab, such as the Chinese use to rub their ink upon, and a small cake of ink, which one of his men began to rub on the slab. Then from his waistbelt he took the long box in which they carry pens, and opening it, took out a reed-pen, and laid it beside the paper; lastly, he drew his long-pointed knife, and laying it conspicuously before me, made signs for me to write. The band stood round the table mutely watching, the dwarf just opposite me, his head barely above it, his little eyes twinkling with malignant fun, and his hideous features working with the effort he was making to be silent.

Though I pretty well guessed what they wanted, still I pretended not to understand, shaking my head, and making no attempt at writing. On this, a couple of men stepped up, and laying hold of my shoulders so as to hold me down, placed both my arms on the table, the right one on the paper, the left stretched out towards the chief. Taking up the knife, he grasped my wrist, forcing my hand, palm downwards, on the boards, and placed it across my little finger, just

above the knuckle, pressing it down so tightly as to draw blood; at the same time a man opposite raised a stone in his hand, and holding it over the knife, evidently waited for the word to strike. The rest of the men looked on in silence. Now their intentions were so plain, I saw it would be madness to resist: they had no doubt captured me in hopes of a ransom, and were ready to employ a method, very common amongst Chinese freebooters, to enforce their demands: a finger a day from my unlucky hands would be sent in to my friends, should they hesitate to pay the sum demanded. If this stratagem failed, there would, I knew, be but little hopes for my life: dead men tell no tales, and the jackals outside would soon put any proofs as to identity out of the question.

Making a sign of assent, I took up the pen. A sound of approbation broke from the fellows, and a low chorus of "Ah-yah!" "Ah-yah!" went round. The chief loosed my wrist. I placed the paper in front of me; dipped the pen, for rather brush, in the ink, and began my letter.

The only personal friend I had at Whampoa, besides my shipmates, was the harbor-master, an old school-fellow, and holding an influential position: he would be, I thought, the most likely to help me. I therefore wrote as follows:

MY DEAR ELSTON—Myself and young George Thompson have been waylaid, and I am a prisoner in the mountains. Thompson is not with me. I don't know whether he is dead or alive. The fellows threaten to cut off my fingers if a ransom is not paid. Get assistance, and try and hunt out this place—a large tomb, lying about due west of Whampoa, on a bare hillside, and as near as I can judge, fifteen miles away. I cannot say any more, as it was dark when they brought me here. Try and help me, for the sake of old days, and promise money, or give it if necessary, so as to get time. I am in great peril. Thompson I lost sight of two miles from the ship, when I was knocked over.—Yours ever,

EDWARD FAGAN.

Seeing I had finished, the chief nodding his approbation, made a sign to the dwarf. Jumping on the table, the imp squatted down before me, and laying hold of the letter, pretended to read it. When he had finished, he beckoned to one of the men, saying a few words; the fellow went to one corner of the place,

stooped down, and picking up something, placed it on the table before the dwarf. It was a quantity of small pebbles, and these the dwarf began counting out, till he had a pile of a hundred. The chief then laying his knife beside them, called my attention to them, the dwarf holding up one finger as he did so. Seeing I comprehended, the chief now drew the heap away, and again returned them, the dwarf holding up two fingers—and this operation they repeated five times—when the chief, pushing them away, snatched up the knife, and with a quick gesture drew the back of it smartly across my fingers, pointing to the open letter as he did so. There was no mistaking this. Five hundred dollars were demanded as the price of my fingers: not an exorbitant demand, after all, but as impossible for me to realize as twenty times the sum would have been. But my only chance being delay, I added a postscript to my letter, as follows: "The fellows value my fingers at ten pounds apiece; total value, five hundred dollars. For God's sake, don't delay!" Then closing the letter, I addressed it—"Captain Elston, Harbor-master, Whampoa; or, if absent—Captain Hamilton, C.B., H.M.S. *Alceatis* (Immediate)."

Having folded it, the chief gave it to one of the men, with a short order; the man undid one of the rolls of matting I have mentioned, taking from it a "jumper," and a pair of loose trousers, of blue "dungaree," such as the natives about the English ships wear. These he exchanged with his rather wild-looking clothes, and placing the note in his round flat cap, he left the cave by the way I had entered.

A mat was now spread for me near the second opening, and signs were made for me to lie down, which I gladly obeyed. Some of the gang placed large stones against the entrance so as to block it up; while others, passing through the inner doorway, brought out wood, and began making a fire; the dwarf fetching the pots and flat brass plates, and then several bags, containing rice, dried fish, and the spices used in their curries. The rest lay down on their mats, and watched the operations. I did the same for some time; but at length, worn out by the adventures of the night, and not relishing the dense

smoke that rose from the cooking-place, I curled myself up, and fell into a heavy sleep.

I must have slept some considerable time, for, when I awoke, the band were lying around me, most of them asleep; those who were not, sitting up on their mats, indulging in a few last whiffs from their bamboo pipes, were evidently shortly about to follow their example. The table was strewn with fragments of rice, broken bits of fish, and overturned drinking-cups. One man alone was alert, and he was leaning against the outer doorway, dressed, and evidently placed there as sentry. The table was between us, and it was only when I rose to a sitting position that I could see him. Next to me lay the chief, fast asleep.

They took no notice of my movements, and after sitting up a short time, and taking a good look round, I again lay down, though not to sleep. Now the first excitement was over, I began to realize all the danger of my position: without doubt I was in great peril. Murders were of almost daily occurrence, and the robbers who infested the country were known to be desperate and merciless; the local authorities were utterly powerless to quell them, and it was only on rare occasions that our government interfered. Even supposing my friends were willing and able to pay the money, what guarantee had I of my life? To set me free, now that I had a knowledge of their retreat, would only be to endanger themselves, whereas my death would render all secure; and what faith could be placed in the honor of such ruffians? Again, should aid be sent, how long would it be ere it reached me, even supposing they succeeded in following my vague directions; and delay, I knew, would bring with it mutilation, which, even if I eventually escaped, would leave me a cripple, utterly unable to follow my profession. What, then, was to be done?

Escape by the outer door was impossible. Even should I succeed in passing the sentry, how could I hope to get clear away, weak and deficient in knowledge of the country as I was? and the inner door most probably led into the recesses of the tomb, from which there would be no exit. Still, this seemed my only chance. Might I not be

able to conceal myself in some of its ramifications, or find a corner where a desperate man could defend himself till assistance came? I hardly dared breathe a hope of the possibility of a way out; yet such a thought continually came uppermost in my mind, and buoyed me up by its very hopelessness. In any case, to stop was mutilation, probably death; to go, could not be worse. Drowning men catch at straws, and no one who has not been in the like position can imagine the desperate clutching at the vaguest scheme of escape which then presents itself. I determined, therefore, to lie still until all the men were asleep, and then to steal in and explore beyond the inner door.

So far, circumstances would favor my scheme. The opening was close beside me; I could place my hand upon its sides; and the table would prevent the sentry noticing my movements, as long as they were confined to a small area. On the other hand, I was weak, and utterly defenceless. My clothes hung in shreds about me, just as the first robbers had left them; and altogether I felt as unfit to attempt any active exertion as it was possible to feel, but desperation lent me strength, and I determined to go on.

I first looked about for a weapon, but though I saw plenty, both knives and jingals, they were either too far from me, or too much under the sentry's eye, to be available. The men who remained sitting up now slowly dropped off, rolling themselves in their coarse matting, and snoring lustily. When the last had lain down, and all was quiet, I cautiously wormed myself along the ground, and crawled into the opening. The sentry was leaning sideways against the other doorway, looking away from me, and was humming in a drowsy, sing-song way; so I felt that as far as he was concerned I was safe, and the thought gave me courage. I had to creep in some half-dozen yards before I felt I was secure from observation; then rising I proceeded on my hands and knees, till a turn in the passage blocked up the cave I had left. The passage was narrow—not more than four feet in width, and about six feet high, so that I could just stand upright in it. Behind me, a faint light on the right hand wall showed the proximity of my

enemies; ahead, all was darkness. Carefully picking my steps, I stole on. After going about a dozen yards, I came to a turn at right angles with the way I was going, and passing this corner, I saw in the distance before me a faint light. I now pressed on quicker, and found the light came from a large chamber or cave, hollowed out of the rock, and into which the passage led. The light was in the further end, where several small colored lamps were burning before a "joss-house;" two tawdry images, and a few plates of fruit and water, indicating its character. Round the cave—which must have been some fifty feet square—were piles of broken coffins, placed here long before the robbers made the place their den. In one spot, they had been split into firewood, and lay piled in a heap ready for use; beside them were several bags, containing rice or other grain. But the object that riveted my attention was the figure of the dwarf. He was squatting on the ground, with his back towards me, and leaning over a small opening; beside him lay a small bag, into which he slowly dropped some pieces of money. So absorbed was he in his occupation, that the slight noise I made in entering the cave had not disturbed him, and he continued clinking the dollars one after another into the bag, swaying his body, and counting in the sing-song manner so peculiar to the East. The lamps shed a dim and almost painful light over the place, making it difficult to distinguish much more than its leading features, and for some little time I could see nothing but the broken coffins, the joss-house, and the dwarf; but presently, my eyes becoming used to the darkness, I was able to make out two small square openings, about three feet from the ground, on either side of the cave. They were both about the same size, perhaps four feet square, though the actual aperture was much less, owing to the rubbish that lay in them: To gain them, was my next thought; but how to do it, with that infernal dwarf in the way, puzzled me.

There was but one way open—it was his life or mine; and decision in such cases is easy. Picking up a piece of heavy wood, I crept up behind him, and measuring my aim, brought it down full on his bald head: a bright red streak

started out across it as I struck, and he rolled backwards without a sign or motion. Undoing his waistband, I quickly tore it into strips, and made his legs and arms fast, then rolling up the rest, I thrust it into his mouth, binding his jaws as tightly as I could, by way of a gag, and then rolling him against the coffins, placed several so as to hide the body from any casual search that might be made. I did not stay to examine his treasure, which lay in several small bags at the bottom of the hole he had been seated near, and beside which was a small stream of dollars, that had poured out from the bag he was holding when I struck him, but merely contented myself with placing the latter in the excavation, and covering it with a loose board; and then all traces of the way I had taken being concealed, crossed the cave toward the openings. Taking a lamp from the joss-house, and carrying my stick, I made for that on the right. The rubble had fallen so thickly at first that I had to creep very cautiously on my hands and knees to get along at all. Further on, in places it had accumulated so much as to render progress almost impossible; but by working away with my piece of wood, I managed to creep along a considerable distance. Unlike the other passages, this one ran straight, so that, on glancing back, I could just see the opening, and the light in the cavern I had left.

I must have been crawling for nearly an hour, though I had not gone a hundred yards, when, on advancing my hand to feel for the next step, it only grasped empty space. Passing the light forward, I found I was on the extremity of a cavern of vast proportions, limited toward the sides, but in front black undefined space. The floor was about three feet below me; so I stepped down, and poking up the lamp with a splinter of wood, I held it above my head, and looked around. It was a strange and awful sight, and one that few have ever looked upon before. On either side, as far as my eye could penetrate, stretched two lines of coffins, resting on trestles fastened into the rock. Tier upon tier they lay from roof to floor, all painted in flaring colors with dragons and other fabled beasts, their

attitudes astounding, their eyes starting from the sockets in pictorial fury, and their mouths vomiting clouds of yellow flames. From the head of each coffin hung a long red flag, emblazoned with Chinese characters in black; many tattered and decayed, with slimy-looking cobwebs clinging to them; others fresh and bright, as if placed there yesterday. Comparatively few of the coffins were perfect; many were broken or decayed in parts, and some had crumbled away altogether, leaving only the empty trestles to mark where they had been. On the floor, round the sides of the cave, lay a confused *débris* of crumbled wood and bones; here and there a bone or skull, still undecayed, sticking out in startling contrast to the dirt around it.

Where the fronts of the coffins had fallen away, the skeletons of their occupants could be dimly seen—some perfect, some headless, all more or less mutilated. Out of one on the right, the whole side had fallen, and the trestles slightly giving way, the coffin had tilted forwards, allowing the skeleton within to slip partially out, and the white skull, still fixed to the trunk, grinned fearfully at me, as it lolled out of its resting-place. For a moment, I felt sick and unable to go on, almost giving up my idea; but the thought of the ruffians behind me, and the fate they had in store for me, flashed across my mind, and firmly setting my teeth, I turned away from the hideous object, determined to proceed.

Turning to the left, I now walked along the side of the vault, avoiding the loose heaps of *débris*, brushing away the gaudy flags, when they swung back solemn and deathlike into their former places, and carrying my lamp well above my head, so as to discover the slightest opening or doorway. Proceeding slowly like this, I presently saw a white object in front, and in a few seconds discovered that I had reached the further end of the cave. Like the other from which I had started, it was unoccupied, but upon it, in place of rows of coffins, a gigantic skeleton was painted. It was about thirty feet in height, and was seated on a huge vermilion dragon: on its head was a gilded crown; in one hand a naked sword, and in the other a roll of papers. Two huge eyes glared from the gleaming

sockets, fascinating me with their look, till I could almost believe I saw them rolling in ghastly triumph at my intrusion. The artists had by means of shadows, cunningly painted in, succeeded in giving their conception the most lifelike yet diabolical expression possible to imagine; indeed, considering the place in which it was, and the circumstances under which it must have been viewed, it was one of the most awful and repulsive creations. Recovering from my stupor of astonishment, I went close up to the monster, and, holding up the light, looked closer in. I now saw that the ribs of the skeleton formed a framework, bent outwards like the bars of a grate, and that within was a space large enough to admit of several persons standing; the framework stood slightly ajar, but there was a staple and hasp attached, evidently used at one time to fasten it. Looking still closer, I found that beneath the belly of the dragon was a great opening, shaped something like an oven. I stepped in, and sounding with my stick overhead, found the roof was curved, and of metal; behind it several pipes, like those of an organ, ran up towards the back of the figure. This metal roof was corroded and blistered, as we see the backs of our fireplaces at home, and the rocky sides were discolored, as if by the action of fire. This gave me a clue to the mystery. I remembered reading some account of how the Chinese in former days used to offer up human victims on the death of any of their great men, most frequently choosing a barbarous death by fire; the sacrifice being made on some religious grounds, though more often prompted by the private passions of the priesthood. If such had ever been the case, the horrid apparatus before me was easily accounted for; and considering the place where it was, evidently the tomb for ages of some mighty family, I cannot think but that the conjecture was correct.

Finding no outlet, I now turned back along the third side, retracing my steps to the opening I had come in by. This side was precisely like the other: long banners, decaying coffins, and heaps of bones and *débris*. Like it, also, there was no opening or outlet.

When I reached the far end, I sat down on a broken coffin close to the aperture, and again thought over my position.

Escape there was evidently none. This chamber formed the limit of the tomb, far buried in the mountain, set apart, from its remote and secure position, as the sepulchre of a race, and for the horrid ceremonies of their funeral rites, which, being against law and the prejudices of the people, could only be performed in the most secret places; hence the chain of caverns, the winding passages, and the last narrow and almost impassable tunnel.

One chance remained: the second opening I had seen was still unexplored, and as long as it was so, so long did it offer a hope of escape—a poor one, a hopeless one, but the last, the only one, and therefore to be tried.

Placing the lamp in the tunnel, I put my hands on the lower edge, and was just going to spring up, when a sound arrested my attention. Though I knew that all behind was silence, death, and decay, yet for a moment my heart stood still, and I gasped for breath; the next instant, the sound was repeated, and the reverberations echoing along the passage plainly told whence it came from.

Blowing out the light, I placed my head in the entrance, and listened. Far back, I could distinguish a tiny spot of light, marking where the second cavern was, and from thence the sounds came. Presently, the spot vanished, and again appeared, then went out again. Placing my ear on the floor of the tunnel, I could hear a confused sound of voices calling out; and though I could distinguish nothing more than their low murmur, I had but little doubt that my absence had been discovered, and that the band were already in search of me. That they had me like a rat in a hole, was but too evident; that they knew it, was not so certain, the chances being that superstitious fears would prevent them examining further into the recesses of the tomb. At any rate, where I was, I was tolerably safe, till hunger should compel me to give in, or till help should arrive. True, I had only a bit of wood to defend myself with, but then only one man at a time could pass through the tunnel, and by standing ready on one side, I should have a good blow at him ere he could get out. Hunger was my only fear; and help, if it came at all, would be here in twenty-four hours at most. Turning over these thoughts

in my mind, I grasped my stick and waited.

I had been leaning against the side for an hour or more, when a scratching noise in the tunnel roused me, and on looking down it I noticed that the light had considerably increased, so much so that I fancied I could distinguish the inequalities in the side of the rock. The scratching still went on, sounding quite loud and near when my head was in the tunnel. The cause was evident—the men were coming along the passage after me! Had there been any doubt, the next few minutes dispelled it: I plainly saw a small lamp, such as I had carried, advancing along the tunnel; immediately behind it was a man's face.

Clutching my piece of wood, I stood on one side, and waited anxiously for his appearance. Presently the light streamed out, glinting down the dismal cavern in a long flickering line, lighting up the ghastly death-banners on its path, till it lost itself in the darkness beyond. Then the noise grew louder, and I could hear the hard breathing of my pursuer. I raised my arm, clenching my teeth with desperate resolve, and drawing in my breath as the sound advanced. First came the lamp, pushed cautiously forward by a naked arm; then a man's head—it was the head of the chief. I saw his eye glare on me as he caught sight of my figure, but ere he could draw back, the stick descended with a dull thud on his bald crown; the lamp fell with a crash to the earth, leaving the place in pitchy darkness; and with a groan the ruffian sank down stunned in the passage. Instantly, all was still; then I heard a scuffling sound behind the body, then low whispers, and then more scuffling, growing fainter and fainter till it was lost in the distance. The fellows, scared by their leader's fate, had beaten a retreat.

Alone with the dead and dying was not a pleasant position, but the encounter had roused my blood, and I felt up to anything. Laying hold of the body by the shoulders, I dragged it out of the tunnel, and, passing my hand over it, felt for his knife, and drawing it from his belt, where I found it sticking, I laid it down beside my

trusty stick, and again seating myself on the coffin, waited for their next attempt. I had not long to wait: again I heard the scratching in the tunnel, and again I got ready for the attack.

As before, the sounds gradually grew louder and louder; I heard the breathing of the fellows, and expected every moment to see the lamp poke out. I stood in the same place on the right side of the entrance, a little back, so as to have full play for my arm, and kept the stick raised above my head.

This time they had changed their tactics, and kept their light behind them, so that I had to strain my eyes to watch for any approach. At length I saw something emerge slowly from the opening, like a man's head. Now was the time to strike. I took a steady aim, and let fly. Down came my stick; I felt a sharp shock in my arms, and it broke short off. They had shoved in a long bamboo, with a roll of cloth round the end of it, and the artifice had disabled me. The next instant, ere I could recover myself, a man jumped into the cave, turning sharp round, luckily to the left, to catch me; a second followed, then some more, but I never stopped to count them. With the mad impulse to escape, I rushed down the cavern, now feebly lighted by the lamp one of them held, plunging blindly over the broken bones and heaps of rubbish towards the darkness. In the distance behind me I could dimly make out the forms of my assailants, now some dozen or more, already collecting for a search. Escape was impossible. I could see by their fierce gestures that they had discovered the body of the chief, and that instant death would be my lot, should I fall into their hands. The events of a lifetime came crowding into my brain in those few minutes of despair. Never before had I been so near death; and to meet it alone in that awful sepulchre, surrounded by those grinning skeletons, was terrible.

Suddenly, a thought seized me. I turned towards the side, and felt along the rows of coffins for a whole one. Ere long, my hands came to one that seemed firm; I raised the lid, and tilted it up behind; then lifting myself by the arms, I sprang into it. Something soft splashed up about me, and a cloud of small dust

burst forth and nearly suffocated me; but I drew in my legs, and, stopping my mouth as well as I could, lay down at full length, and drew the cover over me. Fortunately, the wood was sound, or my hiding-place would have been but of small use to me; as it was, I stood a good chance of being passed over unnoticed. There must have been many hundreds of coffins in the place, and to pick out the one in which I was, would be a work of time; and time was my only hope now. My great fear was that the confounded dust would make me sneeze; it was as pungent as snuff, and pervaded the whole place; my mouth and nose were full of it, and my eyes felt hot and smarting from the finer particles getting under my closed eyelids; but in a little time, after undergoing anguish in the effort to resist, the inclination passed off, and I lay in comparative comfort.

I could hear the fellows hunting about the upper end of the cave, hammering at the coffins, and jabbering excitedly. They were evidently making a strict search, and I could hardly hope to escape. By and by, the hammering sounded nearer, evidently drawing down towards where I was. I did not dare look out, but I felt nearly certain it came from the opposite side; if so, I should gain some little time, and ere they completed the circuit of the cavern, my friends might come. The hammering now became louder and louder; I could hear the rotten wood crumbling and falling under the blows: the cavern resounded with the noise, the roof echoing back the cries and blows till the whole place seemed alive. It then gradually died away, as they passed on towards the far end, and at last grew quite faint in the distance.

Thinking all safe, I raised myself a little on my elbows, pushing up the lid of the coffin, so as to look out. Far down the cave, I could see the faint glimmer of lights, moving quickly about, and could hear the distant noise of blows as the band pushed onwards in their search. They could not be far from the end, and would soon be turning back. What if I could slip out of my concealment, and make for the entrance? I had a good start, and they would be some time ere they gave up the search.

It was probable the whole band had joined in the hunt, and were now in the cave with me, so that I might expect the outer cave clear. It was a last chance; every moment was of consequence.

Tilting the lid back, I raised my legs out of the coffin, and dropped them over the side: the lid turned over, and fell with a slight noise against the rock. The sound seemed louder than it actually was, and made me pause for an instant ere I descended. As I did so, my eye caught something moving, not many paces from me. The next instant, a fearful yell burst from it, repeated again and again with demoniacal energy, and filling the cavern with its hideous echoes. Then a figure sprang towards me, and ere I could jump down, caught me by the feet, clutching them with such a tremendous jerk that the coffin gave way, and both it and myself fell headlong to the ground. As I fell, the fiendish face of the dwarf met my eyes, grinning malignantly, and his body writhing about my limbs like a snake. In vain I strove to free myself; the brute clung to me with devilish pertinacity, his arms pinioning mine close in to my body, and his short legs twining about mine so as to render escape impossible. The cloud of dust that my fall had raised filled my mouth and nostrils, almost suffocating me, and making my efforts every moment relax. Which ever way I turned, there was the dwarf's face, distorted with savage glee; his eyes glaring at me, red and lurid in the dim light. Already I heard the band coming up, in answer to the cries of the brute; faster and louder their footsteps resounded on the rocky floor. Nearer and brighter grow the lights, throwing out the figure of the dwarf as he clung round me with horrid clearness. Another moment, and they close over me; down they come in one confused mass, falling over each other in their mad eagerness to seize me. A dozen hands grasp me, but the dwarf still holds on, as if unwilling to part with his revenge. Knives gleam; clubs are raised: all hope and life seem vanishing in that fearful moment! My hands are fast to my sides; my bare face lies exposed to their murderous blows; my eyes close, and I clench my teeth in agony. The earth is beaten up by their mad fury,

but the light is uncertain, and their aim is bad, so but few reach me. Now I feel a grasp on my throat; the hideous face of the dwarf is over mine; his hot breath scathes my own; his huge hands encircle my neck. Tighter and tighter they press: my head is bursting; the blood boils in my forehead, and surges over my brain. Hideous noises fill my ears; strange yet familiar sounds are in the air. Above the horrid tumult of the struggle they rise. I hear them closer now; they bear down every resistance. Air! air! His fingers are pressing into my flesh; my brain is cracking. Help! help! Then came a great crash—a mingled tumult of shouts and yells. I feel strong arms tearing at my neck, but the demon dwarf clutches with terrible energy, and it seems as if the flesh will give way. Another tug, and his grasp relaxes; slowly and reluctantly, the fingers open; his hideous body is flung from me; and with a dull consciousness of relief, I sank to the earth.

It was some time before I could recognize any one. I heard voices near me, and could distinguish figures round me, but that was all. Gradually, however, they grew more distinct, and I made out the well-known dress of our men-of-war's men. Beside me, kneeling, was little Georgie Thompson, supporting my head, and dabbing my face with his handkerchief. Seeing I recognized him, he raised me up. "Just in time, Ned," said he, using his familiar name for me: "not many minutes to spare, I fancy.—What a nasty place you have got into, all amongst the dead men; a regular Davy Jones's locker ashore—"

"How did you come here, Georgie?" I said, interrupting him. "Are all the fellows caught?"

"Oh, they're safe enough," said Georgie; "we've got most of them, and the lads are after the others: they are having a famous chase down there!" He pointed down the cave, from whence loud cries and shouts proceeded; the cheers and laughter of the Jacks mingling with the cries of the robbers.

After a time, the men came back, crowding round me with wondering eyes at my battered, dust-begrimed form; then one of them, taking me in his arms as tenderly as an infant, bore

me away towards the tunnel, the rest following. With some difficulty, I was passed through the narrow passage, and so through the two outer caves into the open air.

Oh, that glorious breath! How I drank in the bright sunshine and cool refreshing breeze! It was like one rising from the dead, indeed. The long lines of hills undulating before me; the blue sky, dotted with fleecy clouds; and beyond, the tall mast-heads of the shipping—all came upon me as the awaking from a fearful dream, and with the excitement, I burst into tears. As we went towards the ship, Georgie, who walked beside me, related how my rescue came about.

After I was struck down on the road, the boy took to his heels; and dodging the ruffian who followed him, jumped up a tree that grew near, and from its branches watched the whole of the scene that took place. When the band moved off, he followed cautiously behind, marking the way as well as he could by breaking twigs, and placing stones on one another: in this manner he tracked the fellows to the cave. Daylight breaking soon afterwards, to his delight he saw the shipping before him, not many miles away, the band having made a considerable circuit in their way. Keeping the mast-heads before him, the boy made straight for Whampoa, over hill and valley, till in less than three hours he reached it. Going to Elston, he told him in a few words what had occurred, and they both went on board the *Alceste*; and Captain Hamilton, immediately on hearing their account, sent off a boat's crew, under Georgie's guidance, to the rescue. The boy being too tired to walk, the men carried him by turns; and at length, aided by his marks and directions, reached the cave, and, attracted by the noise in the inner part, arrived there, as we have already seen.

There was quite a scene when I was carried on board the *Tien-sin*, all the lads crowding round to shake me by the hand, and wish me joy of my escape; but I was glad when they took me below to my berth, and laid me in my cot. What happened afterwards, I cannot say: I know I fell into a heavy sleep, troubled with fearful dreams, in which all the perils of the past twenty-four hours

were enacted over and over again, and that I woke to toss and writhe in all the horrors of illness. Brain fever, they told me afterwards, and a narrow touch I had of it: fortunately, the ship put to sea, and the fresh air soon brought back my wandering senses, and cooled my fevered brain.

In a month after the ship sailed, I was able to get about as usual; and many a middle watch did Georgie and myself beguile with the story of my adventure.

When we got to London, I looked out, at the *Jerusalem*, the file of Hong-kong papers published after my encounter, and in them found a long and graphic account of the affair.

It seemed that I had fallen into the hands of a notorious freebooter named Hin-lo, long the terror of the country for miles round Whampoa. His body was found in the cave, my blow having proved fatal; and such of his followers as were captured alive, were taken to Canton, and executed by the authorities. The caves were the ancient sepulchre of Chin-huen—a family that long before the present Mantchu dynasty, ruled with more than regal state over a great part of the empire, and whose name is even now venerated and extolled. In the hole I had seen the dwarf near, was found a considerable sum of money and other property: this was handed over to the blue-jackets who captured the gang, and a fine haul they made of it. Little George came in for his share, the men insisting on share and share alike with the brave little fellow; and his best delight just now is spending it as fast as it came.

The owners, on hearing the circumstances, were pleased to compliment me on the resolution I had shown; and the mate of one of their ships leaving, they put me in his place, Georgie going with me as "third," his articles being just out.

I have written this account by the desire of an old friend, to whom I related the circumstances, and who declared it was quite worth printing. On his shoulders, therefore, must rest the many faults and inaccuracies I have committed; my readers always remembering that Jack is more at home with a marline-spike than with a pen.

(Concluded from page 741.)

THE BLOCKADE: AN EPISODE OF THE
END OF THE EMPIRE.

From the French of Erckmann-Chatrian.

XVII.

AFTER this story of the landwehr, we were afraid of the sergeant, though he did not know it, and came regularly to take his glass of cherry-water. Sometimes in the evening he would hold the bottle before our lamp, and exclaim:

"It is getting low, Father Moses, it is getting low! We shall soon be put upon half-rations, and then quarter, and so on. It is all the same; if a drop is left, anything more than the odor, in six months, Trubert will be very glad."

He laughed, and I thought with indignation:

"You will be satisfied with a drop! What are you in want of? The city storehouses are bomb-proof, the large fires at the guard-house are burning every day, the market furnishes every soldier with his ration of fresh meat, while respectable citizens are glad if they can get potatoes and salt meat!"

This is the way I felt in my ill-humor, while I treated him pleasantly, all the same, on account of his terrible wickedness.

And it was the truth, Fritz, even our children had nothing more nourishing to eat than soup made of potatoes and salt beef, which cause many dangerous maladies.

The garrison had no want of anything; but, notwithstanding, the governor was all the time proclaiming that the visits were to be recommenced, and that those who should be found delinquent should be punished according to the rigors of military law. Those people wanted to have everything for themselves; but nobody regarded them, everybody hid what he could.

Fortunate in those times was he who kept a cow in his cellar, with some hay and straw for its fodder; milk and butter were beyond all price. Fortunate was he who owned hens; a fresh egg, at the end of February, was valued at fifteen sous, and they were not to be

had even at that price. The price of fresh meat went up, so to speak, from one hour to another, and we did not ask if it was beef or horse-flesh.

The council of defence had sent away the poor of the city before the blockade, but a large number of indigent people remained. A good many slipped out at night into the fosses by one of the posterns; they would go and dig up roots from under the snow, and cut the nettles in the bastions to boil for spinage. The sentinels fired from above, but what will not a man risk for food? It is better to feel a ball than to suffer with hunger.

We needed only to meet these emaciated creatures, these women dragging themselves along the walls, these pitiful children, to feel that famine had come, and we often said to ourselves:

"If the Emperor does not come and help us, in a month we shall be like these wretched creatures! What good will our money do us, when a radish will cost a hundred francs?"

Then, Fritz, we smiled no more as we saw the little ones eating around the table; we looked earnestly at each other, and this glance was enough to make us understand each other.

The good sense and good feeling of a brave woman are seen at times like this. Sorlé had never spoken to me about our provisions; I knew how prudent she was, and supposed that we must have provisions hidden somewhere, without being entirely sure of it. So, at evening, as we sat at our meagre supper, the fear that our children might want necessary food sometimes led me to say:

"Eat! feast away! I am not hungry. I want an omelet or a chicken. Potatoes do not agree with me."

I would laugh, but Sorlé knew very well what I was thinking.

"Come, Moses," she said to me one day; "we are not as badly off as you think; and if we should come to it, ah, well! do not be troubled, we shall find some way of escaping the difficulty! So long as others have something to live upon, we shall not perish, more than they."

She gave me courage, and I ate cheerfully, I had so much confidence in her.

That same evening, after Zeffen and

the children had gone to bed, Sorlé took the lamp, and led me to her hiding-place.

Under the house we had three cellars, very small and very low, separated by lattices. Against the last of these lattices, Sorlé had thrown bundles of straw up to the very top; but after removing the straw, we went in, and I saw at the further end, two bags of potatoes, a bag of flour, and on the little oil-cask a good piece of salt beef.

We stayed there more than an hour, to look, and calculate and think. These provisions might serve us for a month, and those in the large cellar under the street, which we had declared to the commissary of provisions, fifteen days. So that Sorlé said to me as we went up:

"You see that, with economy, we have what will do for six weeks. A time of great want is now beginning, and if the Emperor does not come before the end of six weeks, the city will be surrendered. Meanwhile, we must get along with potatoes and salt meat."

She was right, but every day I saw how the children were suffering from this diet. We could see that they grew thin, especially little David; his large bright eyes, his hollow cheeks, his increasingly dejected look, made my heart ache.

I held him, I caressed him; I whispered to him that, when the winter was over, we would go to Saverne, and his father would take him to drive in his carriage. He would look at me dreamily, and then lay his head upon my shoulder, with his arm around my neck, without answering. At last he did not wish to eat.

Zeffen, too, became disheartened; she would often sob, and take her babe from me, and say that she wanted to go, that she wanted to see Baruch! You do not know what these troubles are, Fritz; a father's troubles for his children; they are the cruellest of all! No child can imagine how his parents love him, and what they suffer when he is unhappy.

But what was to be done in the midst of such calamities? Many other families in France were still more to be pitied than we.

During all this, you must remember that we had always the patrols, always the shells in the evening, always requisitions and notices, always the call-

beat at the two barracks and in front of the mayoralty, the cries of "Fire!" in the night, the noise of the pumps, the arrival of envoys, the rumors spread through the city that our armies were retreating, and that the city was to be burned to the ground!

The less people know the more they invent.

It is best to tell the simple truth. Then every one would take courage, for, during all such times, I have always seen that the truth, even in the greatest calamities, is never so terrible as these inventions. If the republicans are so well defended, it is because they know everything, that nothing is concealed from them, and that every one considers the affairs of his nation as his own.

But when men's own affairs are hidden from them, how can they have confidence? An honest man has nothing to conceal, and I say that it is the same with an honest government.

In fine, bad weather, cold, want, rumors of all kinds, increased our miseries. Men like Burguet, whom we had always seen firm, became sad; all that they could say to us was:

"We shall see!—we must wait!" The soldiers began again to desert, and they were shot!

Our brandy-selling always kept on: I had already emptied seven pipes of spirit, all my debts were paid, my storehouse at the market was full of goods, and I had eighteen thousand francs in the cellar; but what is money, when we are trembling for the life of those we love?

On the sixth of March, about nine o'clock in the evening, we had just finished supper as usual, and the sergeant was smoking his pipe, with his legs crossed, near the window, and looking at us without speaking.

It was the hour when the bombarding began; we heard the first cannon-shots, behind the Fiquet bottom-land; a cannon-shot from the outposts had answered them; that had somewhat roused us, for we were all thoughtful.

"Father Moses," said the sergeant, "the children are pale!"

"I know it very well," I replied, sorrowfully.

He said no more, and as Zeffen had just gone out to weep, he took little Da-

vid on his knee, and looked at him for a long time. Sorlé held little Esdras asleep in her arms. Sâfel took off the tablecloth and rolled up the napkins, to put them back in the closet.

"Yes," said the sergeant. "We must take care, Father Moses; we will talk about it another time."

I looked at him with surprise; he emptied his pipe at the edge of the stove, and went out, making a sign for me to follow him. Zeffen came in, and I took the candle from her hand. The sergeant led me to his little room at the end of the passage, shut the door, sat down on the foot of the bed and said:

"Father Moses, do not be frightened—but the typhus has just broken out again in the city; five soldiers were taken to the hospital this morning; the commander of the place, Moulin, is taken. I hear, too, of a woman and three children!"

He looked at me, and I felt cold all over.

"Yes," said he, "I have known this disease for a long time; we had it in Poland, in Russia, after the retreat, and in Germany. It always comes from poor nourishment."

Then I could not help sobbing and exclaiming:

"Ah, tell me! What do you want me to do? If I could give my life for my children, it would all be well! But what do you want me to do?"

"To-morrow, Father Moses, I will bring you my portion of meat, and you shall have soup made of it for your children. Madame Sorlé may take the piece at the market, or, if you prefer, I will bring it myself. You shall have all my portions of fresh meat till the blockade is over, Father Moses."

I was so moved by this, that I went to him and took his hand, saying:

"Sergeant, you are a noble man! Forgive me, I had an evil thought towards you."

"What about?" said he, scowling.

"About the landwehr at the tile-kiln!"

"Ah, good! That is a different thing. I don't care about that," said he. "If you knew all the *kaiserlicks* that I have despatched in these last ten years, you would have more evil thoughts about me. But that is not what we are talking about; you accept, Father Moses?"

"And you, sergeant," said I, "what will you have to eat?"

"Do not be troubled about that; Sergeant Trubert has never been in want!"

I wanted to thank him. "Good!" said he, "that is all understood. I cannot give you a pike, or a fat goose, but a good soup in blockade times is worth something, too."

He laughed and shook hands with me. As for myself I was quite overcome, and my eyes were full of tears.

"Let us go; good-night!" said he, as he led me to the door. "It will all come out right! Tell Madame Sorlé that it will all come out right!"

I blessed that man as I went out, and I told it all to Sorlé, who was still more affected by it than myself. We could not refuse; it was for the children! and during the last eight days there had been nothing but horse-meat in the market.

So the next morning we had fresh meat to make soup for those poor little ones. But the dreadful malady was already upon us, Fritz! Now, when I think of it, after all these years, I am quite overcome. However, I cannot complain; before going to take the bit of meat, I had consulted our old rabbi about the quality of this meat according to the law, and he had replied:

"The first law is to save Israel; but how can Israel be saved if the children perish?"

But after a while I remembered that other law:

"The life of the flesh is in the blood, therefore I said unto the children of Israel: Ye shall eat the blood of no manner of flesh, for the life of all flesh is the blood thereof; whosoever eateth it shall be cut off; and whosoever eateth of any sick beast shall be unclean."

In my great misery the words of the Lord came to me, and I wept.

All these animals had been sick for six weeks; they lived in the mire, exposed to the snow and wind, between the arsenal and guard bastions.

The soldiers, almost all of whom were sons of peasants, ought to have known that they could not live in the open air, in such cold weather; a shelter could easily have been made. But when officers take the whole charge, nobody else thinks of anything; they even for-

get their own village trades. And if, unfortunately, their commanders do not give the order, nothing is done.

This is the reason that the animals had neither flesh nor fat; this is the reason that they were nothing but miserable, trembling carcasses, and their suffering, unhealthy flesh had become unclean, according to the law of God.

Many of the soldiers died. The wind brought to the city the bad air from the carcasses, scattered by hundreds around the tile-kiln, the Ozillo farm, and in the gardens, and this also caused much sickness.

The justice of the Lord is shown in all things; when the living neglect their duties toward the dead, they perish.

I have often remembered these things when it was too late, so that I think of them only with grief.

XVIII.

THE most painful of all my recollections, Fritz, is the way in which that terrible disease came to our family.

On the twelfth of March we heard of a large number of men, women and children who were dying. We dared not listen; we said:

"No one in our house is sick, the Lord watches over us!"

After David had come, after supper, to cuddle in my arms, with his little hand on my shoulder, I looked at him; he seemed very drowsy, but children are always sleepy at night. Esdras was already asleep, and Sâfel had just bidden us good-night.

At last Zeffen took the child, and we all went to bed.

That night the Russians did not fire; perhaps the typhus was among them, too. I do not know.

About midnight, when by God's goodness we were asleep, I heard a terrible cry.

I listened, and Sorlé said to me:

"It is Zeffen!"

I rose at once, and tried to light the lamp; but I was so much agitated that I could not find anything.

Sorlé struck a light, I drew on my pantaloons and ran to the door. But I was hardly in the passage-way when Zeffen came out of her room like an

insane person, with her long black hair all loose.

"The child!" she screamed.

Sorlé followed me. We went in, we leaned over the cradle. The two children seemed to be sleeping; Esdras all rosy, David as white as snow.

At first I saw nothing, I was so frightened, but at last I took up David to waken him; I shook him, and called, "David!"

And then we first saw that his eyes were open and fixed.

"Wake him! wake him!" cried Zeffen.

Sorlé took my hands and said:

"Quick! make a fire! heat some water!"

And we laid him across the bed, shaking him and calling him by name. Little Esdras began to cry.

"Light a fire!" said Sorlé again to me. "And, Zeffen, be quiet! It does no good to cry so. Quick, quick, a fire!"

But Zeffen cried out incessantly, "My poor child!"

"He will soon be warm again," said Sorlé; "only, Moses, make haste and dress yourself, and run for Doctor Steinbrenner."

She was pale and more alarmed than we, but this brave woman never lost her presence of mind or her courage. She had made a fire, and the faggots were crackling in the chimney.

I ran to get my cloak, and went down, thinking to myself:

"The Lord have mercy upon us! If the child dies I shall not survive him! No, he is the one that I love best, I could not survive him!"

For you know, Fritz, that the child who is most unhappy, or in the greatest danger, is always the one that we love best; he needs us the most; we forget the others! The Lord has ordered it so, doubtless for the greatest good.

I was already running in the street.

A darker night was never seen. The wind blew from the Rhine, the snow blew about like dust; here and there the lighted windows showed where people were watching by the sick.

My head was uncovered, yet I did not feel the cold. I cried within myself:

The last day had come! That day of which the Lord has said:

"Afore the harvest, when the bud is perfect, and the sour grape is ripening in the flower, he shall both cut off the sprigs with pruning-hooks, and take away and cut down the branches."

Full of these fearful thoughts, I went across the large market-place, where the wind was tossing the old elms, full of frost.

As the clock struck one, I pushed open Doctor Steinbrenner's door; its large pulley rattled in the vestibule. As I was groping about, trying to find the baluster, the servant appeared with a light at the top of the stairs.

"Who is there?" she asked, holding the lantern before her.

"Ah!" I replied, "tell the doctor to come immediately; we have a child sick, very sick."

I could not restrain my sobs.

"Come up, Monsieur Moses," said the girl: "the doctor has just come in, and has not gone to bed. Come up a moment and warm yourself!"

But Father Steinbrenner had heard it all.

"Very well, Theresa!" said he, coming out of his room; "keep the fire burning. I shall be back in an hour or two."

He had already taken down his large three-cornered cap, and his goat's-hair great-coat.

We walked across the square without speaking. I went first; in a few minutes we ascended our stairs.

Sorlé had placed a candle at the top of the stairs; I took it and led M. Steinbrenner to the baby's room.

All seemed quiet as we entered. Zeffen was sitting in an arm-chair behind the door, with her head on her knees, and her shoulders uncovered; she was no longer crying but weeping. The child was in bed; Sorlé, standing at its side, looked at us.

The doctor laid his cap on the bureau.

"It is too warm here," said he, "give us a little air."

Then he went to the bed. Zeffen had risen from her chair, as pale as death. The doctor took the lamp, and looked at our poor little David; he raised the coverlet and lifted out the little round limbs; he listened to the breathing. Esdras having begun to cry, he turned round and

said: "Take the other child away from this room—we must be quiet! and then the air of a sick-room is not good for such small children."

He gave me a side look. I understood what he meant to say. It was the typhus! I looked at my wife; she understood it all.

I felt at that moment as if my heart were torn; I wanted to groan, but Zeffen was there leaning over, behind us, and I said nothing; nor did Sorlé.

The doctor asked for paper to write a prescription, and we went out together. I led him to our room, and shut the door, and began to sob.

"Moses," said he, "you are a man, do not weep! Remember that you ought to set an example of courage to two poor women."

"Is there no hope?" I asked him in a low voice, afraid of being heard.

"It is the typhus!" said he. "We will do what we can. There, that is the prescription: go to Tribolin's; his boy is up at night now, and he will give you the medicine. Be quick! And then, in heaven's name, take the other child out of that room, and your daughter too, if possible. Try to find some one out of the family, people accustomed to sickness; the typhus is contagious."

I said nothing.

He took his cap and went.

Now what can I say more? The typhus is a disease engendered by death itself; the prophet speaks of it, when he says:

"Hell from beneath is moved for thee, to meet thee at thy coming!"

How many have I seen die of the typhus in our hospitals, on the Saverne hill, and elsewhere!

When men tear each other to pieces, without mercy, why should not death come to help them? But what had this poor babe done that it must die so soon? This, Fritz, is the most dreadful thing, that all must suffer for the crime of some. Yes, when I think that my child died of this pestilence, which war had brought from the heart of Russia to our homes, and which ravaged all Alsatia and Lorraine for six months, instead of accusing God, as the impious do, I accuse men. Has not God given them reason? And when they do not use it—

when they let themselves rage against each other like brutes—is He to blame for it?

But of what use are right ideas, when we are suffering!

I remember that the sickness lasted for six days, and those were the cruelest days of my life. I feared for my wife, for my daughter, for Sâfel, for Esdras. I sat in a corner, listening to the babe's breathing. Sometimes he seemed to breathe no longer. Then a chill passed over me; I went to him and listened. And when, by chance, Zeffen came, in spite of the doctor's prohibition, I went into a sort of fury; I pushed her out by the shoulders, trembling.

"But he is my child! He is my child!" she said.

"And art thou not my child too?" said I. "I do not want you all to die!"

Then I burst into tears, and fell into my chair, looking straight before me, my strength all gone; I was exhausted with grief.

Sorlé came and went, with firm-closed lips; she prepared everything and took care of everything.

At that time musk was the remedy for typhus; the house was full of musk. Often the idea seized me that Esdras, too, was going to be sick. Ah, if having children is the greatest happiness in the world, what agony is it to see them suffer! How fearful to think of losing them!—to be there, to hear their labored breathing, their delirium, to watch their sinking from hour to hour, from minute to minute, and to exclaim from the depths of the soul:

"Death is near at hand! There is nothing, nothing more that can be done to save thee, my child! I cannot give thee my life! Death does not wish for it!"

What heart-rending and what anguish, till the last moment when all is over!

Then, Fritz, money, the blockade, the famine, the general desolation—all were forgotten. I hardly saw the sergeant open our door every morning and look in, asking:

"Well, Father Moses, well?"

I did not know what he said; I paid no attention to him.

But, what I always think of with pleasure, what I am always proud of, is that, in the midst of all this trouble,

when Sorlé, Zeffen, myself and everybody were beside ourselves, when we forgot all about our business, and let everything go, little Sâfel at once took charge of our shop. Every morning we heard him rise at six o'clock, go down, open the warehouse, take up one or two pitchers of brandy and begin to serve the customers.

No one had said a word to him about it, but Sâfel had a genius for traffic. And if anything could console a father in such troubles, it would be to see himself, as it were, living again in so young a child, and to say to himself: "At least the good race is not extinct; it still remains to preserve common-sense in the world." Yes, it is the only consolation which a man can have.

Our *schabes goïé* did the work in the kitchen, and old Lanche helped us watch, but Sâfel took the whole charge of the shop; his mother and I thought of nothing but our little David.

He died in the night of the eighteenth of March, the day when the fire broke out in Captain Cabanier's house.

That same night two shells fell upon our house; the screen made them roll into the court, where they both burst, breaking the laundry windows to pieces, and demolishing the butcher's door, which fell down at once with a fearful crash.

It was the most powerful bombardment since the blockade began, for, as soon as the enemy saw the fire ascending, they fired from Mittelbronn, from the Barracks, and the Fiquet lowlands to prevent its being extinguished.

I stayed all the while with Sorlé, near the babe's bed, and the noise of the bursting shells did not disturb us.

The unhappy do not cling to life; and then the child was so sick! There were blue spots all over his body.

The end was drawing near.

I walked the room. Without they were crying "Fire! Fire!"

People passed in the street like a torrent. We heard those returning from the fire telling the news, the engines hurrying by, the soldiers ranging the crowd in the line, the shells bursting at the right and left.

Before our windows the long trails of red flame descended upon the roofs in front, and shattered the glass of the win-

dows. Our cannon all around the city replied to the enemy. Now and then we heard the cry: "Room! Room!" as the wounded were carried away.

Twice some pickets came up into my room to put me in the line, but, on seeing me sitting with Sorlé by our child, they went down again.

The first shell burst at our house about eleven o'clock, the second at four in the morning; everything shook, from the garret to the cellar; the floor, the bed, the furniture seemed to be upheaved; but, in our exhaustion and despair, we did not speak a single word.

Zeffen came running to us with Esdras and little Sâfel, at the first explosion. It was evident that little David was about to die. Old Lanche and Sorlé were sitting, sobbing. Zeffen began to cry.

I opened the windows wide to admit the air, and the powder-smoke which covered the city came into the room.

Sâfel saw at once that the hour was at hand. I needed only to look at him, and he went out, and soon returned, notwithstanding the crowd, with Kalmes the chanter, who began to recite the prayer of the dying:

"The Lord reigneth! The Lord reigneth! The Lord shall reign everywhere and forever!

"Praise, everywhere and forever, the name of his glorious reign!

"The Lord is God! The Lord is God! The Lord is God!

"Hear, oh Israel, the Lord our God is one God!

"Go, then, where the Lord calleth thee—go, and may his mercy help thee!

"May the Lord, our God, be with thee; may his immortal angels lead thee to heaven, and may the righteous be glad when the Lord shall receive thee into his bosom!

"God of mercy, receive this soul into the midst of eternal joys!"

Sorlé and I repeated, weeping, those holy words. Zeffen lay as if dead, her arms extended across the bed, over the feet of her child. Her brother Sâfel stood behind her, weeping bitterly, and calling softly, "Zeffen! Zeffen!"

But she did not hear; her soul was lost in infinite sorrows.

Without, the cries of "Fire!" the orders for the engines, the tumult of the

crowd, the rolling of the cannonade still continued; the flashes, one after another, lighted up the darkness.

What a night, Fritz, what a night!

Suddenly Sâfel, who was leaning over, under the curtain, turned round to us in terror. My wife and I ran, and saw that the child was dead. We raised our hands, sobbing, to indicate it. The chanter ceased his psalm. Our David was dead!

The most terrible thing was the mother's cry! She lay, stretched out, as if she had fainted; but when the chanter leaned over and closed the lips, saying "*Amen!*" she rose, lifted the little one, looked at him, then, raising him above her head, began to run towards the door, crying out with a heart-rending voice:

"Baruch! Baruch! save our child!"

She was mad, Fritz! In this last terror I stopped her, and, by main force, took from her the little body which she was carrying away. And Sorlé, throwing her arms round her, with ceaseless groanings, Mother Lanche, the chanter, Sâfel, all led her away.

I remained alone, and I heard them go down, leading away my daughter.

How can a man endure such sorrows?

I put David back in the bed and covered him, because of the open windows. I knew that he was dead, but it seemed as if he would be cold. I looked at him for a long time, so as to retain that beautiful face in my heart.

It was all heart-rending—all! I felt as if my bowels were torn from me, and in my madness I accused the Lord, and said:

"I am the man that hath seen affliction by the rod of thy wrath. Surely against me is he turned. My flesh and my skin hath me made old; he hath broken my bones. He hath set me in dark places. Also when I cry and shout, he shutteth out my prayer. He was unto me as a lion in secret places!"

Thus I walked about, groaning and even blaspheming. But God in his mercy forgave me; he knew that it was not myself that spoke, but my despair.

At last I sat down, the others came back. Sorlé sat next to me in silence. Sâfel said to me:

"Zeffen has gone to the rabbi's with Esdras."

I covered my head without answering him.

Then some women came with old Lanche; I took Sorlé by the hand, and we went into the large room, without speaking a word.

The mere sight of this room, where the two little brothers had played so long, made my tears come afresh, and Sorlé, Sâfel and I wept together. The house was full of people; it might have been eight o'clock, and they knew already that we had a child dead.

XIX.

THEN, Fritz, the funeral rites began. All who died of typhus had to be buried the same day: Christians behind the church, and Jews in the fosses, in the place now occupied by the riding-school.

Old women were already there, to wash the poor little body, and comb the hair, and cut the nails, according to the law of the Lord. Some of them sewed the winding-sheet.

The open windows admitted the air, the shutters struck against the walls. The *schamess** went through the streets, striking the doors with his mace, to summon our brethren.

Sorlé sat upon the ground with her head veiled. Hearing Desmores come up the stairs, I had courage to go and meet him, and show him the room. The poor angel was in his little shirt on the floor, the head raised a little on some straw, and the little *thaleth* in his fingers. He was so beautiful, with his brown hair, and half-opened lips, that I thought as I looked at him: "The Lord wanted to have thee near his throne!"

And my tears fell silently: my beard was full of them.

Desmores then took the measure and went. Half an hour afterwards, he returned with the little pine coffin under his arm, and the house was filled anew with lamentations.

I could not see the coffin closed! I went and sat upon the sack of ashes, covering my face with both hands, and crying in my heart like Jacob, "Surely I shall go down to the grave with this child; I shall not survive him."

Soon a few of our brethren came, for

a panic was in the city; men knew that the angel of death was passing by, and that drops of blood rained from his sword upon the houses; each emptied the water from his jug upon the threshold and entered quickly. But the best of them came silently, and as evening approached, it was necessary to go and descend by the postern.

I was the only one of our family. Sorlé was not able to follow me, nor Zeffen. I was the only one to throw the shovelful of earth. My strength all left me, they had to lead me back to our door. The sergeant held me by the arm; he spoke to me and I did not hear him; I was as if dead.

All else that I remember of that dreadful day, is the moment when, having come into the house, sitting on the sack, before our cold hearth, with bare feet and bent head, and my soul in the depths, the *schamess* came to me, touched my shoulder and made me rise; and then took his knife from his pocket and rent my garment, tearing it to the hip. This blow was the last and the most dreadful; I fell back, murmuring with Job:

"Let the day perish wherein I was born, and the night in which it was said, there is a man child conceived! Let a cloud dwell upon it, let the blackness of the day terrify it! For mourning, the true mourning does not come down from the father to the child, but goes up from the child to the father. Why did the knees prevent me? or why the breasts that I should suck? For now I should have lain still in the tomb and been at rest!"

And my grief, Fritz, had no bounds; "What will Baruch say," I exclaimed, "and what shall I answer him when he asks me to give him back his child?"

I felt no longer any interest in our business. Zeffen lived with the old rabbi; her mother spent the days with her, to take care of Esdras and comfort her.

Every part of our house was opened; the *schabes goïé* burned sugar and spices, and the air from without had free circulation. Sâfel went on selling.

As for myself, I sat before the hearth in the morning, cooked some potatoes, and ate them with a little salt, and then I went out, without thought or aim. I wandered sometimes to the right, sometimes to the left, towards the old gen-

* Beadle.

d'armery, around the ramparts, in out-of-the-way places.

I could not bear to see any one, especially those who had known the child.

Then, Fritz, our miseries were at their height; famine, cold, all kinds of sufferings weighed upon the city; faces grew thin, and women and children were seen, half naked and trembling, groping in the shadow in the deserted by-ways.

Ah! such miseries will never return! We have no more such abominable wars, lasting twenty years, when the highways looked like ruts, and the roads like streams of mud; when the ground remained untilled for want of husbandmen, when houses sank for want of inhabitants; when the poor went barefoot and the rich in wooden shoes, while the superior officers passed by on superb horses, looking down contemptuously on the human race.

We could not endure that now!

But at that time everything in the nation was destroyed and humiliated; the citizens and the people had nothing left; force was everything. If a man said, "But there is such a thing as justice, right, truth!" the way was to answer with a smile, "I do not understand you!" and you were taken for a man of sense and experience, who would make his way.

Then, in the midst of my sorrow, I saw these things without thinking about them; but since then they have come back to me, and thousands of others; all the survivors of those days can remember them, too.

One morning, I was under the old market, looking at the wretches as they bought meat. At that time they knocked down the horses of Rouge-Colas and those of the gendarmes, as fleshless as the cattle in the fosses, and sold the meat at very high prices.

I looked at the swarms of wrinkled old women, of hollow-eyed citizens, all these wretched creatures crowding before Frantz S  pel's stall, while he distributed bits of carcass to them.

Frantz's large dogs were seen no longer prowling about the market, licking up the bloody scraps. The dried hands of old women were stretched out at the end of their fleshless arms, to snatch everything; weak voices called out entreatingly, "A little more liver, Monsieur Frantz, so that we can make merry!"

I saw all this under the great dark roof, through which a little light came, in the holes made by the shells. In the distance, among the worm-eaten pillars, some soldiers, under the arch of the guard-house, with their old capes hanging down their thighs, were also looking on;—it seemed like a dream.

My great sorrow accorded with these sad sights. I was about leaving at the end of a half hour, when I saw Burguet coming along by Father Brainstein's old country-house, which was now staved in by the shells, and leaning, all shattered, over the street.

Burguet had told, me several days before our affliction, that his maid-servant was sick. I had thought no more of it, but now it came to me.

He looked so changed, so thin, his cheeks so marked by wrinkles, it seemed as if years had passed since I had seen him. His hat came down to his eyes, and his beard, at least a fortnight old, had turned gray. He came in, looking round in all directions; but he could not see me where I was, in the deep shadow, against the planks of the old fodder-house; and he stopped behind the crowd of old women, who were squeezed in a semicircle before the stall, awaiting their turn.

After a minute he put some sous in Frantz S  pel's hand, and received his morsel, which he hid under his cloak. Then looking round again, he was going away quickly, with his head down and his skirts crossed.

This sight moved my heart: I hurried away, raising my hands to heaven, and exclaiming: "Is it possible? Is it possible? Burguet too! A man of his genius to suffer hunger and eat carcasses! Oh, what times of trial!"

I went home, completely upset.

We had not many provisions left; but, still, the next morning, as S  fel was going down to open the shop, I said to him:

"Stop, my child, take this little basket to M. Burguet; it is some potatoes and salt beef. Take care that nobody sees it, they would take it from you. Say that it is in remembrance of the poor deserter."

The child went. He told me that Burguet wept.

This, Fritz, is what must be seen in a

blockade, where you are attacked from day to day. This is what the Germans and Spaniards had to suffer, and what we suffered in our turn. This is war!

Even the provisions in the storehouses were almost gone: but Moulin, the commander of the place, having died of typhus, the famine did not prevent the lieutenant-colonel, who took his place, from giving balls and fêtes to the envoys, in the old Thévenot house. The windows were bright, music played, the staff-officers drank punch and warm wine, to make believe that we were living in abundance. There was good reason for bandaging the eyes of these envoys till they reached the very ball-room, for, if they had seen the look of the people, all the bowls and warm wines in the world would not have deceived them.

All this time, the grave-digger Mouyot and his two boys came every morning to take their two or three drops of brandy. They might say "We drink to the dead!" as the veterans said "We drink to the Cossacks!" Nobody in the city would willingly have undertaken to bury those who had died of typhus; they alone, after taking their drop, dared to throw the bodies from the hospital upon a cart, and pile them up in the pit, and then they passed for grave-diggers, with father Zébédé.

The order was to wrap the dead in a sheet. But who saw that it was done? Old Mouyot himself told me that they were buried in their cloaks or vests, as it might be, and sometimes entirely naked.

For every corpse, these men had their thirty-fivesous; Father Mouyot, the blind man, can tell you so; it was his good time.

Toward the end of March, in the midst of this fearful want, when there was not a dog, and still less a cat, to be seen in the streets, the city was full of evil tidings; rumors of battles lost, of marches upon Paris, etc.

As the envoys had been received, and balls given in their honor, something of our misfortunes became known either through the family or the servants.

Often, in wandering through the streets which ran along the ramparts, I mounted one of the bastions, looking toward Strasburg, or Metz, or Paris. I had no fear then of stray bullets. I

looked forth upon the thousand bivouac fires scattered over the plain, the soldiers of the enemy returning from the villages with their long poles hung with quarters of meat, at others crouched around the little fires which shone like stars upon the edge of the forest, and at their patrols and their covered batteries from which their flag was flying.

Sometimes I looked at the smoke of the chimneys at Quatre-Vents, or Bibelberg, or Mittelbronn. Our chimneys had no smoke, our festive days were over.

You can never imagine how many thoughts come to you, when you are so shut up, as your eyes follow the long white highways, and you imagine yourself walking there, talking with people about the news, asking them what they have suffered, and telling them what you have yourself endured.

From the bastion of the guard I could see even the white peaks of the Schneeberg; I imagined myself in the midst of foresters, wood-cutters, and wood-splitters. There was a rumor that they were defending their route from Schirmeck; I longed to know if it were true.

As I looked toward the Maisons-Rouges, on the road to Paris, I imagined myself to be with my old friend Leiser; I saw him at his hearth, in despair at having to support so many people, for the Russian, Austrian, and Bavarian staff-officers remained upon this route, and new regiments went by continually.

And spring came! The snow began to melt in the furrows and behind the hedges. The great forests of La Bonne Fontaine and the Barracks began to change their tints.

The thing which affected me most, as I have often remembered, was hearing the first lark at the end of March. The sky was entirely clear, and I looked up to see the bird. I thought of little David, and I wept, I knew not why.

Men have strange thoughts; they are affected by the song of a bird, and sometimes, years after, the same sounds recall the same emotions, so as even to make them weep.

At last the house was purified, and Zeffen and Sorlé came back to it.

The time of the Passover drew near;

and the floors must be washed, the walls scoured, the vessels cleansed. In the midst of these cares, the poor women forgot, in some measure, our affliction; but as the time drew nearer our anxiety increased; how, in the midst of this famine, were we to obey the command of God:

"This month shall be the first month of the year to you.

"In the tenth day of this month they shall take to them every man a lamb, according to the house of their fathers, a lamb for a house.

"Ye shall take it out from the sheep or from the goats.

"And ye shall keep it until the fourteenth day of the same month.

"And they shall eat the flesh in that night, roast with fire, and unleavened bread; and with bitter herbs shall they eat it."

But where was the sacrificial lamb to be found? Schmoûlé alone, the old *schemess*, had thought of it for us all, three months before; he had nourished a male goat of that year in his cellar, and that was the goat that was killed.

Every Jewish family had a portion of it, small indeed, but the law of the Lord was fulfilled.

We invited on that day, according to the law, one of the poorest of our brethren, Kalmes. We went together to the synagogue; the prayers were recited, and then we returned to partake of the feast at our table.

Everything was ready and according to the proper order, notwithstanding the great destitution; the white cloth, the goblet of vinegar, the hard egg, the horseradish, the unleavened bread, and the flesh of the goat. The lamp with seven burners shone above it; but we had not much bread.

Having taken my seat in the midst of my family, Sâfel took the jug and poured water upon my hands; then we all bent forward, each took a piece of bread, saying with heavy hearts:

"This is the bread of affliction which our fathers ate in Egypt. Whosoever is hungry, let him come and eat with us. Whosoever is poor let him come and make the Passover!"

We sat down again, and Sâfel said to me:

"What mean ye by this service, my father?"

And I answered:

"We were slaves in Egypt, my child, and the Lord brought us forth with a mighty hand and an outstretched arm!"

These words inspired us with courage; we hoped that God would deliver us as he had delivered our fathers, and that the Emperor would be his right arm; but we were mistaken; the Lord wanted nothing more of that man!

XX.

THE next morning, at daybreak, between six and seven o'clock, when we were all asleep, the report of a cannon made our windows rattle. The enemy usually fired only at night. I listened; a second report followed after a few seconds, then another, then others, one by one.

I rose, opened a window, and looked out. The sun was rising behind the arsenal. Not a soul was in the street; but, as one report came after another, doors and windows were opened; men in their shirts leaned out, listening.

No shells hissed through the air; the enemy fired powder.

As I listened, a great murmur came from the distance, outside of the city. First it came from the Mittelbronn hill, then it reached the Bibelberg, Quatre-Vents, the upper and lower Barracks.

Sorlé had just risen also; I finished dressing, and said to her:

"Something extraordinary is going on—God grant that it may be for our good!"

And I went down in great perturbation.

It was not a quarter of an hour since the first report, and the whole city was out. Some ran to the ramparts, others were in groups, shouting and disputing at the corners of the streets. Astonishment, fear, and anger were depicted upon every face.

A large number of soldiers were mingled with the citizens, and all went up together in groups to the right and left of the French gate.

I was about following one of these groups, when Burguet came down the street. He looked thin and emaciated, as on the day when I saw him in the market.

"Well!" said I, running to meet him, "this is something serious!"

"Very serious, and promising no good, Moses!" said he.

"Yes, it is evident," said I, "that the allies have gained victories; it may be that they are in Paris!"

He turned round in alarm, and said in a low voice:

"Take care, Moses, take care! If any one heard you, at a moment like this, the veterans would tear you in pieces!"

I was dreadfully frightened, for I saw that he was right, while, as for him, his cheeks shook. He took me by the arm and said:

"I owe you thanks for the provisions you sent me; they came very opportunely."

And when I answered that we should always have a morsel of bread at his service, so long as we had any left, he pressed my hand; and we went together up the street of the infantry quarters, as far as to the ice-house bastion, where two batteries had been placed to command the Mittelbronn hill. There we could see the road to Paris as far as to Petit Saint Jean, and even to Lixheim; but those great heaps of earth, called *cavaliers*, were covered with people; Baron Parmentier, his assistant Pipelingre, the old curate Leth, and many other men of note were there, in the midst of the crowd, looking on in silence. We had only to see their faces to know that something dreadful was happening.

From this height on the talus, we saw what was riveting everybody's attention. All our enemies, Austrians, Bavarians, Wurtembergers, Russians, cavalry and infantry mixed together, were swarming around their intrenchments like ants, embracing each other, shaking hands, lifting their shakos on the points of their bayonets, waving branches of trees just beginning to turn green. Horsemen dashed across the plain, with their colbacs on the point of their swords, and rending the air with their shouts.

The telegraph was in operation on the hill of Saint Jean; Burguet pointed it out to me.

"If we understood those signals, Moses," said he, "we should know bet-

ter what is going to happen to us in the next fortnight."

Some persons having turned round to listen to us, we went down again into the street of the quarters, very thoughtfully.

The soldiers at the upper windows of the barracks were also looking out. Men and women in great numbers were collecting in the street.

We went through the crowd. In the street of the Capuchins, which was always deserted, Burguet, who was walking with his head down, exclaimed:

"So it is all over! What things have we seen in these last twenty-five years, Moses! What astonishing and terrible things! And it is all over!"

He took hold of my hand, and looked at me as if he were astonished at his own words; then he began to walk on.

"This winter campaign has been frightful to me," said he; "it has dragged along—dragged along—and the thunderbolt did not come! But to-morrow, the day after to-morrow, what are we going to hear? Is the Emperor dead? How will that affect us? Will France still be France? What will they leave us? What will they take from us?"

Reflecting on these things, we came in front of our house. Then, as if suddenly awakened, Burguet said to me:

"Prudence, Moses! If the Emperor is not dead, the veterans will hold out till the last second. Remember that, and whoever they suspect will have everything to fear."

I thanked him, and went up, promising myself that I would follow his advice.

My wife and children were waiting breakfast for me, with the little basket of potatoes upon the table. We sat down, and I told them in a low voice what was to be seen from the top of the ramparts, and charged them to keep silent, for the danger was not over; the garrison might revolt and choose to defend itself, in spite of the officers; and those who mixed themselves in these matters, either for or against, even only in words, ran the risk of destruction, without profit to any one.

They saw that I was right, and I had no need of saying more.

We were afraid that our sergeant would come, and that we should be obliged to answer him, if he asked what we thought of these matters; but he did not

come in till about eleven, when we had all been in bed for a long time.

The next day, the news of the entrance of the allies to Paris was affixed to the church doors and the pillars of the market; it was never known by whom! M. de Vablerie, and three or four other emigrants, capable of such a deed, were spoken of at the time, but nothing was known with certainty.

The mounted guard tore down the placards, but unfortunately not before the soldiers and citizens had read them.

It was something so new, so incredible, after those ten years of war, when the Emperor had been everything, and the nation had been, so to speak, in the shadow; when not a man had dared to speak or write a word without permission; when men had had no other rights than those of paying, and giving their sons as conscripts,—it was such a great matter to think that the Emperor could have been conquered, that a man like myself in the midst of his family shook his head three or four times, before daring to breathe a single word.

So everybody kept quiet, notwithstanding the placards. The officials stayed at home, so as not to have to talk about it; the governor and council of defence did not stir; but the last recruits, in the hope of going home to their villages, embracing their families, and returning to their trades or farming, did not conceal their joy, as was very natural. The veterans, whose only trade and only means of living was war, were full of indignation! They did not believe a word of it; they declared that the reports were all false, that the Emperor had not lost a battle, and that the placards and the cannon-firing of the allies were only a stratagem to make us open the gates.

And from that time, Fritz, the men began to desert, not one at a time, but by sixes, by tens, by twenties. Whole posts filed off over the mountain with their arms and baggage. The veterans fired upon the deserters; they killed some of them, and were ordered to escort the conscripts who carried soup to the outposts.

Our sergeant came to our room only for a moment in the evening, to complain of the desertions, and we were glad of it; Zeffen was still sick, Sorlé

could not leave her, and I had to help Sâfel until the people went home.

The shop was always full of veterans; as soon as one set away another came.

These old, gray-headed men swallowed down glass after glass of brandy; they paid by turns, and grew more and more down-hearted. They trembled with rage, and talked of nothing but treason, while they looked at you as if they would see through you.

Sometimes they would smile and say: "Take care! If they are going to blow up the fortress, it will go!"

Sâfel and I pretended not to understand; but you can imagine our agony; after having suffered all that we had, to be in danger of being blown up with those veterans!

That evening, our sergeant repeated word for word what the others had said: It was all nothing but lies and treason. The Emperor would put a stop to it by sweeping off this rabble!

"Just wait! Just wait!" he exclaimed, as he smoked his pipe, with his teeth set. "It will all be cleared up soon! The thunderbolt is coming! And, this time, no pity, no mercy! All the villains will have to go then—all the traitors! The country will have to be cleansed for a hundred years! Never mind, Moses, we'll laugh!"

You may well suppose that we did not feel like laughing.

But the day when I was most anxious was the eighth of April, in the morning, when the decree of the Senate, deposing the Emperor, appeared.

Our shop was full of marine artillerymen and sub-officers from the storehouses. We had just served them, when the secretary of the treasury, a short stout man, with full yellow cheeks, and the regulation cap over his ears, came in and called for a glass; he then took the decree from his pocket.

"Listen!" said he, as he began calmly to read it to the others.

It seems as if I could hear it now:

"Seeing that Napoleon Bonaparte has violated the compact which bound him to the French nation, in levying taxes otherwise than in virtue of the law, in unnecessarily adjourning the Legislative Body, in illegally making many decrees involving sentence of death, in annihilating the responsibility of the ministers,

the independence of the judiciary, the freedom of the press, etc.; seeing that Napoleon has filled up the measure of the country's misfortunes, by his abuse of all the means of war committed to him, in men and money, and in refusing to treat on conditions which the national interest required him to accept; seeing that the manifest wish of all the French demands an order of things, the first result of which shall be the re-establishment of general peace, and which shall also be the epoch of a solemn reconciliation between all the States of the great European family, the Senate decrees: Napoleon Bonaparte has forfeited the throne; the right of succession is abolished in his family; the people and the army are released from the oath of allegiance to him."

He had scarcely begun to read when I thought: "If that goes on, they will tear down my shop over my head."

In my fright, I even sent Sâfel out hastily by the back door. But it all happened very differently from what I expected. These veterans despised the Senate; they shrugged their shoulders, and the one who read the decree sniffed at it, and threw it under the counter. "The Senate!" said he. "What is the Senate? A set of hangers-on, a set of feast-smellers that the Emperor has enticed, right and left, to keep saying to him—'God bless you!'"

"Yes, major," said another; "but they ought to be kicked out all the same."

"Bah! It is not worth the trouble," replied the sergeant-major; "fifteen days hence, when the Emperor is master again, they will come and lick his boots. Such men are necessary in a dynasty—men who lick your boots—it has a good effect!—especially old nobility, who are paid thirty or forty thousand francs a year. They will come back, and be quiet, and the Emperor will pardon them, especially since he cannot find any others noble enough to fill their places."

And as they all went away after emptying their glasses, I thanked heaven for having given them such confidence in the Emperor.

This confidence lasted till about the eleventh or twelfth of April, when some officers, sent by the general commanding the fourth military division, came to

say that the garrison of Metz recognized the Senate and followed its orders.

This was a terrible blow for our veterans. We saw, that evening, by our sergeant's face, that it was a death-blow to him. He looked ten years older, and you would have wept merely to see his face. Up to that time he had kept saying: "All these decrees, all these placards are acts of treason! The Emperor is down yonder with his army, all the while, and we are here to support him. Don't fear, Father Moses!"

But since the arrival of the officers from Metz, he had lost his confidence. He came into our room without speaking, and stood up, very pale, looking at us.

I thought: "But this man loves us! He has been kind to us. He gave us his fresh meat all through the blockade; he loved our little David; he fondled him on his knees. He loves Esdras too. He is a good, brave man, and here he is, so wretched!"

I wanted to comfort him, to tell him that he had friends, that we all loved him, that we would make sacrifices to help him, if he had to change his employment; yes, I thought of all this, but as I looked at him his grief seemed so terrible, that I could not say a word.

He took two or three turns and stopped again, then suddenly went out. His sorrow was too great, he would not even speak of it.

At length, on the sixteenth of April, an armistice was concluded for burying the dead. The bridge of the German Gate was lowered, and large numbers of people went out and stayed till evening, to dig the ground a little with their spades, and try to bring back a few green things. Zeffen being all the time sick, we stayed at home.

That evening two new officers from Metz, sent as envoys, came in at night as the bridges were being raised. They galloped along the street to the government house. I saw them pass.

The arrival of these officers greatly excited the hopes and fears of every one; important measures were expected, and all night long we heard the sergeant walk to and fro in his room, get up, walk about, and lie down again, talking confusedly to himself.

The poor man felt that a dreadful blow was coming, and he had not a

minute's rest. I heard him lamenting, and his sighs kept me from sleeping.

The next morning at ten the call was beat. The governor and the members of the council of defence went, in full dress, to the infantry quarters.

Everybody in the city was at the windows.

Our sergeant went down, and I followed him in a few minutes. The street was thronged with people. I made my way through the crowd; everybody kept his place in it, trying to move on.

When I came in front of the barracks, the companies had just formed in a circle; the harbingers in the midst were reading in a loud voice the order of the day; it was the abdication of the Emperor, the disbanding of the recruits of 1813 and 1814, the recognition of Louis XVIII., the order to set up the white flag and change the cockade!

Not a murmur was heard from the ranks; all was quiet, terrible, frightful! Those old soldiers, their teeth set, their moustaches shaking, their brows scowling fiercely, presenting arms in silence; the voices of the harbingers stopping now and then as if choking; the staff-officers of the place, at a distance under the arch, sullen, with their eyes on the ground; the eager attention of all that crowd of men, women, and children, through the whole length of the street, leaning forward on tiptoe, with open mouths and listening ears; all this, Fritz, would have made you tremble.

I was on cooper Schweyer's steps, where I could see everything and hear every word.

So long as the order of the day was read, nobody stirred; but at the command:—Break ranks! a terrible cry rose from all directions; tumult, confusion, fury burst forth at once.

People did not know what they were doing. The conscripts ran in files to the postern gates, the old soldiers stood a moment, as if rooted to the spot, then their rage broke forth; one tore off his epaulettes, another dashed his musket with both hands against the pavement; some officers doubled up their sabres and swords, which snapped apart with a crash.

The governor tried to speak; he tried to form the ranks again, but nobody heard him; the new recruits were al-

ready in all the rooms at the barracks, making up their bundles to start on their journey; the old ones were going to the right and left, as if they were drunk or mad.

I saw some of these old soldiers stop in a corner, lean their heads against the wall, and weep bitterly.

At last all were dispersed, and protracted cries reached from the barracks to the square, incessant cries, which rose and fell like sighs.

Some heavy and desperate shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" but not a single shout of "*Vive le Roi!*"

For my part, I ran home to tell about it all; I had scarcely gone up, when the sergeant came also, with his musket on his shoulder. We should have liked to congratulate each other on the ending of the blockade, but on seeing the sergeant standing at the door, we were chilled to the bones, and our attention was fixed upon him.

"Ah, well!" said he, placing the butt-end of his musket upon the floor, "it is all ended!"

And for a moment he said no more.

Then he stammered out: "This is the shabbiest piece of business in the world—the recruits are disbanded—they are leaving—France remains, feet and fist, in the claws of the kaiserlicks! Ah! the rascals! the rascals!"

"Yes, sergeant," I replied with emotion, seeing that his thoughts must be diverted: "now we are going to have peace, sergeant! You have a sister left in the Jura, you will go to her——"

"Oh!" he exclaimed, lifting his hand, "my poor sister!"

This came like a sob; but he quickly recovered himself, and went and placed his musket in the corner by the door.

He sat down at the table with us for a moment, and took up little Sâfel, drawing him by the head and caressing his cheeks. Then he wanted to hold Esdras also. We looked on in silence.

"I am going to leave you, Father Moses," said he, "I am going to pack my bag. Thunder and lightning! I am sorry to leave you!"

"And we are sorry too, sergeant," said Sorlé, mournfully; "but if you will live with us——"

"It is impossible!"

"Then you remain in the service?"

"Service of whom—of what?" said he; "of Louis XVIII.? No! no! I know no one but my General—but that makes it hard to go—when a man has done his duty—"

He started up, and shouted in a piercing voice: "*Vive l'Empereur!*"

We trembled, we did not know why.

I reached out my hand to him, and rose; we embraced each other like brothers.

"Good-by, Father Moses," said he, "good-by for a long while."

"You are going at once, then?"

"Yes!"

"You know, sergeant, that you will always have friends here. You will come and see us. If you need anything—"

"Yes, yes, I know it. You are true friends—excellent people!"

He shook my hand vehemently.

Then he took up his musket, and we were all following him, expressing our good wishes, when he turned, with tears in his eyes, and embraced my wife, saying:

"I must embrace you, too; there is no harm in it, is there, Madame Sorlé?"

"Oh, no!" said she, "you are one of the family, and I will embrace Zeffen for you!"

He went out at once, exclaiming in a hoarse voice, "Good-by! farewell!"

I saw him go into his room at the end of the little passage.

Twenty-five years of service, eight wounds, and no bread in his old age! My heart bled at the thought of it.

About a quarter of an hour after, the sergeant came down with his musket. Meeting Sâfel on the stairs, he said to him, "Stay, that is for your father!"

It was the portrait of the landwehr's wife and children. Sâfel brought it to me at once. I took the poor devil's gift, and looked at it for a long time, very sadly; then I shut it up in the closet with the letter.

It was noon, and, as the gates were now opened, and abundance of provisions were coming in, we sat down before a large piece of boiled beef, with a dish of potatoes, and opened a good bottle of wine.

We were still eating when we heard shouts in the street. Sâfel got up to look out.

"A wounded soldier that they are carrying to the hospital," said he.

Then he exclaimed, "It is our sergeant!"

A horrible thought ran through my mind. "Keep still," I said to Sorlé, who was getting up, and I went down alone.

Four marine gunners were carrying the litter by on their shoulders; children were running behind.

At the first glance I recognized the sergeant; his face perfectly white and his breast covered with blood. He did not move. The poor fellow had gone from our house to the bastion behind the arsenal, to shoot himself through the heart.

I went up so overwhelmed, so sad and sorrowful, that I could scarcely stand.

Sorlé was waiting for me in great agitation.

"Our poor sergeant has killed himself," said I; "may God forgive him!"

And, sitting down, I could not help bursting into tears!

XXI.

It is said with truth that misfortunes never come alone; one brings another in its train. The death of our good sergeant was, however, the last.

That same day the enemy withdrew his outposts to six hundred yards from the city, the white flag was raised on the church, and the gates were opened.

Now, Fritz, you know about our blockade. Should I tell you, in addition, about Baruch's coming, of Zeffen's cries, and the groanings of us all, when we had to say to the good man: "Our little David is dead—thou wilt never see him again!"

No, it is enough! If we were to speak of all the miseries of war, and all their consequences in after years, there would be no end!

I would rather tell you of my sons Itzig and Frômel, and of my Sâfel, who has gone to join them in America.

If I should tell you of all the wealth they have acquired in that great country of freemen, of the lands they have bought, the money they have laid aside, the number of grandchildren they have given me, and of all the blessings they have heaped upon Sorlé and myself, you

would be full of astonishment and admiration.

They have never allowed me to want for anything. The greatest pleasure I can give them is to wish for something; each of them wants to send it to me! They do not forget that by my prudent foresight I saved them from the war.

I love them all alike, Fritz, and I say of them, like Jacob:

"May the God of Abraham and Isaac, our fathers, the God which fed me all my life long unto this day, bless the lads; let them grow into a multitude in the midst of the earth, and their seed become a multitude of nations!"

Chambers's Journal.

WRITING-MACHINE FOR THE BLIND.

FIVE years ago, our happy home was gradually overshadowed by a cloud, at first "small as a man's hand," but soon enveloping us in outer darkness. It would be wearisome to the reader to tell of that long and irksome year wherein we began to fear that an insidious disease was gradually undermining my dear husband's health, and, by unmistakable signs, manifesting to us that blindness was inevitable. Each day, the shadow deepened—the picture on which he gazed became more dim—till at last the fearful dread became the still more fearful certainty, that henceforth he must be utterly dependent on the hand of affection, not only for his daily wants, but also for every important act of life.

I think we do not sufficiently pity those who, having reached middle life, and being in the height of professional or mercantile prosperity, are either suddenly, or by slow and wasting disease, bereft of vision. Who can describe the feelings of the sufferer, when the consciousness dawns upon him that he will never more behold the lovely verdure of spring—that no rising sun can bring daylight to his darkened eyes—that he must forever relinquish the favorite pastime, the dearly-loved book—that even the loved faces of wife and children can be recalled to him only by an effort of memory, and that life itself will henceforth be nought save a long night, where happiness visits him only in dreams! This must be a case of frequent occur-

rence, and one calling for the deepest commiseration, as I see it is computed that there are more than twenty-five thousand blind in Great Britain alone. Of these, many are uneducated; but many, too, must be possessed of cultivated minds, and of an age to have acquired the rudiments of education. To these, this paper is addressed, as my husband found some alleviation from the intolerable weariness of inaction by the use of a little machine, apparently not well known, but easily constructed by any working cabinetmaker. I had wearied my friends as well as myself to find a system which would enable my husband to write down his ideas without the aid of an amanuensis. At the various asylums, I found the blind could communicate with each other by means of pricked letters, and with their more fortunate friends outside by the aid of types; but anything simple, which he could easily manage himself, and by the assistance of which he could note down his ideas, and soothe the tedium of a sleepless night, I could nowhere procure. One day, turning over the pages of a magazine, I saw a short notice of Prescott the historian, in which it was stated that he wrote his celebrated histories by means of a frame with wires intersected, using, instead of a pen, an agate style. By its aid, he could write with great rapidity, as the use of ink was not required, and as he threw the sheets on the ground when written, his secretary had merely to place them in the order of their numbers. On this hint, I soon acted; and by the aid of a clever workman, constructed an inexpensive, but most handy little machine, which was our companion in all our wanderings, and by whose aid many a sheet was covered with manuscript.

As my earnest wish in this short notice is to benefit those who, like me, have the unspeakable sorrow of seeing a beloved companion bereft of sight, and doomed not only to darkness, but also to the misery of inaction, I will speak of the little machine so minutely, that I think even a village workman might construct one from the description.

We had two—one for note-paper, which was found inconvenient for common use, as the finger required to be shifted rather often. The other was for

post, which must, however, be cut to fit the frame. This frame is nine inches long, and seven and a half wide, the margin itself an inch and a quarter, or thereabouts. Thirteen brass wires are intersected, but not drawn too tightly, as by their yielding it gives room for the long letters. Next to the wires comes a sheet of carbonized paper, such as is used in warehouses for their pass-books; then a few sheets of good post, firmly fixed into the frame by a piece of wood or tin; this is fastened by a small button, or sliding bit of wood, in the same manner as the picture-slates, a favorite toy with children. To a blind person of average ability, the fixing of this little machine constitutes one of its greatest charms; and as the mind, when thrown on its own resources by the loss of all outward attractions, generally expands, many would turn to literary pursuits, who, had their sight remained unimpaired, would have been immersed in the bustle of business.

The frame is on the table, the carbonized paper placed within, the sheets of post next, and then the piece of wood firmly fixed in and fastened; then comes the letter or manuscript to be written, and this only requires a little care. The right hand holds the style, which we found most suitable made of agate, and costing, at any bookseller's, half-a-crown; the forefinger of the left hand keeps count of the number of wires writ-

ten; and should any interruption take place, the writer has only to count, and remember the number of lines which he has written, and it is very seldom that one line obliterates another. Nor, unless after the lapse of some days, in resuming the work does the memory prove treacherous. We may hope, however, that there are few blind persons but what have some kind friend or companion to assist and comfort them, and it is easy for that friend to look over the manuscript. This was not required by my husband, whose correctness was such, even as to punctuation, that the printer seldom made any mistakes in the copy. As the mere comfort of being able to write a letter to a friend is a pleasure to everybody, I feel certain, if a trial of the machine I describe were made, the blessing to the educated blind would be great indeed; and by the aid of *Chambers's Journal*, it cannot fail to be seen by many who have relatives deprived of sight, and who have learned to write before they became blind.

This article was to have been written by the dear hand for whom our ingenuity was taxed, but the fate that so often overtakes the prematurely blind has taken my loved companion from me—the kind heart has ceased to beat, the busy brain to think, the skilful hand no longer notes down the thoughts that crowded upon the still active mind; and he rests in peace, in the sunshine of eternal day.

POETRY.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

BRIGHT shone the stars o'er Bethlehem's plains,
That gladd'ning night, that hallow'd morn;
When seraphs sung in joyful strains—
"To all mankind a Son is born."

No palace held the infant King,
No royal robes the Babe array'd;
But heavenly hosts on fleetest wing,
Proclaim'd Him in a manger laid.

The heir to Judah's ancient crown,
The expected Prince so long foretold,
Appear'd not with dark Sinai's frown,
Nor 'mid the thunder-peal of old.

The lowly Jesus unknown came,
Without a home, without a friend:

He laid aside a Royal Name,
A throne whose glories have no end.

The wond'ring angels hung their wings,
While gazing on His woe and pain;
The Lord of Life, the King of kings,
Revil'd, and then on Cal'ry slain!

O draw our hearts, Lord, as we sing
The story of Thy matchless love,
From pleasures here, which sorrows bring,
To thoughts of Thee, and realms above!

As swiftly glides each changing year
Along the ceaseless tide of Time,
O may our souls to Him be near,
Whose birth first wak'd the Christmas chime!

GEO. BEEDIE.

LIVERPOOL, Christmas, 1867.

GONE!

Oh, lay her gently in the mould;
 Cover her o'er;
 She from her bed so dark and cold
 Will come no more!
 Hushed now forever is her song,
 So touched with fire;
 Fain would I still its strains prolong
 On Mem'ry's lyre.

Ye gentle gales, that breathe of Spring,
 Flit o'er her grave,
 And when ye balmy odors bring,
 Give as she gave.
 Oh, nurse the willow-tree that weeps
 O'er her sweet breast;
 Oh, nourish each fond flower that keeps
 Watch o'er her rest.

Thou soft and fragrant summer breeze,
 Her grave come nigh,
 And linger 'mong the cypress-trees
 That o'er her sigh.
 Ye brightest stars of shining spheres,
 Smile from above;
 Thou rosy morn, thy dewy tears
 Weep o'er my love.

Oh, weep them at thy dawning hour,
 When none is near;
 Oh, fill the chalice of each flower
 With one pure tear.
 So should they drop upon the ground
 From flow'rets' eyes,
 They'll fitly consecrate the mound
 'Neath which she lies.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

As Spring, blithe maiden, tripping soft and light,
 With happy beaming eyes,
 Doth cold and sullen Winter put to flight,
 And cheer all earth and skies;
 So woman's love makes warm man's frigid heart,
 Bidding his moody dreams and gloom depart.

As Summer sports in rich, luxurious bowers,
 Her cheek all rosy mirth,
 Scatters on every bank delicious flowers,
 And beautifies the earth;
 So woman's love man's brightened home doth
 bless,
 Making life gay with flowers of loveliness.

As teeming Autumn gives her mellow store,
 Ripe fruits and golden corn,
 Heaping abundance, till, for flowing o'er,
 She scarce can hold her horn;
 So woman's love a wealth of joy will yield,
 All heart-fruits gathered from that fertile field.

Without yon sun—kind source of heat and
 light—

What were the world we boast?
 An orphan thing, wide wrapt in frost and night,
 A sad world's wandering ghost;
 So man, cold, dark, and cheerlessly, would move
 Along life's path, bereft of woman's love.

As the sweet lady moon, with brow serene,
 Climbing the stormy sky,
 Soon spreads her calming silver o'er the scene,
 And bids the dark clouds fly;
 So woman's love sweet influence sheds on life,
 Brightens its gloom, and stills the storms of
 strife.

As gold, hot glowing in the furnace-flame,
 Defies heat's wasting might,
 And, unconsumed, doth issue forth the same,
 Only more pure and bright;
 So 'mid fierce trials true love ne'er expires,
 Made purer by affliction's searching fires.

As mosses weave a beauty round decay,
 Hiding the rents of years,
 Till on the ruin, rugged, worn, and gray,
 A gentle smile appears;
 So woman's love gives beauty and a grace
 To poverty's poor shattered dwelling-place.

The purest fount of joy, the tenderest light,
 Cheering the heart of woe,
 Lending to strength sweet softness, weakness
 might,
 Heaven's choicest gift below,
 The comforter in sickness, still above
 Owning its source—such, such is woman's love.

A NIGHT THOUGHT.

THE roof of cloud is rent on high,
 The fleecy tapestry of eve,
 And stars innumerable weave
 Festoons of fire around the sky.

A slender curve of burnished gold,
 Above the purple ridges dark,
 The new moon floats—lone as the Ark
 Upon the shoreless sea of old.

And in her wake, one glorious star
 Follows like some mute worshipper,
 With tranced eye trembling still on her,
 And still by reverence held afar.

And, gazing long, a thought awakes,
 That shadows all my eyes behold—
 A thought that will not be controlled,
 But from its bitter fountain breaks.

Yon shining worlds that span the gloom,
 Can they too—fellow-tribes of space—
 Share with our earth, and all its race,
 One general life, one general doom?

Must they in some dread hour to be,
 In fiery ruin headlong shoot,
 Thick as a shower of golden fruit,
 When autumn shakes the laden tree?

Shall Chaos in its hideous maw
 All glorious effluences quench,
 One final wrath asunder wrench
 The bonds of universal law?

Oh, rather let me think this earth
 The Cain of worlds, alone accurst
 Of all the starry offspring nurst
 In space, the sole abortive birth.

Yes; better, howe'er sad, to trust
That Misery has no other home
In all the splendors of yon dome,
But clings alone to earthly dust.

No blasts of evil ruffle there
The calm perpetual tide of love;
The face of God is seen above;
His life and light are everywhere.

A DREAM.

I DREAMT a dream the other night,
When everything was still,
I dreamt I saw the shadows fall
Upon a distant hill.

I dreamt I saw the amber light
Lie trembling on a lake,
And I heard the call of a bugle-note,
That bade the echoes wake.

And I dreamt I stood in a garden old,
With roses red and white,
And a thousand little crystal drops,
That glistened in the light.

And I dreamt a dream of a beauteous face,
Of a little nestling hand,
Of a wealth of sunny golden curls,
By the dying west-wind fanned.

And my dream was all of that wondrous face,
When everything was still,
When the hush and the calm was over all,
And the shadow on the hill.

And my dream was sad for that darling face,
With roses red and white,
And a mist of weeping crystal tears,
In eyes serenely bright.

And I dreamt that I kissed the tearful face,
And the little nestling hand,
That I smoothed the hair from the sunny brow,
By the Autumn breezes fanned.

Oh God! that the dream was all a dream,
Or else, a present bliss;
Oh sweet! that my life had died with thee
Into forgetfulness.

L. C.

VIOLET-TIME.

VIOLET-TIME is come again;
Once more laughing through the rain,
Spring with sunny crown advances,
Sunshine glittering on his lances.

Long live Spring—the rainbow arch
Greets his coronation march;
Green his banners, free and brave,
From each tree-top rustling wave.

Birds before him fly in crowds;
Fast above him float the clouds;
Swifter run rejoicing rivers;
Sunbeam darts are in his quivers.

Where he treads, primroses rise,
And the daisies ope their eyes;
Blackbirds sing in every bush,
Answering the merry thrush.

Swallows are his heralds fleet,
Faster than the pulses beat;
Butterflies between the showers,
Tell the glad news to the flowers.

Our old monarch, Winter, 's dead;
His crown is on another head;
Sunbeams chase the envious rain;
Violet-time is come again.

TO A BELOVED ONE.

HEAVEN hath its crown of Stars, the Earth
Her glory-robe of flowers—
The Sea its gems—the grand old Woods
Their songs and greenening showers:
The Birds have homes, where leaves and blooms
In beauty wreath the above;
High yearning hearts, their rainbow-dream—
And we, Sweet! we have love.

We walk not with the jewell'd Great,
Where Love's dear name is sold;
Yet have we wealth we would not give
For all their world of gold!
We revel not in Corn and Wine,
Yet have we from above
Manna divine, and we'll not pine;
Do we not live and love?

There's sorrow for the toiling poor,
On Misery's bosom nursed;
Rich robes for ragged souls, and Crowns
For branded brows Cain-curs'd!
But Cherubim, with clasping wings,
Ever about us be,
And, happiest of God's happy things!
There's love for you and me.

Thy lips, that kiss till death, have turn'd
Life's water into wine;
The sweet life melting thro' thy looks,
Hath made my life divine.
All Love's dear promise hath been kept,
Since thou to me wert given;
A ladder for my soul to climb,
And summer up in heaven.

I know, dear heart! that in our lot
May mingle tears and sorrow;
But Love's rich Rainbow's built from tears
To-day, with smiles To-morrow.
The sunshine from our sky may die,
The greenness from Life's tree,
But ever, 'mid the warring storm,
Thy nest shall shelter'd be.

I see thee! Ararat of my life,
Smiling the waves above!
Thou hail'st me Victor in the strife,
And beacon'st me with love.
The world may never know, dear heart!
What I have found in thee;
But tho' nought to the world, dear heart!
Thou'rt all the world to me.

AN EVENING THOUGHT.

WHEN evening fills the thoughtful soul
 With images of sombre hue—
 When night's chaste ray on flowery knoll
 Reflects itself in glistening dew—
 When memory revels in the past,
 And brings alternate joy or tears—
 My heart with woe grows overcast
 At thought of misspent, precious years.

'Tis then I turn my eyes on thee,
 O statue of my Mother dear!
 Sweet nestling 'neath the alder-tree,
 And lose at once all sense of fear.
 For e'en the marble seems to smile,
 And cheer my heart with hopeful glance—
 Or hush my thoughts to rest awhile,
 And all my senses soft entrance.

AN ARAB LOVE-SONG.

I HAD my love, when near you,
 My pain for your sweet sake;
 But now that you are absent,
 My heart must speak, or break!
 God save you from such passion!
 It never knows despair;
 For whether kind or cruel,
 You are the only fair!

You will not see me, sweetest!
 Nor answer, when I call;
 But I will follow, follow!
 Beyond the giant's wall!
 Go, shut your door against me,
 I will not doubt or fear;
 God still leaves one door open—
 The door of hope, my dear!

Could I have loved another,
 That time is now no more;
 I cover with my kisses
 The threshold of your door!
 Open the door of pity,
 And hear my burning sigh,
 For absent from you longer
 Is sadder than to die!

R. H. STODDARD.

NATURE KNOWS NO LOSS.

THE flying leaf with golden colors stained,
 The solitary robin on the lawn,
 The clovered stubble wet with dew at dawn,
 Remind the world what victories Time hath gained.

But this will mend; the invading tread of Spring
 On silver-sparkling frosts shall make them yield,
 Till legions of flowers cover earth's green field,
 And up from waving corn the larks and linnets wing.

Only to us the same great Seasons come,
 And wear a sweet, but still another smile;
 A thing is lost they carried from our isle;
 And many eyes are dim, and many voices dumb.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

Sheldon & Co. send us their new book, *Sermons*. By Rev. NEWMAN HALL, D.D., of London, including a History of Surrey Chapel and its Institutions. New York: Sheldon & Co. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1868. The discourses in this volume were delivered in different cities in this country, by this eloquent English clergyman, during his recent visit to the United States. He is well and widely known on both sides of the Atlantic for his eminent talents and zeal in manifold labors to promote the temporal, moral, and spiritual well-being of humanity, especially among the living masses in humble life in imperial London. Dr. Hall is a worthy successor of that great giant in moral influence on London, the celebrated Rowland Hill, whom we knew and heard preach in Surrey Chapel in his eighty-eighth year, some forty years ago.

The Magnet Stories. Wynkoop & Sherwood send us a neat volume, *One Day's Weaving*. By LYNDE PALMER, author of various works. Troy, N. Y.: Moore & Nims. New York: Wynkoop & Sherwood. 1868. The author's aim is to show the ugliness of pride and the value and beauty of love to the young weavers, busy at the looms of life, and help them to "discern the enemies' threads, and to choose the right shuttles." A pretty idea.

Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston, publish a beautiful ballad, "Slowly the Evening is Closing Around Me," the words and music by Mrs. ANNA M. KERR, of Brooklyn, New York. Mrs. Kerr is quite an amateur musical enthusiast, making the harp and the piano breathe out volumes of sweet music, while she sings in full harmonious accompaniment. Her poetic pen enriches the weekly press, while she teaches many pupils in the Sabbath-school the songs of heaven.

Jackson, Walford & Hodder, Paternoster row, London, send us the Christian Year Book, containing a summary of Christian work and the results of missionary effort throughout the world. With some few inaccuracies in the figures this is a very valuable book, full of valuable information. It should be in the hands of every pastor and man of active benevolence who takes an interest in the progress of Christianity in the world.

M. W. Dodd sends us "Holidays at Roselands, a Sequel to Elsie Dinsmore," an attractive and well-written book of 367 pages. 1868. New York: M. W. Dodd, 506 Broadway. It will prove a pleasant volume for summer reading at summer sojourns.

The Boston Sunday-school Society sends us "Watchwords for Little Soldiers; or, Stories on Bible Texts." By SARAH HAYEN FOSTER. 1868. This instructive little book can hardly fail of interest to the young, and indeed to all classes who are called to fight the battle of life. It is for sale at the bookstore of James Miller, agent for the society, No. 647 Broadway.

Ticknor & Fields, Boston, send us "Foul Play; a Novel." By CHARLES READE and DION BOUCCAUT, with illustrations by George Du Maurier. 1868. The story combines the characteristic excellence of both authors as renowned dramatists.

Williams & Norgate, London, publish the third volume of Joseph II.'s correspondence with Maria Theresa and his brother Leopold. It contains letters from August, 1778, to the death of the Empress, in 1780.

The most interesting are those written from the camp in Bohemia, during the campaign of 1778, when he was opposed to Frederick the Great; and those which describe his visit to the Empress Catharine at St. Petersburg. The Bohemian campaign seems to have been badly managed on both sides; Frederick performed nothing worthy of his ancient reputation, and the general tone of Joseph's letters is one of complaint and despondency. The correspondence from St. Petersburg illustrates the inflexible resolution of the Russian Cabinet to acquire Constantinople—the one great object to which everything else was subordinated. One of Catharine's projects is sufficiently curious; she tried to persuade Joseph to annex the Papal States, and make himself the temporal head of the Latin Church, while she did the same for Constantinople and the Greeks. She produced a great impression upon him, and everything we here learn of her confirms the usual estimate of her high qualities as a ruler.

SCIENCE.

STUDY OF THE CLOUDS.

Clouds.—The indications of clouds are, when rightly understood, more important than might be supposed.

Howard first reduced them to an orderly classification, and his nomenclature is now generally accepted. The following is an epitome of it:—

There are three primary forms of cloud and four secondary ones.

Primary Forms.—1. *Cirrus*.—Fibres extensible in various directions: these fibres often resemble feathers, wisps, or locks of hair. Generally seen in groups after severe weather, and when the air is in gentle motion. The highest of all clouds.

2. *Cumulus*.—A cloud formed of dense aggregations of convex masses, rising from a horizontal base into irregular mountainous rocky heaps, often with white snowy, woolly tops. It characterizes dry, fine summer weather. Before rain, it approaches the earth, and becomes more dispersed, and the woolly features more prominent.

3. *Stratus*.—An extended continuous stratified aggregation. It forms at sunset, and disappears at sunrise. The lowest of all clouds.

4. *Secondary Forms.*—*Cirro-Cumulus*.—Cirrus fibres compressed in rounded masses or woolly tufts, disposed, in a measure, horizontally. In warm and dry weather, and especially in summer, it floats at different heights in detached rounded groups.

5. *Cirro-Stratus*.—Cirrus fibres, as if squeezed together by forces operating above and below, which result in a stratification. Solar and lunar halos, mock suns, and mock moons display themselves in clouds of this class.

6. *Cumulo-Stratus*.—Cumulus and stratus clouds intermingled. Large fleecy cumuli rising from or seemingly pierced by stratus clouds. When black or bluish near the horizon, it is passing into—

7. *Nimbus*.—A dense continuous sheet, of almost uniform black or gray tint, with fringed edges. This is the rain-cloud. The rainbow belongs to it.

Small stray fragments of cloud floating about in the air are termed *scud*. In noting clouds, it is sufficient to designate them by the numbers above, to save space and trouble.

Jews in Daghestan, Western Asia.—In Daghestan, a territory in Asia, on the shores of the Caspian Sea, live ten thousand Jewish families. The following points of information about them have recently been obtained by a scientific explorer. They are Rabbinites, and believe in the written and oral law. Some of them are diligent students of the Babylonian Talmud. They accept a prevailing tradition that they are descended from the exiled ten tribes, and that they immigrated about 720 before the vulgar era. The inhabitants of this and the adjoining countries are Bactrians, Persians, and Medians—that is, of a common origin, and speak the Zend and Parsi or Guebril language. The Jews living among them speak the Parsi. In Hebrew they always aspi- rate the letters. In their business nearly every- thing is transacted by word of mouth. When documents become necessary, they use the language of the country.

Centre of Gravity.—Spectators view with astonishment the balancing feats of a tight-rope performer. Yet walking, and above all carrying a load upon the shoulders, is just as surprising when all the facts are analyzed. An infant creeps for months, giving a broad base of support for its body on its hands and knees. By and by it learns by actual practice to stand on the feet, by holding on to a chair at the same moment. Finally, after further practice, the hazard is run of supporting the weight of its precious body on a very small base—the two feet. As the *ne plus ultra* of success, at last one foot is raised and then the other, thus shifting alternately the centre of gravity, which is quite wonderful when one takes into consideration the immense number of muscles which have to be taught to contract harmoniously and in exact order to accomplish such a simple undertaking as walking on two feet. Quadrupeds may be taught to stand a moment or two on two legs, but it is impossible for them to shift the centre of gravity quickly enough to maintain that unnatural position but for a few seconds. Without knee-joints, ankle-joints, and a splendid ball-and-socket articulation at the pelvis, the centre of motion in the human body, walking, running, or even standing, could not be performed. A man on a wooden leg is immensely embarrassed in keeping the centre of gravity, unless he uses a cane to increase the base of support. Going up hill or down, is an equally curious exhibition of constant shifting of the centre of gravity.

Eruption of Mount Vesuvius.—For several weeks one of the grandest of natural phenomena has been in progress, and has attracted hundreds of tourists to the vicinity of Naples. The descriptions of the scene are most glowing: "The whole of the upper cone, as well as the Atril del Cavallo and the great furze plateau, are covered with snow, and in the gray light of the morning, the burning lava is seen ploughing this immense white surface in various directions, whilst a column of smoke rises from the central crater." The inhabitants of Terro del Greco at one time quit- ted the little town in terror. Prof. Palmieri, of

Naples, who has made a rigid scientific investigation into the phenomena accompanying the eruption, states that he has never seen the magnetic needle so frequently and so seriously disturbed as it is at present, and that the seismograph has recorded at least ten distinct earthquake shocks daily. The latest accounts show that the intensity of the eruption, which had somewhat abated, has been renewed, and the utmost alarm prevails.

The Heat of the Sun.—The depth to which the heat of the sun extends into the earth, varies from fifty to one hundred feet; never, however, exceeding the latter distance. The greatest natural temperature ever authentically recorded was at Bagdad, in 1779, when the thermometer (Fahrenheit's) rose to one hundred and twenty degrees in the shade. On the west coast of Africa, the thermometer has been observed as high as one hundred and eight degrees in the shade; and Burkhardt in Egypt, and Humboldt in South America, observed it at one hundred and seventeen degrees in the shade.

Cure for Hydrophobia.—The *Albany Evening Journal* publishes the following alleged infallible cure for hydrophobia. As physicians hold that the disease is incurable, there can of course be no harm in trying it: "Dissolve a pint of common table salt in a pint of boiling water, scarify the part affected freely, then apply the salt water with a cloth as warm as the patient can bear it, repeating the same for at least an hour. The same recipe has been successfully applied for the bite of a rattlesnake."

Prof. Agassiz's Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge, Mass.—Governor Bullock and about one hundred members of the legislature paid a visit to Professor Agassiz's Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge. The visiting party first were conducted to the lecture-room of the building, where they were briefly addressed by Professor Agassiz, and afterward were conducted through the various rooms in which the Professor's collections are either exhibited or stored. Two-thirds of the specimens, from want of room, cannot now be exhibited, but are so preserved that they will remain in good condition.

Professor Agassiz addressed the company, thanking them for their visit, and briefly explaining the object and work of the institution. He claimed that it was a great educational enterprise, and that its influence upon the advancement of science could not be estimated. Already thirty persons who have received training in the Museum hold independent scientific positions in the United States. Twenty-two have distinguished themselves in scientific pursuits, fourteen are now professors in colleges, ten have made a name as scientific travellers, five are now curators of scientific institutions, four are editors of scientific periodicals, and four are conducting geological surveys.

From these facts he felt that he had a right to say that the Museum had already done much to advance science, and he also claimed that it had added to the honor of the country, and had placed America in such a position, that instead of being a tributary to European museums, some of the finest and rarest specimens which scientific

men desire to have preserved are constantly received at the museum at Cambridge. Alluding to the remark of Speaker Jewell in regard to his (Agassiz's) salary, he said he was willing to confess that he had received just \$1,500 as salary during the sixteen years that he had been there. His regular compensation was arranged to be drawn from fees of students, but he had generally allowed the students the fees in return for the assistance they gave him.

If the means can be had to double the size of the present building and complete within five years the plan which Professor Agassiz has, the Museum will be the finest in the world.

A New Lamp.—The French, who were always strong in "lamps," have lately brought out a new invention, which is said to be as brilliant as the oxyhydrogen and lime lights, while it has the recommendation of being much less costly. Coal gas, intimately mixed with air, is urged with gentle pressure along a tube, and made to pass through a metallic plate, pierced full of minute holes. By this means a vast number of jets are obtained, which, after being driven through a fine tissue of platinum wire, are lighted in the ordinary way. The platinum soon acquires a white heat, and gives out so brilliant a light that it cannot be supported by the naked eye. About one metre of gas is consumed per hour. It is called the *Bourbouze lamp*.—*Iron Trade Circular*.

A New Press.—A Paris correspondent writes as follows: "Rapidity of printing has just been carried out in France to a degree far exceeding anything which has been accomplished in machine work, and outstripping the famous American machines, which were supposed to have realized everything attainable in the way of speed. M. Marinoni has put up in the new printing office of the *Petit Journal* (a one cent daily paper), a marvellous machine of his invention, which prints 600 copies a minute. Four of these powerful machines turn out 144,000 copies an hour, the whole impression being 446,000 daily."

A Touching Letter from Dr. Livingstone.—The *India Times* of April 11, contains the following extract from a private letter from Dr. Livingstone, dated March 2, 1867:

"We have been very long in our progress hither, but I think we are now on the watershed between the Zambesi and Isapula, which flows, as report says, into Lake Tanganyike. I have only nine of a following, but hope to get on in time, and do what I have undertaken. In some parts we had plenty of meat; I could easily supply the pot with my rifle. In other parts nothing could be procured, and we had to go on as best we could. It was the rainy season, and we had a long trudge through dripping forests, with the soil often so sloppy the feet were constantly wet. This was made worse by want of food, not of fine dishes, but of even a little porridge. The people could not sell grain; they were subsisting themselves on mushrooms, which are very good as catsup, but wretched watery food, producing vivid visions of the roast beef of bygone days. Now we have come to a land where food is to be bought, and we mean to rest a little. When we get to Tanganyike Lake we hope for news, and to find a second supply of goods. I shall write to you from thence. Tell — that his dog turned out a

famous one, and I was never so sorry for any animal as when we lately lost him. He had more spirit than fifty country dogs, and as soon as we got a hut in a village he kept it clear of all curs, and never stole himself. He was as much of an attraction as the white man himself. He took charge of the whole line of march, and was so spirited he went at anything. This is how we lost him: we had to wade a marsh a mile wide and waist deep—a peaty bottom, with holes made by buffaloes' feet, which made us all flounder. I went first and forgot the poor doggie. He must have swum among the boys, each one minding himself, till he was drowned; no one noticed him. I am unable to write to Dr. Wilson though I ought to do so, but the slave trader will not give me more time. I consumed Mrs. —'s extract of meat from real gnawing hunger, and found it excellent. I have lost all my medicines—the sorest loss of goods I ever sustained. You will excuse my brevity. The slavery party leaves, and I must write several letters. Blessings from the Highest be on you all, my dear friends."—DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

Photographic Improvement.—Colonel Avet, of the Italian Staff Corps, has for years busied himself in seeking a means of transforming a photographic impression into an engraving otherwise than that by the ordinary tedious manual labor. He has at last perfectly succeeded, and I have seen military maps that were produced by his process. In twenty-four hours he can copy a large photograph drawing, reproducing it, beautifully printed, on either a reduced or an enlarged scale. Some of his reproductions are so small that they can be made out only by the help of a strong magnifying glass. The result of his most valuable invention will be to save the immense amount of labor and loss of time hitherto indispensable to the multiplication of photographic drawings. The invention may be applied to all kinds of drawings without distinction of subject.

VARIETIES.

The Pacific Railroad.—The progress of the Pacific Railroad is so steady that no one wonders at its rapidity. The Sierra Nevadas and the Rocky Mountains were the great obstacles to its construction. Last fall the Central Pacific road reached the summit of the former mountains, and a week ago the Union Pacific Company laid its rails at Evans' Pass, over the highest point anywhere to be attained on the route. This is the summit of the Black Hills, and is 8,262 feet above the level of the sea, while the rails cross the Sierra Nevada at an elevation of 7,042 feet.

Upon the Pacific side the trackmen are in the valley of the Truckee River. Although the road was built across the summit of the Sierras last fall, trains have been run during the winter only to Cisco, ninety-four miles from Sacramento. A gap of about five miles just east of the summit remained unfinished, but it must be closed within a fortnight, if it is not already completed. Eastward of this gap the track is laid and construction trains are running. On the 10th of May the road was opened to Virginia Station, 148 miles from Sacramento, and 272 miles from San Francisco. The engineers promise to reach the Big Bend of the Truckee

during the month of May, and the foot of Humboldt Lake during July.

Three hundred miles of track is the stint for the present year; this would carry the rails far along the Valley of Humboldt. Already the Central Pacific Company has solved the great problem set before it, and for a hundred miles between the foot of the mountains and Humboldt Lake nature has done most of its grading, and its line is nearly as the bird flies. It is no longer prophecy to speak of the success of the Pacific Railroad. Less than a thousand miles remain to be built, and every day takes nearly a mile from each end of the stage route. The Pacific Coast is being rapidly settled. Western Nevada has 30,000 active population along the line of this road, and Salt Lake has nearly 100,000 souls. Omaha is a populous city; Cheyenne, springing up like a gourd, is taking to itself solidity and permanence, and counts its population by thousands. The emigrant follows the track layer, and Evans' Pass is within three days of the metropolis. Into the metalliferous hills and valleys of Nevada, the Central Pacific road is carrying emigrants, who, with energy and enterprise, bear the settled purpose and thrifty habits which will bring out the hidden treasures of the mines, and will establish the most skillful manufacture of the ores beside the water-courses where they are found.

Without waiting for this growth and development, the road is coining money. The earnings of the Central Pacific on ninety-four miles of road were, in 1867, \$1,421,525.27, and of this seventy-five per cent., or \$1,087,901.35, was profit, and was carried to the construction fund. The Union Pacific, from May 1 to December 31, 1867, on an average of three hundred and eighty-six miles of road, earned \$2,496,190.34, of which \$1,069,136.08 was net profit. This business has been transacted by two fragmentary roads, each terminating in a mountainous wilderness, without any better connection than an old-fashioned stage-coach. It is little more than will, when the road is finished, be its way-traffic. This result demonstrates that the calculations heretofore made of passengers and freight are much below the reality. Yet these indicate, with a reduced tariff, earnings when the line is finished of about fifty millions a year to the Central Pacific and the Union Pacific roads respectively, and one-half of this is set down for net profit.

Reflecting that mining has been found profitable in Nevada and Montana, with transportation at a dollar a hundred, and provisions in proportion, the most prudent investigator cannot doubt that, with the facilities afforded by railroads to the mills and the mines, the mineral resources of the Pacific slope may be systematically developed, and the tact and skill and thrift which have rendered New England and New York so prosperous, may coin the ores of Nevada, Montana, and Colorado, with a profit not yet attained.

The trade of Asia tends already to San Francisco, and thence to New York. The track-layers in the Rocky Mountains and along the Truckee are carrying out the dream of Columbus, opening a path for the commerce of the Indies.

Accustomed as we are getting to the story, the Pacific Railroad is the marvel of our day. Nor can we easily exaggerate its effect on the develop-

ment of the interior of the continent, and on the course of the commerce of the world, and the boldest can hardly overestimate the financial success of the companies that control it, provided they continue to be managed prudently and efficiently.

In England and Wales there are now 513,000 more women than men, and 1,537,000 women in these two countries are unmarried. Forty-one per cent. of the adult women of London are unmarried, and in several countries the percentage is greater.

Irish Emigration and Population.—The Commissioners of Emigration in Ireland have just stated that the number of those who left the island, from 1847 to 1854, was 1,650,000; from the latter date to 1862, 480,000, and from 1862 to 1867, 520,000. In 1821 the population was 7,767,000 in round numbers; in 1841 it was 8,175,000. In 1851 it was only 6,574,000; for this interval included the famine and suffering so eternally disgraceful to the policy and pretensions of England. Between 1851 and 1861 the population was reduced to 5,797,968—about 1,210,000 having emigrated in the same decade. In seven years since 1861, the emigration has amounted to 604,000. If the decrease by emigration continues in the ratio of the last seven years, the population of Ireland—which was 5,588,000 in the middle of 1867—would be 5,300,000 in 1871. It greatly exceeded that number in 1821.

Increase of Population in Australia.—The Australian colonies show a rapid increase in population worthy of notice. The province of Victoria had in 1836, 177 souls; in 1841, 11,788; in 1851, 77,345; in 1861, 540,322; and in 1866, 632,998. New South Wales, settled in 1788 as a penal colony, numbered in 1803 but 7,097. In 1821 it had 29,783; in 1840, 129,463; in 1850, 265,503. In 1866 it had 420,000, notwithstanding that the new provinces of Victoria and Queensland had been withdrawn from its territory a few years before. The latter, from a population of 30,059 in 1861, increased to 94,710 in 1866. South Australia, from 17,336 persons in 1844, possessed 63,700 in 1860, and 163,452 in 1866. Tasmania, from 14,192 in 1825, rose to 95,201 in 1865.

The population of the European settlements in New Zealand in 1864 amounted to over 172,000, an increase of seventy-four per cent. from 1861, while in 1851 the number of Europeans was only 25,807. Southland and Western Australia have, as yet, given no census returns. The English race predominates everywhere, followed by the Irish, Scotch, German and Chinese. The inequality of the sexes was formerly a great cause of complaint. In 1838 there were but fourteen females to every hundred males, but in 1866 there were seventy-five to each hundred.

The rapid increase of the tropical province of Queensland, the hottest of all the settlements, proves that the British race can labor hard and thrive well under a burning sun, without resorting to the compulsory labor of dark-skinned races.

Paupers in England.—The paupers of England and Wales, exclusive of lunatic paupers and vagrants, amounted at the close of the past year to 890,653, against 853,768 of the year previously. The increase has been therefore 36,885, with a fair

prospect, during the present dull business season, of a continuance.

Origin of the Word Flirt.—This mythical word, which has never received a clear definition through its attempted interpreters, originated in the time of the French king Louis the Fourteenth. The gallants of the Court acquired a habit of addressing their girlish friends as "mafleurette," or "my little flower." The noun "fleurette" finally grew into a verb, and the term "fleurter une demoiselle" was used in speaking of attentions paid to a beauty. After the importation of "fleurter" to England it degenerated to "fleur," and finally to "flirt." So say the authorities.

Russian.—It is announced that classes for instruction in the Russian language are to open in the Mercantile Library building. The reasons assigned for this experiment are the increasing intercourse between this country and Russia, and the acquisition of Russian America. At present there are probably not more than half a dozen persons in New York who can read a Russian book, and still fewer who can speak the tongue. But it is gratifying to be assured that "it is far more easy to learn than German or French"—an assertion which shows that appearances are deceitful, for the Russian characters are certainly very crabbed.

The great four-feet reflecting telescope to be used at Melbourne will soon be ready for shipment; so that we may hope ere long to hear that a competent astronomer is at work at the antipodes on a survey of the grand phenomena of the southern sky. And, as there will be a total eclipse of the sun in 1868, of long duration, visible in India, the Royal Society have sent out instruments, which will be used by competent officers, for observation of the eclipse, from which it is hoped further knowledge will be acquired of the constitution of the sun. From these, which are but a few particulars from Gen. Sabine's address, it will be seen that science has made good progress of late, and promises well for the year to come.

The Sancy Diamond.—The celebrated Sancy diamond has just been transmitted to the metropolis from Bombay. Its story—a truly remarkable one—is well narrated in *Mdme. de Barrera's "Gems and Jewels,"* a very entertaining book. It corrects the statement of this diamond having been pledged to relieve the necessities of Henry III.; but it correctly states that one of the possessors of the gem "deposited it at the Mont de Piété." *Mdme. de Barrera* says of it: "The Sancy, which was among the crown jewels of France, weighed 55 carats. If the Sancy which was weighed in Paris in 1836 is the same gem, its bulk is unaccountably diminished, as it now weighs but 52½ carats. It is pear-shaped, and of the finest water." It is valued at from £20,000 to £30,000.

Fit Work for Owls.—"Mother, what a fine house we live in!" said an owl, as he nestled with the old bird in the ivy on the castle tower.

"Yes, my son, it is a fine house," said the owl.

"Did you build it, mother?" he asked.

"No, my son," she replied.

"Did your father build it?"

"No, my son, no; it was not originally built for owls. Once there was not a crack for the ivy to take root in, nor a chink to hold a nest."

"Oh, what a dull place it must have been

then!" said the owl. "Who improved it to its present state? The owls, I suppose."

"Yes, my son; I daresay it was the owls," his mother replied. "I should think none but owls would dream of turning a good sound building into a ruin, just to suit their own ends."

Trouble for Nothing.—"Shine out, mamma; don't you see how they twinkle at us?" said a young glowworm to her mother.

"The stars, do you mean, my dear?" asked the mother.

"Yes, if you call them stars; they are staring at us fluely," said the daughter.

"Bless your little heart!" said her mother; "do you think they can see us?"

"Why not? We can see *them*," replied the daughter.

"Because, my dear, their light is strong enough to travel to us, but ours is too feeble to be seen many yards from the earth. We might shine our hearts out, and the stars would never know we were in existence."

New Loans in France.—The French budget has been laid before the Corps Legislatif by M. Magne, Minister of Finance. The estimated receipts for the fiscal year ending 1869 are 1,792,000,000 francs. The estimated expenditure amounted to 1,811,000,000 francs. Divide this by five and we have \$362,000,000 in gold, as the cost of one year of "peace" in France. But it must be borne in mind that the French Emperor is building up his capital—a costly pastime.

M. Magne is about to put a loan for 440,000,000 francs upon the market. This is to meet the deficit, and, if the Emperor goes on building, there will be a deficit every year caused by extraordinary expenditure.

If the French people must pay \$362,000,000 for one year of peace, what would they pay for a year of war? and how long could the present government carry on a war of any magnitude? It is true that in time of war the building in Paris need not go on, for the war would be sufficient distraction to the people from home matters, to secure quiet at home. Still, it does not appear that France could carry on a war of longer duration than two years, without serious financial embarrassments.

Not one of the monarchies of Europe could stand a war for four years of the magnitude of that which we safely terminated in 1865.

The Teeth and Gums.—Sometimes touching the lips lightly, on going to bed, with a little fresh and perfectly pure glycerine will be all that is requisite.

Rousseau said that no woman with fine teeth could be ugly. Any female mouth almost, with a good set of ivories, is kissable. The too early loss of the first teeth has an unfavorable influence upon the beauty and duration of the second. The youngest children should accordingly be made to take care of them. All that is necessary is to brush them several times a day with a little ordinary soap or magnesia and water. Grown people should clean their teeth at least five times in the course of the twenty-four hours, on rising in the morning, and going to bed at night, and after each meal. A brush as hard as can be borne without pain should be used, and the best of all applications is pure soap and water, always lukewarm. After eating, all particles

of food should be carefully removed from the teeth by means of a toothpick of quill or wood, but never of metal, and by a thread passed now and then between the teeth. Tooth powders of all kinds are injurious both to the enamel and the gums, and if employed every particle of them should be removed from the mouth by careful rinsing. The habit which some women have of using a bit of lemon, though it may whiten the teeth and give temporary firmness and color to the gums, is fatal to the enamel, as are all acids. No one, young or old, should turn their jaws into nut-crackers; and it is dangerous even for women to bite off, as they often do, the ends of the thread in sewing. It is not safe to bring very hot food or drink, especially if immediately followed by anything cold, in contact with the teeth.

Failure of the Seal Fisheries.—The Dundee Advertiser, speaking of the seal fisheries, says:—The Dundee vessels are not alone unsuccessful. Of the large fleet sailing from Peterhead, only three ships have fish—the Mazinthien, 11,000; the Windward, 10,000; and the Queen, 3,000 seals. In addition to the Peterhead and Dundee fleets, numerous vessels from English ports, and from Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and Germany prosecute the fishing, but with the exception of a very few, they return empty. The falling off, as compared with last year—when from 200,000 to 300,000 were caught—is thus very decided, and, following the disheartening results of the whale fishing of '67, is very much to be regretted. The loss upon the fishing will be very great. The fitting out of each vessel to the seal fishing costs fully £2,000, which of course, in the event of failure, is a loss.

What it costs to keep the Ladies straight.—The Corset and the Crinoline will commend itself to favor. The author, whilst desiring to remain neutral on the subject, has noted the opinions expressed by writers of all times either in favor of these articles of dress or opposed to them. The work, in addition to this, is a history of costumes from the time of the sparsely-attired Egyptian, Grecian, and Roman ladies down to the present highly dressed age. The origin of the corset is lost in antiquity, but it is most probable that it originated with the savage, who required a belt around his waist to support his implements of warfare, and from this small beginning the modern corset arose. The origin of crinoline is equally a matter of uncertainty. That renowned discoverer, Captain Cook, in the last century, found the young females of Polynesia wearing large distended crinolines, which, doubtless, had been the mode of dress favored by their ancestors for centuries. The annual value of stays made for British consumption only is £1,000,000 sterling, to produce which about 36,000,000 yards of material are required. About 35,000 persons are employed in the stay trade, of which the vast majority are females. Every year we receive from Germany and France 2,000,000 corsets. One firm in Stuttgart alone makes 300,000 annually, giving employment to a vast number of hands.—*English paper.*

The Empress Eugenie to the Rescue.—The British Embassy is at present occupied in the solution of a very delicate question. When Lord Lyons was at Washington, he was introduced to a very hand-

some lady, Mdle. T—G—, whose mother was a Spaniard and father a Frenchman, but a naturalized American citizen residing near New Orleans. As it was at the young lady's request the first introduction took place, Lord Lyons was very polite towards her. Time rolled on; his Lordship went to Paris, and the young lady went to St. Petersburg. The rumored marriage of Lord Lyons with the widow of a noble brother diplomat brought his admirer from St. Petersburg. She sends daily invitations to his Lordship to join her dinner parties, to come to her balls—she presents him with costly gifts, that are immediately returned. Being rich, well connected, and witty, she has the *entrée* to every circle, and is sure to arrive as soon as his Lordship, about whose movements she is kept well informed. The French ladies humor the lady's whims, but the matter is becoming so annoying, that the first lady in France has promised to use her influence in the rescue of the hard-hearted ambassador from his fair tormentor.

The Pneumatic Dispatch.—The Governor has approved the act to facilitate the transmission of letters, merchandise, etc., by means of the Pneumatic Dispatch. The act authorizes the laying of pneumatic tubes under the streets of New-York and Brooklyn, and also under the waters of the North and East Rivers. The present enterprise contemplates the connection of the Brooklyn, Jersey City, and all our sub-post-offices with the General Post-office, and also the erection of pneumatic letter-boxes in place of the present lamp-post boxes, so that letters and parcels will be collected and delivered by air-pressure, acting on cars, which will pass along at the rate of 30 miles an hour. The mails will go back and forth between the New York, Brooklyn, and Jersey City Post-offices in from three to five minutes. Letters deposited in any of the street letter-boxes, on the pneumatic line, below Forty-second st., will be carried to the General Post-office, or to any intermediate city station, in from three to six minutes. The great benefit that will accrue to business transactions from this arrangement may be easily understood. The introduction of the pneumatic dispatch is due to the efforts of Mr. Alfred E. Beach of *The Scientific American*, and he may well be congratulated upon his success before the Legislature. The pneumatic dispatch was first put into practical operation last October at the American Institute Fair, and a full account of its construction and operations was then given in our columns. It is the intention of the grantees to put a short line of the pneumatic dispatch into operation within the next 90 days. The exact route has not yet been determined, but it will probably extend from the Post-office, corner of Nassau and Liberty sts., to the City Hall Park. If this short line is found to operate as well as is expected, the pneumatic tubes will be laid down extensively in many directions.—*Tribune*.

The Chignons Trade, in France.—Visitors to

some parts of France would have an opportunity of seeing a great sight. Ranged in the market-place they would see a number of young women and some young men, and, passing up and down, a man armed with scissors, who grasps the hair of those before him and calculates what it weighs. These market-places are the sources from whence Parisian chignon makers draw their supplies of hair. The peasants do not part with their hair because they are poor, but because it is the custom to do so. Another source of supply is found in the convents, but as the nuns have usually had their hair confined in nets or caps, it is not so valuable as that of the young folks. About 40,000 kilogrammes of hair, i. e., 88,000lb., are obtained from these sources. But this is not enough, and half as much more is obtained from Italy, Germany, and Belgium. The hair in its natural state is worth from 16s. to 32s. per pound.

National Steamship Company.—We hope to do a good service to our numerous patrons and friends who may visit Europe, in again calling their attention to this noble line of Steamships of established reputation. They are iron ships, of massive strength and colossal proportions, of beautiful model, and admirable in all their arrangements. Their tonnage varies from 2,800 to 3,500 tons, with water-tight compartments, large and airy state-rooms on deck, well-furnished, sumptuously spread tables four times a day, with all needful food. These ships are commanded by experienced and veteran officers—careful, watchful, attentive, and fearless of storms. Having crossed the ocean several times in these ships, we speak from personal observation and experience. If there be any danger, we know of no ships more safe and comfortable than these of the National line. We commend them to all our friends far and near. The price of passage is low and very reasonable. The arrangements of the line are under the direction of two gentlemanly and accomplished managers:—Wm. B. Macallister, General Manager, No. 21 Water street, Liverpool. F. W. J. Hurst, Manager, No. 57 Broadway, New York.

High Rock Congress Spring.—This remarkable mineral fountain among the fountains at Saratoga, was first visited by Sir Wm. Johnson, under the guidance of the Indian chiefs, for the benefit of his health. It has lost none of its varied, healthful mineral qualities, so needful to human infirmities. A supply of it should be at hand in every family. It can be had at No. 544 Broadway, of James R. Webb, sole agent in New York, or at Saratoga.

Jordan & Co., No. 229 Greenwich street, New York, are very skilful photographers, long established and well known, where all our friends can have their features accurately multiplied to any desired extent, for preservation and the gratification of others. Jordan & Co. have accumulated a large collection, which can be seen at their office. We commend our friends to their photographic skill.



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